

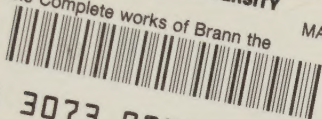
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“QUO VADIS.”

YES, I've read it—and when I had finished the miserable thing my head felt as though full of wind and dishwater. A critic is compelled to read every book of which a foolish public makes a fad, and in this era of decadent literature and depraved taste, the task is usually equivalent to wading through a miasmatic sewer or hoofing it over an unprofitable Sahara. If a book is only bad enough it is sure of popular success. And “Quo Vadis” is the worst of all the irremediable tommyrot over which an indiscriminating public has raved. It does not even possess the doubtful charm of artistic immorality—it sinks even below the usual level of insufferable imbecility. Where it is not morally corrupt and bestially bad, it is either puerile or blasphemous. “Quo Vadis” is the mental moon-calf, a chaotic ollapodrida composed of the intellectual fag-ends of the universe. To the normal mind it is neither entertaining nor instructive. It is a conglomeration of meaningless words, a concatenation of absurdities, a cataclysm of nescience and nonsense. It should have been subjected to the blue-pencil of the snake-editor—then burned. The story, which occupies more than 500 dreary pages, could have been better told in a dozen newspaper columns. It is a lingering agony long drawn out. It is just such a book as I would expect a Texas editor to write while enjoying an attack of delirium-tremens. Reading it were like seining the Atlantic ocean to find a bull-frog, or fishing in one of Talmage's idiotic sermons for a nascent idea. The author is a polander with the constructive ability of a candle-maker and the lawless imagination of a pack-

peddler. He calls himself Henryk Sienkiewicz. That's the way he spells it—when he wants to pronounce it he fills his mouth with hot mush, then turns a series of somersaults. The translation is by Jeremiah Curtin, who hid from the police in the Guatemalan wilds while perpetrating his crime against the English-reading world. Mr. Henryk Sienkiewicz is an innocent looking party, although “Quo Vadis” is not his first offense. His head resembles a long green Georgia watermelon that had been several times “plugged,” but being unripe had not been pulled. His characters are all automatons—you see the strings and hear the creaking of the pulleys as they proceed to cut fantastic capers before high heaven. You no more expect to meet one of them on the street than to see a wooden Indian in front of a tobacco store hit somebody in the head with his tomahawk. When you read the last chapter you expect to see the author take off their legs, unscrew their heads and put them away in a box with grease paints.

“Quo Vadis” is the alleged “narrative of the time of Nero,” but the author evidently expended little time or labor acquainting himself with the young people among whom his scenes are laid. He reminds me of that Dutch philosopher who, having never seen a lion, attempted to evolve a correct idea of one from his inner consciousness, and produced a mongrel cross between a hippogriff and a nightmare. His Nero resembles the erstwhile emperor about as much as Cataline does Chollie Boy Culberson, while his early Christians remind one of a Populist convention in Kansas. About all that the author has learned of ancient Rome is the names of the streets and the rooms in bathhouse and residence and these he repeats with the tiresome industry of a pedant, or the exasperating persistence of a poll parrot. I had to hire a nigger to swab me off with a wet towel while I read the work, and

all I got out of it was a joblot of misinformation and a feverish desire to plug Mr. Henryk Sienkiewhatsky's Georgia watermelon in a new place. His plot consists of getting his heroine into one trouble after another, and the futile efforts of the hero to get out by means of the double pull of prayer to God and perquisites to the pretorian guards. He does not, however, intimate that American humorist who undertook to write a society novel, and after getting his heroine enceinte and his hero in jail, gave them up as hopeless. There are some rather pretty things in the book, but they are spoiled by too much elaboration; some really dramatic scenes, but they are ruined by being made to last too long. When the author gets hold of a good thing he cannot let go. Mr. Sienkiewhatsky has undertaken to write a great religio-historico-romantico novel, but has only succeeded in making himself an insufferable nuisance. He makes Roman history just as Mark Twain's sea captain did that of the civil war—to suit himself. He supplies Sts. Peter and Paul with sermons and sayings, and pulls them about as unceremoniously as he does the rest of his puppets. From first to last he caters to the religious element, and succeeds in capturing that portion of it which cannot distinguish between Jesus Christ and Sam Jones. He evidently means no offense in picturing the early Christians as an unhappy cross between fanatics and fools, and making St. Peter neglect his holy calling to officiate as guardian angel of an *affaire d'amour*. Christians believe that the Apostles were inspired men, that their words were those given them by the almighty. The author of "Quo Vadis" professes this faith, yet puts his own words into the mouths of Sts. Peter and Paul—presumes to think and speak for Omnipotence himself. He might as well have introduced into his narrative God and the Holy Ghost. My bump of reverence is not so large as to

be abnormal; but I do insist that if Christ and the Apostles were what the church believes them to be it is blasphemy for any man to attribute to them one word not duly authenticated—that when a novelist makes them parrot his own nonsense he deserves the rebuke of the church instead of its patronage.

Petronius is the only character in the book who gives evidence of being half-way alive, and we look on incredulously while he bleeds to death, declining to believe that he really possesses blood. He is Nero's favorite, an elegant Epicurean, a dilettante, a poetaster, talented, lazy, audacious, willing to bend the pregnant hinges of the knee where thrift may follow fawning, yet not hopelessly corrupt. He fattens on Nero and flatters him through many a long year, then insults him when he falls from favor, and goes hence in the arms of a beautiful concubine, dies to the sound of sensuous music at his own banquet board. He is the only character in the book gifted with an ounce of brains, and he denies all the gods, lives and dies an Atheist, mocks both Jehovah and Jove, laughs at Christ and the Christians. Vinicius, his nephew, is a military tribune in love with Lygia. He is a big, powerful fellow. He quarrels with his effete uncle, and the latter, a slender man, enervated by wine and women, takes both the warrior's brawny hands in one of his and holds them until he cools off—Ward McAllister conquering Sandow! Lygia is a Christian maid, a frail, spirituelle little thing—simply “a rag and a bone and a hank of hair”—yet Vinicius, at whose feet are the most voluptuous women of Rome, including the female favorite of Nero, conceives for her an unholy passion and determines to make her his mistress. She flies from him, and he attempts to seize her and drag her to his house by force, and because she eludes him he wants her flogged! Not very promising material

out of which to manufacture a hero! He finds her listening to a sermon by St. Peter, the great Apostle converts him to the true faith, and his unholy passion is transmitted into pure love by religion's great alembic. St. Peter promises her to him, but Nero concludes to have her ravished, even though he has to attend to that little formality himself, then feed her to the lions, and for about three hundred dreary pages there's hades to pay and no pitch hot. Vinicius has access to Nero, and is aware of the terrible doom of his lady love, yet makes no attempt to avenge her by slipping an Arkansaw toothpick into the brisket of the royal brute. He even goes to the circus to see her destroyed and sits on a bench and moans; but a barbarian saves her life by taking a monster bull by the horns and pulling its head off—thereby proving that the age of miracles was not yet past. The hero, who had not the courage to go to his fiancée's defense and save her or die with her, enters the arena when the danger is past and solemnly covers her nakedness with his pocket handkerchief. And Lygia marries Vinicius instead of the barbarian who killed the bull. But she wasn't much of a heroine anyhow. Lygia is a canting little Goody Two-Shoes without a pint of rich blood in her whole body, while Vinicius is an ecstatic chump, much better qualified to engineer a holiness campmeeting than guard a woman's honor or promote his country's glory. With power to slay herself, Lygia goes to Nero's banquet, fully expecting to be debauched. She suffers the pretorians to throw her into a foul prison, expecting that before death she will be defiled. Eunice the pagan mistress of the godless Petronius, realizing that the hour has struck, that she must choose between death and becoming the creature of a man she does not love, stretches forth her arm to the Greek physician's steel, the blood spurts and she sinks dying

upon the bosom of her lord—"her honor rooted in dishonor stands and faith unfaithful keeps her falsely true."

In the burning of Rome the author of "Quo Vadis" has imitated as best he could Bulwer's destruction of Pompeii; but his description is a mere daub, a multi-headed nightmare. There is nothing majestic, nothing awe-inspiring about it, albeit the artist sweats blood to make it awful. It reads like an amateur reporter's "spread" of the Chicago fire. His description of the martyrdom of the Christians resembles an anatomical lecture, in a dissecting room. It is a revolting picture upon which the artist lovingly dwells through long pages, until the heart faints and the soul sickens with the saturnalia of blood, the interminable bestiality. It reads like a newspaper account of a prize fight "by rounds." A true artist would have completed the picture with a few bold strokes of the pencil, well knowing that familiarity even with crime breeds contempt. The Christians of "Quo Vadis" are not men and women of mental equipoise devoted in a sane manner to the services of the Master, but wild-eyed fanatics who court destruction, believing that the more terrible their torture the brighter their crown. They want to be crucified because Christ suffered that death, and they are disappointed to learn that they are to be eaten by dogs or torn by lions, that method of destruction not affording them sufficient opportunity for suffering. Doubtless there were in the days of Nero crazy Christians who courted the cross, but we may safely assume that a vast majority of the converts of Peter and Paul were sane. The labored depiction of wholesale insanity, commingled with scenes of blood, lechery, profligacy and tyranny, are scarce calculated to make people better, hence "Quo Vadis" is not a good book. It is a dismal failure from a religious, historical and artistic

standpoint, but it *sells* because a lot of irresponsible dampsphools have made it a fad. Its author should be condemned to the treadmill for having spewed forth such an unsavory conglomeration of ignorance and ineptitude to debauch the minds of the people. "Ben Hur" is the only religious novel I know of that is really worth the reading—and it could be improved by considerable pruning.

* * *

THE ORDER OF THE CROWN.

I SOMETIMES wonder why, instead of being called the land of the free and the home of the brave, America is not known as the land of the fool and the home of the slave. And this problem never puzzled me more than when I read in the daily press that "Americans whose ancestors were kings have organized themselves into a society called the Order of the Crown." The society is composed of society dames and damsels who have nothing better to do than repair with imaginative lumber grievous laches in their "royal lineage." Some claim descent from Alfred the Great, Charlemagne, Billy the Butcher, and other royal nob; but none, so far as I know, pretend to relationship with the erstwhile Emperor of Luggnagg or trace their proud lineage back to the Queen of Sheba or Scheherezade. It is a very select order, and those who can do no better than present Biblical certificates that they belong to the royal house founded by Adam I. of Eden, and perpetuated by Noah the Navigator, are incontinently "trun down" as po' white trash. The author of this new fad appears to be one Henrietta Lynde Farmsworth of Detroit, Mich., a maiden lady descended from that Great Akhoond of Swat who invented lawn tennis, poodle dogs,

and the Cockney dialect. Miss Farmsworth's blood is so blue that a single drop thereof is considered by laundrymen as more efficacious than a dollar's worth of indigo. She sleeps in her crown and employs her sceptre as mushpaddle and soap-stick. Like the great Elizabeth, Miss Farmsworth was born a virgin-queen. She has not yet succeeded in hooking a consort, but is probably not altogether without hope. The royal council of this new Semiramis is composed of the following blooded females, whose pedigrees are certified to with all the circumspection that obtains in recording the ancestry of thoroughbreds in a Kentucky stud-book: Mrs. Ferdinand P. Earle, New York, seventeenth in descent from Nebuchadnezzar, who was permitted to browse without a bridle by a special dispensation of Providence; Mrs. Joshua Wilbur, Bristol, R. I., Infanta of Timbuctoo; Mrs. Peter Rudolph Neff, Cincinnati, daughter of Old King Cole; Mrs. Lucy W. Drexel, New York, lineal descendant of the Grand Panjandrum of Pothooks; Miss Louise C. Rodney, Philadelphia, descendant of the King of Clubs; Mrs. Mary Perkins Quincy, New Haven, relative of King Cophetua; Mrs. Edward H. Coates, Philadelphia, heiress to the throne of Nowhere, and Mrs. Charles H. Browning, Philadelphia, descended from the Grand Gyasticutus of Jimplecute. Applicants for admission into this select order must bring with them for critical inspection a "family tree" that has at some time and somewhere been grafted on some kind of royal stock, and which bears diamonds and government bonds. Her blood is then examined through a microscope by the court surgeon and if found to be of proper color the court jeweler sends his seneschal to purchase a finger ring, which is slipped over the head of the postulant and she is then escorted to the throne-room by the ladies-in-waiting, attended by the Lord High Executioner and the

Master of the Buckhounds. She is then permitted to have a coronet stamped on her lingerie and a coat-of-arms painted on the tail board of the family wheel-barrow.

In all seriousness, this royal descent fad is the most offensive thing of which alleged respectable white American women have yet been guilty. Those who indulge in such idiocy should be operated on with a cross-cut saw for prolapsus of the intellect. The "Order of the Crown" is a crass insult to American womanhood, in that it assumes that those who can boast a blood relationship to foreign rulers are in some way superior to other people. Were the royal stock distinguished for intellect or virtue we might pardon American ladies for claiming such lineage and withdrawing themselves somewhat from the common herd; but when it is remembered that for centuries it has been almost without exception, scorbutic, depraved and brainless, such an assumption of superiority becomes ridiculously absurd. There is scarce a royal family that has not been recruited largely from the ranks of pimps and prostitutes. Illegitimate offspring have been acknowledged and "ennobled" so often that to claim royal descent were almost equivalent to accepting the bar-sinister. Royal descent? Shades of our conscript sires! Take the kings and queens, emperors and empresses for a thousand years, and what have they been? In a majority of instances they were intellectual inanities, petty tyrants, sexual perverts, thieves, cowards, ingrates or harlots. There is not to-day in all Europe a reigning family that could rise above the hod and the mangle if stripped of its royal feathers. The only heads of government possessing even ordinary intelligence are the presidents of republics who have been elected by the common people. The only modern emperor worth mentioning was of humble birth; the only modern king who will be long remembered

for other than his infamy was the unlucky wight whom Voltaire's biting wit made immortal; the only modern queens worth much space in the world's history were notorious "Molls." Wonder if any of our royal ladies trace their lineage to Elizabeth of England or Catherine of Russia! The royal families are notoriously rotten. Yet American women strive to make the world believe that in their blood is a touch of the syphilitic taint, in their brain a faint shadow of this moral feculence—are perfectly delighted when they can purchase addle-headed dukes for their daughters!

Royal descent? If there be any honor in that who may not lay claim to it? Considering the number of reigning families that have cursed the world with their fecundity, it were strange indeed should any be alive to-day who have no taint of "royal blood." What has become of all the broods of Henry VIII, Charles II, and other royal voluptuaries turned loosed upon the land? Their blood has mingled with that of the *hoi polloi* until the humblest ditcher and delver may find among his progenitors wearers of the purples. Some of the proud dames belonging to the Order of the Crown go back 1400 years—40 generations—for their royal ichor! The whole Caucasian race may be said to have married and intermingled since Charlemagne was Emperor of Germany and King of France, since Alfred the Great sat upon the throne of England; hence the servants of those who are striving to establish an order of nobility founded upon blood may be nearer related to monarchs than are their mistresses. Descendants of Charlemagne, and Alfred, and Eliseus, and all that ilk! Rodents! There is not one American in a million who can trace his lineage with any certainty for three centuries—half of them cannot give the name of their gran' sire on their mother's side.

There's not a reliable record of any family on earth dating back to Charlemagne, and if such a document existed it would be as utterly useless and altogether absurd as the fake genealogies of the Bible. The member of the Order of the Crown have simply "cooked up" the records to suit themselves. The chances are that all of the Americans of Royal Descent" have had harlots and night-soil men in their regal line long since the last of their monarchs.

Strange that when an American family amasses a little money by boring for oil, boiling soap or trading in tooth-picks and tripe, it at once begins snuffing about the boots of the European nobility. While down in the rut hustling for its daily hash it doesn't even know whether it was Dutch, English or Danish when transplanted to this country; but the moment its coffers begin to bulge it provides itself with a pedigree as long as a candidate's tongue, and in its family tree there nestle lords and ladies, coat-of-arms and coronets. Stranger still that not one parvenu in a thousand makes the slightest effort to trace his origin to an intellectual titan. Where are the descendants, legitimate or otherwise, of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Francis Bacon and Isaac Newton? Why is it that people who really have something to boast of in the way of ancestry do not get together, but leave, self-gratulation to empty-headed geese who care for naught but the idle "boast of heraldry and pomp of power." Is it because they have sense enough to realize that such felicitation is all dam-nonsense?—that as a stream purges itself of impurities in seven miles, so it may accumulate an infinite deal of putridity in half that distance?—that no matter what a man's remote ancestors were, he may be anything—or nothing?

I trust that Miss Farmsworth and her foolish compeers

will eventually learn that there's no higher or nobler title in this world than that of American citizen—will proceed to exchange their disgusting toad-eating proclivities for a little healthy patriotism. I suggest that they throw into the fire the charter of their society of pseudo-descendants of pirates and prostitutes and substitute therefor an order composed of people who never insulted the land of their nativity with such ridiculous fol-de-rol nor dodged an honest debt. Their folly suggests a story told of Abe Lincoln—a gentleman, by the way, who was superior to any monarch who has straddled a throne during the past ten centuries. During the civil war he issued a captain's commission to a young Frenchman, who thereupon informed him that he was a scion of a royal family. Lincoln withheld the commission a moment as though uncertain what to do, then said: "Well, I s'pose you can't help that. Do the best you can, and I shall not blame you for the misfortune attending your birth."

* * *

A GOLDEN BOOK.

WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

SOUL and sense are not wholly separate. The world, under the spell of a vicious asceticism has been used to regard the two as not only separate but antagonistic.

The spirituality of the sensuous is the message of that movement which has been called the Decadence.

We Anglo-Saxons are too much enamored of the evident, too much content with the direct. In our materiality we are, even in our ideals of art, somewhat coarse. We have not that *flair* for the subtle suggestions that lie behind things which characterize the Latins. We are too much devoted to action, which Frederic Amiel has declared, is

at its best, only coarsened thought. We put more energy into life. We do not get so much out of it. This is because we do not cultivate the senses to that acuteness and sensitiveness which, so to speak, enables the eye to apprehend the invisible, the ear to encompass the inaudible and all the sensory organs to contribute pleasure through emotions that are almost as vague as premonitions. Our souls can only be found with a club, when our hearts should be reached with the stab of a shaft of perfume or our spirits lifted by an appeal of color, or the mind's eye opened to the greater glories in the shapeliness of sound and its hues.

We have exalted the soul too much, through a misconception of it. It is nothing without the body. The body gives the soul its form and effect; its character. It is the body, really, which makes for individuality. It is the body which variagates the soul to the world's eye, just as Shelley says, "Life, like a dome of many-colored glass, stains the white radiance of Eternity." The body is an equally integral part of man with the soul; equally divine. It is as much the care of the Infinite, according to Christianity, else why the doctrine of the resurrection of the flesh? Through the body the soul makes itself manifest. Without the body the soul is unknown. It may exist apart, but what eye hath seen or ear heard it? It may exist as "the raw material," but the body is the stamp with which it is coined by the Creator.

The senses are of the body. They are of the body's response in thought and feeling to physical impacts and contacts. They are, thus, very material. They are the result of resisted motion—vibrations of light, of sound, the impinging of molecules upon tongue or nasal membrane. They are the seats of the soul. They are the means whereby we learn and by comparison of their opera-

tions we reason. The senses are the ingredients of every emotion and the core of every thought. The body is the life. The soul—why, it cannot dream but its fancies are regulated by the operation of forces in the body.

The sensuous is the beautiful, always, everywhere. There is no rapture so pure but what it has to be translated into the terms of the senses. There is nothing in life that is not, when resolved into essentials, bodily. The soul is only the body's highest function, the focus of all the senses, death, they say, is the departure of the soul. May it not be, rather, that death is but the blank that comes with obscuration of the senses. There is no life when all the senses are dead. The case of Laura Bridgman or of Helen Keller does not tend to the disproving of the proposition. The missing senses in those persons are not missing, they are concentrated in other senses. Five senses may center, as in the case of the latter girl, in one. They are, it may be presumed, one. Touch is a lower sight, sight a swifter hearing, smell a modification of touch, and hearing and taste the same. There is a strong probability that light and sound and heat are the same force. There is a probability, equally strong, that the senses are but the soul diffused in various parts of the body.

The gospel of the senses, of the body, in other words, is the gospel of the much-denounced Decadence. And why should such a gospel and its preachers be *anathema*? Did not God take upon Himself, without derogation, a body? If he became Man, the Divine experiment would have been a failure if He became not a complete man: if He did not feel all that man feels and catch the tinge of the bodily envelope, if He knew not all the ecstasies we have been taught to call sin.

To the English-speaking world this gospel of the body is

represented by but one name—Oscar Wilde. Wilde was a preacher who had never been an adept. He was lost because he could not master his creed. He worshiped the senses, but he worshiped falsely. He worshiped them for their own gratification and his worship became blasphemy. He worshiped them separately by complete surrender and they corrupted in him the general sense, in which all senses center, that we call the soul. He missed the true conception of hedonism, which is to enjoy with perfect poise and coördination of all the senses into one great reasonableness. He tossed off his *pousse café* at one gulp when he should have sipped off slowly each different colored liqueur of life. He misses, therefore, the essential purpose and feature of the drink. He did not master his senses. A few of them mastered him and they were the coarser few. His was not the true Epicureanism, not the true hedonism. He enjoyed his passions, another general name for the senses, for their own exercise, not that they might be combined in such manner as to give him, through their restraint, a perfect blending of all their delights in subtle appreciations, in recognized capacities that disdained the proof of exercise, in a calm grasp of life's completeness in all sensory ways. He became the passive victim of his senses; missed the supreme pleasure of holding their power in leash. His senses were a mob not an organized army. They were a riot, not a peace in perfect understanding and control.

I might point to the fact, ignored by so many, that Mr. Herbert Spencer was a hedonist before Oscar Wilde became fastened in the quagmire of his own corrupt flesh. Mr. Spencer makes the senses and their enjoyment, for the production of repose rather than excitement, the basis of a philosophy that dominates the world to-day. He makes the use of the senses, in harmonious control, the motive for all the altruism of the world. He shows that

happiness is the attainable end of man and that the cultivation of pleasure, through the senses, is, in the truly reasonable being, the cause of the betterment of being. We most enjoy ourselves when we are not, in the enjoyment, making for ourselves enjoyment's opposite—pain. We must not give rein to our passions because they may unpleasantly affect the senses of others and this unpleasantness may react upon ourselves. Thus are philanthropy and altruism the end and beginning of selfishness, or, to speak philosophically, of individualism. The chord of self properly played upon does not pass in music out of sight. Love of self finds in regard for others the gratification of the higher self's last desire—peace.

In the last analysis Epicureanism is the true ascetic cult. It is the philosophy of the intellectual *gourmet*. I can imagine a true *gourmet* making a meal of hunger. After all, the appetite is the pleasure, not the gratification of it. And so, I take it, with all the senses. Their gratification is not their end. The mastery of them, while recognizing their potency, is the attainment of true spirituality.

There has been in this end of the century but one Epicurean. His name was Walter Pater. His books are a treasury of the cultus of the sensuous. They are volumes that feed one with a craving for more. They are maddeningly Barmecidal. Such sincere prose no one has written; its impeccability is reproachful, it mocks the learning for utterance, it says things that are not in the mere words of his pen. His thought is conveyed along his sentences as mysteriously and invisibly as a message is conducted by a telegraph wire. One knows not if the communication proceeds through the core or if it plays around its surface. He is not easily understood of the many, he thinks so finely and with such precision; but to read him is to

know the eloquence of speech just hovering on silence, to catch hints of the inexpressible in expression. His best book, illustrating his refined stylism and expounding his philosophy, is "Marius the Epicurean." It is the soul-story of a man whose soul was his senses. It is a pagan book that precipitates one, by the very pagan beauty of it, into Christianity.

The development of a Roman youth of gentle sentiment is traced, in this book, with an exquisiteness of depiction that is morbid in restraint. It seems that sanity could not be patient enough to carve and polish and select and chase and tint words into exact conveyance of thought as Pater has done. Even the punctuation marks are palpably part of the art. Now the language is like music, now like mosaic, again like running water or smiles, and again like the play of fire-light in a room at twilight. The language holds in solution, as it were, the effects of all the arts. The man paints and prays and sings and sobs and builds with his pen. The writer can almost convey the color of an idea and the form of a taste. Through his utterance words feel sweet and taste round or square and Marius is pictured looking at you with sad, fragrant eyes. Words with Pater are at once gems and flowers. He carries his hero, who has no adventures but the fighting of "dim battles in a doubtful land," the reason, through all the philosophies of the world up to the time of that pagan saint Aurelius and he interprets, through Marius, all these philosophies in terms of the emotions.

The life of Marius is a "sentimental journey" through the land of the ideal as the ancients knew it. It is void of action. It is a land of thought steeped in the sensuousness of a time of flagrant art. Marius is a "man of feeling" and a fine instrument upon which every aspect of the world and of his fellows in it plays some melody. He

casts a shadow upon himself even and he stands aloof and finds different colors in the shade. He dissects his own delights and sadness and wanders wistfully all the while along a path, the beauties of which sadden him and the pains of which strengthen him. He is a man wholly compact of sensations and ideas. The ideas are sensations and *vice versa*. Marius thinks with his feelings and lives in them exclusively. The book is a study of a sensuality that is soulful to the last degree.

Marius is a skeptic who believes only in the beauty of peace. All the philosophies come to be, in time, the same to him. He or his author painter, brings out most fascinatingly their harmonies in dissidence and, finally, the reader is a pronounced eclectic in the formulated wisdom of the ancients. By gradual stages, always through pursuing the artist-instinct of self-satiation, Marius finds himself among the Christians. He is fascinated by their ecstatic abnegation, by the serenity of their simplicity in contrast with Rome's elaborateness.

"Marius the Epicurean" is the most sensuous book of the end of the century. It is the antithetical twin of "Lorian Gray." You can trace the Oscar Wilde, purified, in Walter Pater, but the Walter Pater is smothered by corruption in Oscar Wilde. There is not in this book a passage of passion of the earthly sort, yet there are passages in abundance that find the heart and stir its core with mere love of a beautiful day, a flash of landscape, a dalliance with an idea or a fantasy. The whole book teems with the pathos of beauty, a pathos like that of remembered or distant singing, a pathos like the cathedral effects of light in woods of long-past summer evenings. The enjoyment Marius finds in life is a high forgetfulness in the contemplation of the spectacle. His enjoyment has a distinct quality of sanctity. He never ceases for a moment

to be a pagan, but a pagan with sympathies of character with the Christ, so that, as you read of him, you evoke an image of him not unlike that of the Galilean; a little more stern perhaps, as if endued with the majesty of Roman imperialism, but with the far-looking tenderness of the Saviour that one notes in the Old Masters.

This sentimental Roman comes to die, after associating with Christians, of a fever, and we find him wishing to die like an artist, craving for a fitness in the finale. He thought "that not to die on a dark or rainy night might itself have a little alleviating grace or favor about it." "In the moments of his extreme helplessness," says Mr. Pater, "Their (the Christians') mystic bread had been placed, had descended like a snowflake from the sky, between his lips. Gentle fingers had applied to hands and feet, to all those old passage-ways of the senses, through which the world had come and gone for him, now so dim and obstructed, a medicinal oil." And then the same people, "in the gray austere evening" bury him secretly, with prayers, and conceive of him as a martyr; "and martyrdom, as the church has always said," is "A kind of sacrament with plenary grace."

The meaning of Mr. Pater, in giving Marius the sacraments in "extreme helplessness," is plain. Marius remained, in the author's conception, a philosopher, therefore a doubter, to the last. He succumbed by force of circumstances to the tender influence of the lives of the Christians, their simple ceremonial. He had come, by the senses, into *rapport* with their spiritual rapture and, in the Extreme Unction, the senses were symbolically sanctified and their kinship with the purely spiritual emphasized. The senses suggestively are pronounced to be sacramental, a part of "the outward sign of the inward grace," and lurking in the restraint

of the description of the death of Marius is a hint that "the last anguish" is but a slipping into a sensuous calm.

Quietude is the sum of all the charms of this story of soul and sense. The volume is Thomas à Kempis transferred into the speech of the Decadence. Its calm is the result of minute laboriousness. The effect of simplicity in the style is contrived by the almost exhausting complexity of the finishing. The narration is written in imitation of the book of Apuleius, "The Ass"—"The Golden Ass," a book which Mr. Pater calls "the Golden Book"; a story that is the gem of the Roman decline as this book is the gospel of our own decadence.

Of the book of Apuleius, Mr. Pater writes a chapter verging upon rhapsody. He described, not altogether unconsciously, in this chapter, his own work. It is "full of archaisms and curious felicities, quaint terms and images picked from the early dramatists, the life-like phrases of some lost poet preserved by an old grammarian, racy morsels of the vernacular and studied prettiness:—all alike, mere playthings for the genuine power and natural eloquence of the erudite artist, unsurpassed by his erudition." His style has not "that old-fashioned, unconscious ease of the early literature." It is marked by "the infinite patience" of Apuleius, flavored with neologisms. He has words "for conveying, with a single touch, the sense of textures, colors, incidents." "Like jewelers' work;" "Like a Murrhine vase."

Mr. Pater uses the common speech, when not disporting himself in neologisms, "with all the care of a learned language." "Marius the Epicurean" is the one English book that would have ecstasized into stillness the souls of Gautier and Baudelaire and de Maupassant. In sensuous picturesqueness the style, simple in its multiplied involutions and parentheses, is the despairing delight of all who

feel that utterance, by word of mouth or pen, should convey every sensation. Its asceticism of luxury is exasperating. It is alive with the tantalization of glamour. It holds whiffs of half-forgotten incense, ghost-sounds of "tired bells chiming in their sleep"; recalls all old, sad things of youth. It is the expression of that nostalgia for the Golden Age which is the spell and pity of the *arriere pensee*. It is the Bible of the true religion of the sense—a religion that is one with Art and Song and Memory and Suffering, all the shapes that Beauty takes. In this religion there is very little Hope. But there is courage to endure and its word is that it were best to make the most, in a high way, of this the only world we know; to cultivate, in the senses, the soul.



FACT AND FANCY.

MACAULAY thinks that "as civilization advances poetry almost necessarily declines," because education means death to the imagination, the mother of eloquence and song. It is to "a rude state of society" that he turns for the grandest poetry, insisting that instead of Burns being handicapped by ignorance, Milton was compelled to break the shackles of a classical education ere his imagination could body forth "the forms of things unknown," his pen "give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name." Macaulay is high authority in the realm of criticism; still we may be pardoned for calling attention the fact that when philosophy—so aptly defined as "the science of science"—was at its zenith Greece and Rome gave us that magnificent poetry which is the despair of moderns, that unapproached sculpture which is the incar-

nation of poetry. Goethe, greatest of German poets, and a contemporary of Macaulay, represented the highest civilization and education of a thoughtful, philosophic age. Byron, also his contemporary, far surpassed all his British predecessors except Shakespeare, and the Bard of Avon was a product of the Elizabethian Age, which produced such profound scholars as Francis Bacon. It would appear that a man can never become too wise to become a great poet, albeit the genius may be crushed out of him by our educational machinery, those modern mills of the gods—or demons—which “grind exceedingly small.” Poetry, like religion, may change its outer vestments from age to age; but like Him, from whom proceeds all truth and beauty, it is “the same yesterday, to-day and forever.” Because it is night, it were idle to assume that it will never again be day. The gorgons have not eaten our moon nor devoured our sun. Apollo will again bend his bow and Dian shed her soft radiance upon a dreamy world. “As long as the heart knows passions” men will arise from time to time who will weave it into words.

Professor Homer M. Kowles, of Lake Como, Mississippi, is a professional pedagogue and amateur editor who swings the ferule with one hand and the archimedean lever with the other. Sometime ago he printed in his little paper a lengthy biography of himself, together with his portrait while attempting to look pleasant. From the first I gather that he was born in Ohio, but am given no valid reason why he was born at all. From the latter I learn that he is a trifle shy of personal pulchritude. But while the professor is not a thing of beauty he's preeminently a joy forever—a beneficent providence seems to have sent him into the world for the especial amusement of an ennuied multitude. He demands in language more

forcible than Chesterfieldian to be informed what I mean by "the scheme of things," and why I say that Protestantism has therein no place. If he really thirsts for knowledge he should not be denied because he insists on opening the Repidimian rock with a stuffed club instead of the Mosaic rod. By "the scheme of things," my dear little man, I mean the God-appointed order of the Universe. I do not agree with Omar, the Persian poet, who calls it "the sorry scheme of things," there being still enough old-fashioned orthodoxy left in my composition to lead me to believe that "God ordereth all things well"—that men rebel against the decrees of Providence simple because they cannot comprehend the divine plan, which embraces all that is, or was, or can ever be. *Sabe?* In this mighty scheme Protestantism can have no place because it is, as its name implies, simply the religion of protest. It is not an harmonious entity, but a thing at war with itself, a headless Briareus striking blindly, lawlessly, with all its hundred hands. It is the enemy of order, and order is heaven's first law. It was born in the brain of a madman, has been perpetuated by religious anarchists, is the embodiment of theological chaos. It is the illegitimate child of Catholicism and digs its empoisoned fangs into the bosom of its dam. Protestantism is a Jonah's gourd that will perish before the fierce rays of the midday sun. Yesterday it was not and tomorrow it will be no more. Catholicism contains all that is virile in the cult of Christ. If it be an "egregious error," then the Christian religion is a lie. The stream cannot mount above its source, the creature rise superior to its creator—"ye cannot gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles;" and the Catholic church is the mother of every so-called Christian cult existent upon the earth to-day. They are but the exuviae, the case garments of Rome, and like all such rubbish, will

make grand display for a time in Baxter street and on the Bowery, then be consigned to everlasting oblivion. Prof. Knowles looks at religions as a small boy looks at a circus pageant; I look at them through the lorgnette of the world's history. That's the difference.

A man has not accomplished his heaven-appointed task when he accumulates a million dollars with which to handicap his posterity. Most people want to leave their children great wealth; yet they had better tie mill-stones about their necks and cast them into the sea. The child born with a silver spoon in its mouth is seldom good for aught but soap-grease. Of course, there are exceptions to this rule—as in the case of the Neudon tanneries for human hides. “Beneath gold thrones and mountains,” cries Jean Paul, “who knows how many giant spirits lie entombed!” The scorpion whip of Need—the iron law of Necessity—is the father of Industry, and Industry is the nursing mother of Genius. Call the roll of the thousand immortelles, the names that were not born to die, and you will find opposite each and all long days of labor and nights of agony. Even Olympian Jove could not bring Incarnate Wisdom from his imperial brow with half the ease that Coxey solves the currency question or Tommie Watson tells Uncle Sam what to do to be saved.

Mark Twain in his globe trotting does a little humorous weeping over the American dress, as compared to that of the Oriental. In Ceylon he revels in the gorgeous blending of their green and orange and ruby and purple “conflagrations of costume,” and looking at his women-folk and himself, grows ashamed. And the “uncivilized” that had passed through the refining process of the mission school, spoke eloquently in their prim, ugly little gowns of the

advantages of education, as regards the artistic in dress. And in that Mark is all right. An Oriental can take a strip of yellow cotton, a rag of purple and a shred of tattered crimson silk, add six blue beads, and make a picture of contrasts of color that only Deity has dared and surpassed in the molten splendors of his sunset skies. A modern woman will leave the feathered nestlings to starve, motherless, that her head may be adorned and wait in smiling anticipation while in the seal fisheries the mother animals are harpooned to death and the unborn, living baby seals are cut from the torn bleeding bodies, that Miladi may wrap her limbs in furs fine and silken enough to please her capricious fancy. And after all this is done, Miladi in her feathers and furs, and whalebones and stiffenings, looks only an exaggerated fashion plate, ungraceful, ungainly, inartistic—impossible. An Oriental drapes her body in a long piece of cloth, uncut and unshaped, caught in the shoulder with a gem and beneath the bust with a strip of hammered metal, and so draped, is an embodied dream of fair women. A Modern wears a conglomerate paraphernalia that keeps two-thirds of our factories humming incessantly and her *tout ensemble* is but a walking ad. for a *modiste*. Climatic condition excuses much but it does not excuse latter century gowns that look like the collaborated creations of a Kansas City architect and Denver furniture upholsterers.

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THE CHILDREN OF POVERTY.

JULIA TRUITT BISHOP.

IF the poor man had no children, he might hold up his head with the best of them, and eat and drink what he could find and be merry. If work failed him in one place he

might look for it in another, and fare as roughly as he might in the meantime; for what is rough fare to a man who has no one but himself to care for? Even if he have a wife, can she not fight the battles with him, and take privations as they come even more bravely than he? If times are hard she will economize more. If work is scarce, she will add to the slender store by getting a little work for herself, for there is great heroism among these wives of the poor. Let times go as they will, the working man will take what he can get to do, with a light-heartedness that is wonderful to see; and will sleep at night as though there were no such thing as the morrow awaiting him; a morrow like to-day and yesterday and a thousand days before.

But some day the poor man bends above a tiny form, and feels its soft little hands close about the one large finger he holds toward it, and from that moment he is changed and the world has changed, and nothing is as it has been any more.

For one thing his child has made him a hero.

In all his humble and humdrum life, nothing is humble or humdrum to him any more. In that one moment when he first bends above the sleeping babe, his poor little horizon has widened; and he can look out through the future and can plan out the new life he is going to live for the sake of this child. What work can he not do, now that he has this little one to provide for? He must throw away his few little pleasures, and save every nickle he can for the baby's education. How glad he is to spend himself and be spent, if only he may raise this little one up to be the noble and exalted being he pictures to himself, while the swift-gleaming, swift-vanishing smile of babyhood flits over the face of the small new-comer.

And then the baby's coming makes him a coward.

Where now is the old lightness of heart? His gay carelessness of hard times; the readiness with which he took everything that came? A pang goes through his heart at the thought of the poor home and meager clothes that had been awaiting the child of poverty. He looks with a jealous scowl, as he goes along the street, upon other babies, peeping at him through lace-curtained windows, or nestling among silken cushions in silk-canopied carriages. Is not his child as good as those? Are not its limbs as daintily rounded; its eyes as softly blue?

And yet the time will come perhaps, when this child of his will be like the other children in the row; when it will be glad to escape from the small but hot rooms to the street where it will grow up of the earth, earthly. He grows sick at heart as he fancies it—begrimed, barefoot, rude, the beauty of childhood all gone from it. And from this time on the coward and the hero hold alternate sway in this man's heart, and make of him a strange creature, hard to understand. How sorrowful a thing it is that those who might help him solve the weary problem of his life do not understand in anywise;—make no effort to understand him.

He works when he has work, with a feverish intensity and a dumb devotion to duty that would be pathetic if any one were near who could see. Nay, he has lost the old-time independence of spirit which once led him to throw a job away if he fancied he were ill-used. How much ill-usage he can endure now, and is silent under it, like a patient dumb beast; so that his employers come to look upon him as one, and to drive him accordingly. If by any chance he should lose his work, watch his face grow gaunt and gray as he tramps the streets looking for more. The old careless gayety is all gone. He is a coward, afraid of to-morrow, and fancying that every slightest sound is

the tread of the wolf at the door. Do you wonder that some of them become criminals; and that some of them send their own desperate souls across the border into the unknown? They have little children at home—they are fathers and out of work—think of it! Fathers and out of work!

If, as the poor man's family increased, his long devotion to toil and his years of faithful work might only bring him an increase of wages to meet those growing needs, what a paradise his home would be. But strangely enough, something in that little world of his has gone wrong; something which the wise ones are always prating about and never mending; and somehow from year to year the wages grow less. A smaller sum to take home Saturday night, even when work is at its best; and more mouths to feed, more bodies to clothe out of that little fund. The poor man feels as though something were growing around him and closing him in. Last year he lived in a better house than the one he now calls home; and next month he must find a still cheaper one than this. He struggles valiantly still, but his heart is heavy and he is growing tired. Nothing keeps him going but a certain heroic resolve that fires his heart; a resolve to raise his children better than he was raised, and to give them the chances he has missed. It is for this he works over hours, and wears patched clothes and tramps through the rain when he might ride, and gives himself no pleasure. No matter for his life now, he thinks; there is no future before him; but his children shall have a chance.

A chance for the children of the poor? A chance for the little ones whose homes are so hot and so narrow that they must needs get out into the street to breathe? A chance for the babies born in cheerless rooms with dark and unwholesome courts forming their first glimpse of the great

world, and with the street shining like a paradise beyond? What chance?—in the name of Heaven what chance?

The poor man grows a little bewildered sometimes, when he finds there is such a difference between his hopes and their fulfillment. He has worked hard all these years and has had nothing out of life at last but food and shelter and clothing, all of them wretched enough. He sees his boys growing up to drunkenness and vagabondage, out of their early acquaintance with the police courts. He sees his girls forced to go into the factories, where well-dressed gentlemen wait around the doors for them to come out in the evenings, and every avenue to ruin is wide open, and every door to a decent life is so firmly closed. And he has worked and sacrificed himself, and eaten the hardest crust of poverty for this!

There is disappointment weighing him down for those that are living and that have wandered so far from the path that he had marked out for them in his homely dreams; but is this all? Ah, there was the little one that seemed to tangle its tiny fingers in his heartstrings from the very first—what a smile it had, that baby—as though its very soul were flooded with sunshine. And it had just begun to totter about the room—the poor, bare room!—and what other tones had ever moved his breast as did the baby speech of this little wayfarer? And then one day wasting sickness came upon it, brought on by the hot weather and the crowded, uncomfortable room in which its little life was spent—and the doctor said it must be taken away to the country or the sea-coast—and how could he take it away anywhere, this father who found it such a struggle merely to live? And so this child of poverty died for the want of a little fresh air that money could have bought; and the man with the broken heart and crushed spirit followed it to the potter's field: and as he went he

saw men and women wearing jewels, the price of the smallest of which would have saved his baby's life. Ah, poor little child of poverty, to whom death had come so soon, and laid a tender touch upon its baby brow,—the older ones have gone their reckless way, perhaps, and have wrung his heart, but it is for the little one in the potter's field that the father weeps.

And outside of this little horizon within which the children of poverty struggle and fail and die is a great world of charitable people, who are with greater or less commotion working for the poor. Soup kitchens are established whereat indolence feeds and finds them an improvement over the old plan of earning a living by the sweat of its brow. We have reformatories for the benefit of boys who have already gone wrong; and houses of refuge for girls who are already ruined. But there is so little done or doing for the help of the children of the poor. Is it all done, pray, when they are all gathered up from the streets and miserable alleys, and are given an excursion to the sea shore? One day of light and fresh air against three hundred and sixty-four of foul emanations from gutters and courts! Is it all done when they are gathered up and fed twice a year on Thanksgiving and Christmas, the charitable benefactors standing behind them and smiling to see how like hungry wolves they are, and reporters all there to describe their snatching and gormandizing for the morning papers? True it is delightful to think that they have enough to eat even twice a year, but three hundred and sixty-three days give them abundant time to grow hungry again.

And if you would help the poor man you must help his child. Unless you can make it possible, something like possible for his children to grow up honest, he cares nothing for all your Christmas dinners and seaside ex-

cursions. You see he is not a philosopher, this poor man. He has no breadth of vision. He cannot see why you should spend so much money in reformatory work for his children, when the same money spent a little earlier in the day might have saved them for a decent life.

Not in a day are such things done; but is there not hope? Humanity might see to it, at least, that there were free kindergartens for the poor man's children, where they can have the sunshine of heaven shed into their lives for at least half of every day. A little thing to ask, one would think, yet for the want of some such intelligent work in his behalf as this, the poor man sees his children sit in darkness and grow up to degradation.

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THE WHY AND WHEREFORE.

WACO recently offered a bonus—or made a bluff at offering it—of \$15,000 for the location of the Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home. Waco is forever making a large piebald ass of herself. She is always ready to promise to put of a dollar and six-bits for a penny whistle but wouldn't obligate herself to give, on the installment plan, seven and a quarter for a grand piano with all modern improvements. Were the majestic universe for sale for \$10 cash she'd fail to make connections—would get hopelessly sidetracked while conferring, banqueting, whereasing, resoluting, perorating, and otherwise agitating the atmosphere while getting ready to let somebody else begin. I found that out more than a year ago, when I offered to build and operate for a period of ten years a \$250,000 hotel and surround it with a beautiful public park if guaranteed a bonus of \$50,000. It was freely conceded that such a hotel was the one thing needed

to make Waco a popular winter resort; so after much hemming and hawing the commercial heavy-weights—organized into a club whose sole *motif* appears to be to jam wind and determine how best to do nothing else—“kinder reckoned as how” they would *try* to raise half that inconsiderable amount of money in order that the town might be transformed into a veritable Mecca of health-seekers and tourists. Although the city taxes on the property would in a few years have exceeded the bonus asked, the scheme went bump, and Waco’s invaluable thermal waters are still going to waste. The hotel project was too great a project for the town to grasp. Its speculative measure is the penny-in-the-lot machine. It will drabble its shirt-tail over a thousand miles of marsh fishing for minnows, but at sight of a sperm whale lies down in the bottom of the boat and bellyaches. Waco is emphatically a pin-hook fisherman. Although its natural advantages are superior to those of any other Texas city it is the sixth in size. That’s because it imagines that it can work industrial wonders by drinking toasts and feeding its face. At the business men’s banquet given a few nights ago, and at which enough new enterprises were outlined to appall Chicago, were enthusiastic whoopers-up who haven’t paid their grocery bills in three months, and who permit their notes for trifling amounts to go to protest. Yet they got full o’ champagne punch and prunes and told what We, Us & Co. are going to do to make Waco great. A stranger gazing upon that scene would have supposed that the Geyser City was about to pick herself up by her own embroidered garters and hop blithely astride a millenium—but the wonderful schemes of commercial grandeur faded next morning with the champagne fumes. Waco gets rid of entirely too much nervo-muscular energy in unprofitable gab. She does an infinite deal of cackling but lays no eggs.

She's the past, grand architect of castles in Spain. Her intentions are all right, but her execution has a broken mainspring. She is constant to one thing never, but starves between divers dazzling schemes, like the traditional jackass drawn hither and yon by the appetizing odor of various fodder-shocks. It requires ten days and several meetings of the Commercial Club to get her consent to break a five-dollar bill. The brass-band "enterprise" of this town makes me tired. Waco did not get the Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home. Her boasted bonus was a cold bluff. I've heard of nobody offering \$15,000 to secure it except my old friend, Col. Bill Cameron, and he must always be understood as speaking in a Pickwickian sense when he discourses of bonuses. Your Uncle Wilyum is all right in his way; but the only time he ever really consented to part with a dollar without a wire cable attached was when he tried to buy a gold brick. Doubtless the Home would be a very nice thing to have, but it would have been worth less than nothing to Waco, commercially considered. Benevolent institutions not provided for by the state are invariably a burthen—what they receive in charity from the town is greater than the profit on their trade. Certain learned Thebans have been exploiting the idea in the local press that Waco did not get the Home because the *ICONOCLAST* is published here—all of which demonstrates that the fool-killer should be discharged for dereliction of duty. Waco stood never a chance of getting the Home, even though Col. Cameron had made good his flamboyant bonus bluff. Masonic institutions are seldom offered at auction. The Masons are an honorable and high-minded body of men. Of course, there are some black sheep among them, a few virulent scabs, intellectual inanities, Baptists and other moral abnormalities; but taken "by and large" they are

eminently proper people. They did not care to commit their widows and orphans to the tender mercies of a town whose chief educational institute has privately encouraged and publicly approved mob violence, the determination of questions of fact by appeal to brute force—the attempted suppression of truth by a peremptory order to “leave town.” The Home did not come to Waco because the Masons declined to commit their loved ones to the care of a community that has ostentatiously eulogized a brace of would-be assassins who “double-banked” a crippled Confederate colonel—who shot him in the back then became so badly frightened that they couldn’t work their guns and were killed while trying to escape the righteous punishment of their cowardly crime. Being honorable men, the Masons object to have those near and dear to them breathe the same atmosphere with men who prate of erecting monuments to the memory of those who attempted the most dastardly crime known to the history of Texas, and who failed only because their “coward lips did from their color fly,” and their hands were palsied with craven fear. That is reason sufficient why the Home did not come to the Geyser City. Of course, it will be urged by maudlin sentimentalists that “we should speak only good of the dead.” It is not the fault of the Harris brothers that they are dead and damned and Judge Gerald alive today. One shot him in the back then started to run; the other shot him from a doorway, then hid behind a telephone pole. And who was it they attempted to assassinate? One of the noblest and brainiest men in all Texas—the very flower of Southern chivalry. And who were they? The elder brother was the ignorant but pompous amateur editor of an unprincipled little pewee paper, whose notes I had declined to purchase because I did not consider them worth a cent on the dollar; the younger was

--well, he was the fellow who shot Judge Gerald in the back then ran like a frightened jack-rabbit. They had been told by brother Baptists that they could kill Gerald in any way they liked and get off with it; they attempted to kill him "any way"—slipped their trolley-wire, and the world is well rid of such bad rubbish. And these are the fellows who are to live in song and story—according to Kid Carroll, the intellectual tomtit who's serving God for the long green and preaching a crusade of blood against the **ICONOCLAST**. These are the heroes bold in whose honor Parian marble is to buss the clouds. I'll build that monument, and promise to make it an irridescent beaut—if permitted to carve thereon an exact representation of the act for which they are so honored! If that act was noble let the eulogists of the Harris brothers accept my offer. I'll employ the best sculptor in America, and sling \$10,000 into the enterprise. No argument, no misrepresentation, no abuse can rub the edge off that proposition—the apologists for the Harris brothers must either accept my offer or stand branded before the majestic world as brutes. The Home did not come to Waco because a lot of splenetic-hearted hypocrites and pietistical dead-beats—who should have been hanged with their own umbilicular cords at birth—have given the place a bad name which it will take a dozen years to live down. The cry raised by certain mischief-making little fuzzy-wuzzies that Waco lost the Home because of the **ICONOCLAST** was simply a stupid prevarication made with malice pretense. It is barely possible that a few professional log-rollers for other locations did mouth somewhat about this magazine—shoot their smooth-bore bazoos at "Brannville"—but their goose-gabble sawed absolutely no ice. The **ICONOCLAST** has cost Waco nary a nick. Together with its auxiliary publications it draws hither

more money from beyond Waco's legitimate trade territory than do all other institutions combined. It asked no bonus to come, and it will not go until it gets a real good ready. There are not Baptists enough in Texas to drive it out of this town. If they kill the editor, another and a better man will step into his shoes and continue the old fight against hypocrites and humbugs, against all that loveth and maketh a lie. I have business here. Like a greater, I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance—and I find more sinners here in proportion to population than anywhere else this side the dominions of the devil. Perhaps that is because it runs so largely to amen-corner religion. I once promised the reputable citizens of this place that I would have nothing further to say on the Baylorian subject if let alone, would leave the Augean stables to be cleaned by Hercules. But I have not been let alone. The vindictive little pismires continue to crawl up my pantelettes. I shall not attempt to deal with them in detail, for that were too much like fighting a malodor with an army musket, going after a bad smell with a gatling gun; but so long as the Baylorian gang of mental perverts persist in chewing the rag at my expense, that great incubator bigotry and bile can depend upon hearing from me semi-occasionally or twice in a while. I'm a pretty good other cheek Christian, but even St. Peter had his fighting point; and I may yet be provoked to drag forth all the grisly skeletons that have been carefully filed away in Baylor's closets during the past few years, and make them dance for the amusement of the multitude. Just a little more of this malicious persecution, this sanctified misrepresentation, and Baylor will receive an iconoclastic revelation that will make the one engineered by the lamented John of Patmos seem like an iridescent dream. If there be yet a God in Israel or sense

of decency or justice remaining in the human heart, I can come precious near making that pseudo-sacrosanct institution tuck its flea-bitten tail between its hinder legs and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the whang-doodle mourneth for its first-born. Sweet Christians, if you want peace, I prithee go cork yourselves.

* * *

KENTUCKY'S DEGENERACY.

BY VERDANT GREEN.

THE startling announcement has reached us that Hon. John G. Carlisle, ex-Senator, ex-Secretary of the Treasury and ex-Democrat, has "repudiated" his "Old Kentucky Home," and is now, from all accounts, a full-fledged Greater New Yorker. In justice, and to her everlasting credit, let it be said, Kentucky assumed the initiative. Now, if some menagerie will only claim some more of our degenerates, Kentucky might be able to shake out the folds of her disgrace, and look tolerably respectable again. Kentuckians, of late, are inclined to doubt the authenticity of Bobby Burns' famous democratic declaration: "A man's a man for a' that." On one occasion, at least, they have found him to be a beast of prey, a moral leper, a foul, contaminating, loathesome toad, and his name is W. C. P. Breckenridge. This, Carlisle's nativity, sheds no tears for him; yet it was not always thus. For lo! these many years, she loved him with a mother's fond devotion, and not until his presence endangered her respectability, did she cast him off. It was she that watched over his tender youth, guided his budding manhood, but lost him in maturer years, and could only stand sponsor at the threshold

of the bar while he consumed a large proportion of a distillery output.

The indefatigable devotion of Carlisle's constituency is unparalleled; it is safe to say, since the world began. Through all his vicissitudes they never wavered, but carried him from triumph to triumph, and at last stood and gazed in open-mouthed admiration as he looked down upon them from his dizzy perch, wrapped in egotism, selfishness and ingratitude. They did even more; once upon a time they picked him from the gutter, arranged his toilet and sent him back to congress, when it was well known that his opponent had received the most votes. When the Gray Gobles goat was elected to the presidency for the second and last time, Carlisle's followers smacked their lips in gleeful anticipation of the good things that would come their way. To several of the most prominent the post-office in this city was the apple of their eye. But, alas; alack! Just about this time Carlisle's brother, who, by the way, is a Baptist divine, awoke one morning with a yearning to our P.M.; arguing, perhaps, that it would be easier and far more lucrative to lick stamps than the devil. The yearning was communicated to Brother John, and was promptly gratified. An awful, but just, kick went up, but as it didn't register on the bosom of J. G.'s pantaloons, he didn't mind much, but took care to stay abroad as long as possible. Kentucky saw no more of him until the fall of '96, when he came to tell us how it all happened, and, incidentally, to warn us against anarchy and repudiation, and was tapped on the head with ancient hen-fruit for his pains.

Poor misguided Kentucky; who once boasted of her statesmanship, the abiding place of beautiful women, fast horses, and excellent whisky, whither are you drifting? If those who are departed this life are permitted to come

back from that echoless shore and look upon things mundane. Oh! shades of our illustrious statesmen, what a scene for thy saintly eyes! Carlisle on his knees to the "sheeny" money power, and Breckenridge an inmate of the "Nigger" log cabin. The democracy of the state represented in the United States Senate by a big, fat baby boy, whose sole recommendation is his benign countenance and inability to think, and republicanism by a nincompoop who has about as much idea of his duties as a billygoat about tuning a piano. If you are not blinded by these unholy sights, look further to what the Capitol discloses. The statehouse in possession of a swarm of political insects, warmed into life by the perfidy of Cleveland and Carlisle. Governor Bradley at the helm, posing in the ludicrous farce of appointing a man to fill a vacancy in the United States Senate who has said "Silver was demonetized when Julius Cæsar betrayed Christ for thirty pieces of the metal." Next we see Bradley ordering out the militia to suppress a democratic doorkeeper of the senate, while the mob roars along the highway. Again, we see this Prince of Incompetency doling out pardons to cut-throats, and restoring to citizenship home-despoilers whose only plea for clemency is a promise to vote the republican ticket for evermore. The treasury bankrupt, the people groaning under excessive taxation, and the halls of legislation beset by a gang that would put the "tenderloin" to shame. The state prisons reeking with corruption, while from the home of the feeble-minded and insane asylums there comes a stench of depravity that is stifling to the senses.

You can bear to hear no more, ye truants from Spiritland! Then wing your airy flight to the home of the blessed, and look no more until Kentucky's regeneration. When that will take place the Lord God Almighty only

knows. Never until Lindsay and Deboe follow Carlisle and Breckenridge into "innocuous desuetude," and are supplanted by peerless Joe Blackburn and his kind. Never until her sons and daughters, who are wont to roam, can without remorse or shame, acknowledge Kentucky as their home. Never, until the spirit of Boone and Kenton is revived, and her sturdy sons gird up their loins and drive the powers that be, that vicious, greedy horde, back to the slums from whence they came. It has been demonstrated beyond the peradventure of a doubt that republicanism of the Bradley-Deboe brand refuses to mix with this soil, and it is as much out of place as Breckenridge chaperoning a bevy of young girls at a Sunday-school picnic, or Carlisle leading a temperance revival.

As far as Kentucky goes, Carlisle and Breckenridge are "dead, damned and delivered," and if the pleas that are incorporated in our Sunday-school petitions to the Throne of Grace are efficacious, they will so remain till time is no more. The recent election has had a salutary effect on Kentucky, and if indications are judged aright, she is retracing her steps along the path of Truth and Honor, and the siren of a Watterson cannot change her course.

Covington, Ky., January 20th.

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SALMAGUNDI.

THE St. Louis *Republic* on a recent Sunday regaled its religious readers with a full page illustrated write-up of Miss Tillie's Anderson's legs. The lady is a professional bicyclist who has won many races. The views, which extend from the heel to the highest available point, were taken in *puris naturalibus* "by a Sunday *Republic* artist," who appears to have been accompanied by a staff of enter-

prising reporters who were able to tell us just how Miss Tillie's muscles felt to the touch. I think all will now concede that the *Republic* is a great Sunday newspaper. Few papers are sufficiently enterprising to detail artists to sketch and reporters to handle the bare limbs of accommodating ladies. The conclusions of these young gentlemen was to the effect that "Feminine limbs lose beauty of outline when the bicycle is ridden." As they failed to supply 'before taking' pictures I am unable to determine the effect of the bike on Miss Tillie. Muscularly considered the lady's legs are all right, but viewed simply as fragments of the female from divine they would frighten old Silenus himself and drive the great god Pan to drown himself in a frog-pond. There can be no doubt that persistent biking robs the female limb of its graceful contour and substitutes therefore the rugged protrusive muscles, the ungainly and irony look of the masculine leg. It sacrifices beauty for strength, exchanges the flowing lines of Corinthian for the ungraceful angles of the Gothic. If a woman be given limbs solely for the sake of locomotion it may be well for her to "develop her speed," but is, as poets and artists have ever contended, beauty be a thing of worth, one of God's best gifts, then it were the part of wisdom to do little pedaling. Exercise in the open air is an excellent thing, but the inevitable tendency of the cyclenne is to carry it to excess. The result is a limb that is a compromise between that of a male athlete and a chambermaid. Mr. John Wilton Cunningham favors readers of the *Republic* with what he calls "an approximately perfect limb." The misguided man must have taken the leg of a grand piano for a model. It resembles nothing in earth or heaven that ever belonged to a daughter of Eve. The ankle is as large as the limb immediately below the knee, the calf and middle thigh are of

exactly the same size, the diameter of the foot exceeds its length, while the heel protrudes like that of a cornfield coon. Mr. Cunningham's "perfect limb" resembles a corkscrew that had been subjected to too much pressure. When I begin to see such legs as that I'll take the Keeley cure. The best thing a woman can do who wants a perfect limb is to—walk. That is the beauty developer and health preservative par excellence. Our American women do not know how to walk—are awkward and ungainly on their feet as so many geese. Their carriage is faulty—they either go humping along as though devoid of abdominal muscles, else bend themselves like a rainbow backwards and march like a drum major. An Italian woman of the poorer class will carry a 50-pound railway tie on her head and preserve a better equipoise than our society belles. A woman should move on her feet as gracefully as a ship on the sea. Her walk should be the very poetry of motion—just a little spring and a little swing to relieve the iron tread of creation's lords. The head should be easily but proudly poised, the shoulders back but not military, the bust slightly advanced to give the lungs free play, the stride neither short nor long, the foot placed lightly but firmly down, the whole motion of the body rhythmic as that of a swan "taking the water with swarthy webs." A little such exercise every day is worth more to woman than all the health fads of fashion. But no short skirts and bloomers—when a woman walks the great world should not be reminded that her locomotion is due to legs; all the poetry and sentiment of the picture is gone the moment man realizes that 'tis but a straddling forked radish like himself—that woman does not move as moves a ray of light o'er fields of golden grain or the sensuous billows of a summer sea. I protest against the cyclenne, nor that I consider cycling immoral, not that I am the

most tiresome of preachers, the he-prude; but rather because the wheel is the enemy of female beauty, and beauty is my religion. This creed of mine has been extensively criticized—by intellectual infants who cannot comprehend. All that is best in man strives toward the beautiful as the supreme good, and the supreme good is God. Whatsoever would take one rosy tint from the morning, a hue from the humblest flower or abate one jot or tittle of womanly beauty is an enemy to man's noblest aspirations. I protest against woman bestriding the bike, because Venus herself so situated could be neither graceful nor beautiful.

Rev. J. I. Weber, the "Tornado Evangelist," lately operating at Milwaukee, Wis., seems to be double-discounting our own and only Sam Jones in his favorite role of sensational blackguard and priorient blatherskite. It is related of Weber that he once turned a series of hand-springs from the church entrance to the pulpit, then remarked: "There! I guess we'll have a crowd here tomorrow night." And he did. Jones might regain his departed laurels by doing a double-shuffle in the pulpit with a copy of the Bible balanced on the end of his proboscis and a full communion cup in either hand. Some apologize for such pulpiteering with the plea that it can be attracted to church by no other method. This is the old and dangerous doctrine that the end justifies the means. Where one dunce is brought into the fold by such circus claptrap a dozen better people are repulsed. Sam Jones has "converted" hundreds of hopeless block-heads; but his methods have done more to propagate infidelity among sensible people than have all the books and lectures of "Pagan Bob."

THE UNFAITHFUL LORD.

BY ETHELYN LESLIE HUSTON.

A CORRESPONDENT asks the question: "What course should a woman pursue who finds that her husband is unfaithful?"

John Milton, the grave Puritan, once wrote: "Him I hold more in the way to perfection who foregoes an impious and discordant wedlock to live according to love in a fitter choice, than he who debars himself the happy experience of all godly, only for the false keeping of a most unreal nullity." If a woman's legal lord prove unfaithful it is not necessarily through "discordance," but lack of harmony. And they are synonymous. There is no sphinx-riddle so hard to read as an unmarried woman. Her character, her virtues, her vices or her absolute lack of all three, are closed in the womb of time and marriage unlocks and frees to the future undreamed of characteristics that prove either a fluttering cloud of doves of peace or a band of hell's blackest imps. In marriage a woman takes grave chances and man as grave. Character then develops rapidly and the result is Eden or Chaos. For that reason, the Spartan edict "let him abide by his choice" is as brutal as it is preposterous. And the "abiding" is as Milton termed it the false keeping of a most unreal nullity. Law, human or divine, will not hold man's love, and if love be not, the marriage is not holy. The outward forms are observed, but outward forms observed through sense of honor are but the orthodox marble of life that is a sepulcher reeking of dead men's bones. If a man finds he has made a mistake the woman who sleeps at his side knows it also, if she be not fool or blind. When a woman makes this discovery she, as a rule, pursues the

regular course,—watch, wait and turn the moral thumb-screw. She dogs his acts, watches his eyes and grudges his thought. She has never possessed his heart but has a scriptural mortgage on his body and nothing under heaven will make her give up that mortgage. This she does in her sublime blindness and in the first turn of the wifely thumb-screw she betrays her loss, throws pride to the winds and admits defeat. She holds the battlements with an iron hand, but the silken nest within is chill and deserted and the child-god is gone.

And all this she does—if she be not wise.

But women are not all of that caliber. The woman who is wise takes the initiative, or if there be circumstances that make separation difficult, she at least withdraws her life from his as far as possible, and if she lose her lord she retains at least her dignity.

Marriage is a cruel test, born often of mistaken fancy—an incomplete life that gropes in the dark like “a rudderless ship on a shoreless sea.” The bridal link seems the moorings of peace and safety and content. The bridal love seems the northern star that beckons a wanderer home. But sometimes the drifting heart finds anchor that is but a lifeless millstone; the bridal ties prove the harness of winged Pegasus and the beaming star but leads into a mental desert where there is neither light nor love nor “sweet companionship,” but only a boundless loneliness where gray skies bend down forever to a barren earth and only the apples of Sodom grow for parched lips and in the leaden silence a gray owl hoots and the robin never sings. Then is the bondage soulless and unholy, then does it sink to fleeting desire of the senses and then does the empty life battle with the grim “why” that lifts its wall between Man and Maker.

Then—sometimes—through the darkness creeps a mist

of light, tremulous, golden, filled with the wavering fires of the flame opal. In its silver shadows steals the wraith of life, the crimson of the pomegranate on the lips, the light of a soul's heaven in the eyes, the lilies of love at the feet and the perfume of the jessamine breathing from the garments. But over the fair face that dawns on his aching eyes like a ray of perfect light in the eternal darkness of his life, hangs a sword that men call vengeance. The iron bars of that other bondage lift their blackness between his starved soul and the woman who seems a heaven-sent gift. Through all his senses, long numb and silent, thrills the infinite sweetness of *Æolian* harps as the lips speak and in their music he reads what means life complete; but the Mosaic "thou shalt not" hurls its anathema and stamps as base the passion that alone lifts man from beasts to gods. Such love is sin? No doubt. Yielding is damnation eternal? Perhaps. Paola is adulterer and Francesca wanton? Yes. And again—yes. And always—yes. But who coined the words sin and shame and wanton and damnation. And who dare affix them and claim by divine right. And who can prove that Francesca was wanton because she clung through death to her soul's master and Octavia because she claimed her lord's body though his heart was another's? What is morality, and what is immorality? Is conscience or custom God? Why must man or woman carry the charnel-house of a mistaken marriage to their grave? Who says they must? And who told them so? And when? And where? What was moral law in other ages is immoral law to-day. The moral law to-day may be sin generations hence. Who is right? And how do they know they are right? And why? I am not advocating liaison. I champion neither Don Juan nor Queen Elizabeth. There are moral lepers just as there are disease and dementia. And all such should be im-

prisoned in lazar-houses or chloroformed. But because we do not so dispose of them it is madness to make laws to control libertines and think to thus harness Eros. Cloacina was a useful goddess. She presided over the sewers. But we must not conflict her office with that of Venus. Omar asks:

“A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and thou
Beside me, singing in the wilderness—
O wilderness were Paradise enow!”

And it is that “though beside me” that is the right of man and woman by every just law. Life at its best gives little but its jug of wine and loaf of bread. The body is fed, but for heart and soul the way is long and bitterly hard, and when the bared feet stumble blindly from the sharp stones they generally find hot plow-shares. And in all its grinding toil and weariness of spirit, and emptiness, the only hope in the soul’s Garden of Gethsemane is the divine passion that wakes but once in a lifetime and in that one awakening, though it last but an hour, makes the past bitterness and the after crucifixion—worth while.

If man or woman “prove unfaithful”—let them go. Would you treasure the cocoon when the butterfly has wakened and taken wing? Would you press to your bare breast the gilded wires of the cage if the song-bird were silent? Would you crush to your lips always the chill face of a corpse, whose heart to you is dead—for all time, dead? If they “prove unfaithful” what, in the dear God’s name, is left? What would you hold? Hands that no longer caress? Eyes that are chill? Lips that are mute? Body that shrinks? Soul that wearies and struggles and despairs and—loathes? If they “prove unfaith-

ful" will last year's roses live again? Will dead ashes kindle to warm life? Will wearied satiety give birth to quick passion? Would you sleep on a heart that dreams of another? Would you draw to your breast a head that wearies for another pillow? Would you try to give warmth to lips that thirst for other lips?

In all Deity's category of hideous torment is there any more devilish than the warmth of a human body sleeping at your side, but heart and brain and soul separated from you by a chasm wider than the seas and deeper than hell's deepest cavern! Are men and women mad that they should change rose-wreaths to iron-fetters! Would they bound Elysium by prison walls? Was ever yet the winged god held in bondage? If they "prove unfaithful"—let them go. Better the silence of deserted Naxos than the awful farce of this "unreal nullity." Rather the loneliness of Elba, than State that is but a mockery. Rather the desolation of Eugenie than the ghastly pomp of Louise. Rather the prison straw of Gretchen than the silken couch of Wales.

Brann once wrote, "Mentally and sexually man is a polygamist. Give him Psyche for wife and Sappho for mistress and he were not content—he would swim a river to make mad love to some freckled maid," and so writing he made grievous error. A man makes love to many women. He loves one. Sexually he may be a Henry VIII. Mentally he may be an Arthur. Over his breast may sweep tresses of the Nile's deep night and the North's soft gold. On his heart can slumber but one fair head, content. Awake, he may make soft dalliance with many fancies, light as the passing tales of the Decameron. Asleep, the heart knows but one Presence, holy as the shrined Madonna, loved as the Beatrice of Dante.

And as neither priest nor church can open that inner

sanctuary with ritual nor ring, neither can law nor logic wrest from its stronghold the one life that is its glory. If they "prove unfaithful" it is to the law, not love. And in such unfaith their "honor rooted in dishonor stands" and is stronger than death.

In marriage where love is not

"No sweep aspersion shall the heavens let fall,
To make the contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both."

Cage your nightingale and its wondrous song is silent. Chain your chameleon and its changing hues fade into dead grayness. Touch your butterfly with restraining hands and its broken wings fall from your fingers. Imprison the sweet wanton light of the *lucciole*-love's wandering firefly and it dies in eternal night. Love wants no walls, but aisles of dreaming lilies, no light but that of the throbbing stars, no roof but the night's tender canopy, no eloquence but the silence of the warm lip's lingering kiss, no kingdom but that of burning roses and whispering passion-flowers and Philomela's love-song, low and exultant, passion-fraught and passionately tender and sweet with the sweetness of gods. In its mystery, laden with the breath of a thousand flowers, Eros wanders always, laughter on his lips, in his eyes a tragedy. Its bending wild-flowers glisten with Ophelia's tears, its daisies shelter in their white petals the golden heart of Marguerite: through its trees sighs the pleading of the White Woman and through the darkness burn the love-mad eyes of the Moor. Its murmuring waters tell of Elaine, and its lily cups hold the glistening gems of Arthur's queen. In the shadow broods

always the sad face of Dante and beside his dead love lies Boulanger, a smile on his lips and a blueish hole in his breast. Hope bends at the water's edge binding always the broken reeds of Pan. And faint in the distance swells and swoons the death-song of the swan. It is a garden of dreams and soft delights and deathless pain that is sweeter than all other pleasure, and through its grasses creeps the silver stream of Lethe and over its thorns steals the poppy's blood-red glow. It is a fairness that dawns only as a mirage to many aching lives, and in its melody breathes madness, and in its magnolia blooms sleeps always the death-sting of the asp. It knows neither robes of priest nor rod of precept. It neither remembers life's past nor fears its aftermath. Its scepter is of feathers and its Koran the immortal songs of poets. It yields a life-time in an hour, and its hour is worth a thousand life-times that have not known its sweetness. And eyes that have felt the touch of Ithuriel's spear seek thirstily its Elysia, though Damocles' sword press the throat. And it is as hopeless to recall the life that has found its path of lilies as to recapture the uncaged eagle that scars beyond the peaks with its eyes and breast turned full to the imperial glory of the sun.

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SALMAGUNDI.

My attention has been called to the fact that the Chattanooga (Tenn.) *Times* has been hammering away at the ICONOCLAST—much like a bob-tailed woodpecker taking a fall out of an oak tree. The party—a prominent Chattanooga business man—who notifies me of the existence of the *Times*, volunteers the further information that its

editor "is a cowardly old ass," and adds: "He does not enjoy the respect of the decent element of this community; yet he poses as the teacher and expounder of Democracy in this section after having led a band of negro murderers, rapists, pilferers, plunderers and burners through this country during the late war. He was colonel of a nigger regiment. You know what that class of troops were and by what kind of scurvy cattle they were commanded. Now, this mangy fellow is foisted upon an outraged people by the pig-headed Shylocks who own and control the paper. Please 'roast' him and see that he is well browned on both sides." My correspondent will have to excuse me. Never but once did I align my guns upon such small game as the ex-colonel of a nigger regiment. His offense was not, as in this case, a calumny of myself, but a foul slander of the noble women of the South.

I understand that Rev. Jehovah Boanerges Cranfill has sold a half interest in his Sanctified Slop-tub to a sucker named Slaughter, and will remove the delectable publication to Dallas unless the citizens of that place obtain an injunction to prevent the commission of such an obnoxious nuisance. It appears that the ICONOCLAST of the vineyard is too caloric for Crannie's comfort. Poor Slaughter! He'd much better have invested in a gold brick. Ta, ta, Jehovah Boanerges. As the country editor once remarked of the absquatulation of another rascal, "Your removal from our midst fills a long felt want."

Rev. Bishop Mallalieu, an eastern prelate of the Methodist church, may be a trifle shy of Christian charity, but he certainly possesses a large and select stock of irremediable impudence. After having denounced the Confederate flag from his pulpit as "a disgraceful, abomin-

able and infamous rag, he came to Texas to officiate at church conferences. And Texas methodists, whose fathers, brothers or husbands died in defense of that "disgraceful, abominable and infamous rag," slobbered over this splenetic-hearted blatherskite instead of pelting him with has-been cats and sphacelated cabbage.

Bro. Abe Mulkey has blossomed forth into a "show manager." His great moral aggregation opened the season the other night at the M.E. church, Corsicana, Tex. A representation of "Hogan's Alley" and a recitation by the "Yellow Kid" were two very catchy numbers on the variegated program. The ICONOCLAST has not been given the route of Bro. Mulkey's "show," nor has it been informed whether he intends exhibiting it in a circus tent or at the regular variety dives. While the "Yellow Kid" was serving the Lord and "Hogan's Alley" was drawing the thoughts of sinners upwards at Corsicana, the Lutherans of Jersey City Heights were raffling off a pair of fancy garters bearing the suggestive inscription, "All Good Things Come High." The dispatches state that a few of the more decent church members objected to the garter bid for the long green, but that the raffle proved such a tremendous source of revenue that "the managers of the fair concluded to let the garters and the label remain on exhibition." I can but wonder that the enterprising managers did not employ a shapely young lady to wear them. It does seem that the Throne of Grace has gone bankrupt and is borrowing ducats of the devil on which to resume business.

The Rev. Dr. Edward L. Stoddard, rector of the most aristocratic Episcopal church of Jersey City, not only permits dances to be held in the basement of his church,

but has organized a dancing class, guaranteeing to provide lessons at the low price of 6 cents apiece. And it was Jersey City that invoked an old and forgotten law to prevent a lecture by Col. R. G. Ingersoll! Evidently Jersey City is a place where extremes do meet. Dancing is all right in its way—a very delightful and innocent amusement for such as have no heads to cultivate and must perforce turn their attention to their heels or go altogether uneducated; but a rector in the role of dancing-master were equivalent to the president of the United States shooting craps or playing mumble-peg. I fear that the Rev. Stoddard is but making a desperate bid for that notoriety which to little minds is a very satisfactory substitute for fame.

The *Washington Post* takes a New York contemporary seriously to task for permitting scientists to discuss in its columns “matters of sex,” which it insists should be relegated to medical magazines. The *Post* is awfully nice—and exceptionally bright—editorially; but it has not been long since a prominent congressman appealed to me to “roast its infamously nasty personal column.” Just how far a daily paper intended for general reading, should forego its function of “public educator” as concession to a doubtful concept of modesty, I shall not presume to say; but the fact remains that the “sex question” is one of the most important in this world. The public should not be left altogether in ignorance, yet it does not and will not turn for information to the medical magazines. Most of the literature on this subject which the general public does read is the work of cranks and charlatans. I would be much better pleased if the daily press printed a few more important scientific facts and fewer “ads” for “lost manhood restorers,” private disease panaceas

and abortion pills. There's such a thing as straining at a gnat and swallowing an entire drove of dromedaries.

A correspondent sends the *ICONOCLAST* a clipping from the Savannah (Ga.) *Morning News*, relating that a colored builder, who employed white boys at painting, carpentering and other work, explained his giving the preference to white boys instead of those of his own race, by stating that "colored boys wouldn't work." They had to go to school to become preachers and lawyers and baseball players, and their parents consequently supported them because they didn't want them to be "common niggers." "Georgia," who sends the clipping wants to know "what do you think of this for 'Progress of the Southern negro?'" It's all right. It follows out the rule of the survival of the fittest. The average self-respecting laboring man of the present day who is at all careful of his reputation hesitates dubiously before admitting the names of either a lawyer or a preacher on his calling list. He wants a certificate of character before he admits men of either calling to the sacredness of his home circle. There are good lawyers and good preachers and good niggers, but they are not numerous. They are very often kleptomaniacs and he generally finds it advisable to guard closely his wallet, his women and his winged stock when either of the three classes flutters around his door-yard. As niggers invade the legal and theological realms and Caucasian youths wield the brush and the hammer the world will find the latter work steadily ennobled. But there will probably not be much perceptible change in the general caliber of the two professions. The admission of the colored race will not elevate the present professional tone. But it cannot lower it. Elevators do not

usually go below the basement, even if heavily loaded with colored brethren. Let the good work go on.

Another sad case of "eccentricity" to add to the already long and mournful list is that of the Rev. W. M. Bates, rector of the Anglican Church at Thornhill, a suburb of Toronto, Canada. A brutal British police arrested the unfortunate shepherd in a store, and at police headquarters relieved his clerical person of a large amount of stationery and toilet articles. But Bates is a graduate of Cambridge and one of the most scholarly men in the church, we are told, and his friends state that he has been somewhat "eccentric" for years, and that if guilty he committed the act in a fit of mental aberration. The gentleman's clerical cape was provided inside with a number of long, deep pockets. These were also placed there in a fit of mental aberration, without doubt, and between the fits the gentleman must have wondered in a gentle, vague sort of a way, who placed them there and what for. Bishop Sweatman furnished bail and now the shepherd should have an operation performed, with a detective on hand to watch the instruments for fear another should come on while the surgeon was searching for lost sponges and things in the wandering labyrinths of the clerical cranium.

Rev. Wm. Manary of the Baptist Church of Terre Haute, Ind., is another shepherd who seems troubled with fits. He made public apology to the good brethren and sisters of his church and said he was sorry for having written improper letters to a Miss Edith Sparks, and for having undue intimacy with a number of women,—who probably also had fits,—and having misled a young woman in love, which is quite the most dangerous fit of all. He also said he was sorry for having played Jack

the Peeper, and altogether the Rev. Willie seems pretty generally sorry for having had a pretty jolly time with himself. This mental aberration seems to be spreading dangerously among our brothers of the cloth, and it is well for them that in the veins of their flocks flows five o'clock tea instead of good old unorthodox red blood that bubbles merrily at the sight of such cattle, or their weeps in the pulpits and fits out of it would find an efficacious remedy that they wot not of, and would not care to again run up against after they had wotted.

While going from Cincinnati to St. Louis on a recent lecture tour I chanced to be seated with one of those pompous smooth-bore preachers who weep for the sins of the world with one eye while watching the contribution box with the other. He asked me if I was a Christian, and I told him, naw—that I was only a newspaper man. “Oh,” said he. “Then doubtless you’ve met that scoundrel Brann.” I assured him that I had never met the miserable wretch, and that if I had my way about it I never would. That was an open sesame to his confidence, and he proceeded to tell me all about myself. I learned, somewhat to my surprise, that I was a Jesuit in disguise, who had been sent over here by the Pope to raise fourteen kinds of hades with Protestantism. When he had finished I thanked him for the information and expressed the hope that his Waterbury works would stand winding. “W—what d’ye mean?” he gasped. “Why,” quoth I, “the good book assures us that when Ananias was struck down at St. Peter’s feet for lying the young men arose and wound him up.” Whenever a man stands outside the pale of the Catholic church, yet declines to denounce it as the Scarlet Woman and brand the Pope as Beelzebub, he is forthwith denounced as a “Jesuit in disguise.”

Were I a Jesuit I'd be too proud of that fact to conceal it. It requires mighty good material of which to make Jesuits, for they are put through a regimen that means death to mental weaklings; but of a bag of wind and a bushel o' muck you may make a dozen campmeeting spouters and 'sputers.

I note that my dear brother in Christ, who engineers the *Texas Baptist Standard*, is running a small "ad" in *Printer's Ink* as a bid for Eastern advertising. He swears a Herculean swore before a party claiming to be a notary public that he prints 21,500 copies per week of his truly remarkable paper. Possibly he does—there being no law in Texas prohibiting his spoiling all the white paper for which he can get trusted. It is quite noticeable that while the publisher swears that he *prints* so many, he doesn't swear that he *circulates* them—doesn't have the hardihood to intimate that there are enough idiots in Texas to *pay* him for half his edition. There are entirely too many religious fakes here in Texas trying to elongate the leg of the Eastern advertiser by *printing* papers that are neither read nor paid for, and all such schemes of predacity react upon honest publishers. Reputable advertising agencies like Geo. P. Rowell & Co. owe it to their patrons to require publishers to make oath what proportion of their circulation is *paid*. It has not been long since the publishers of a Waco paper were swearing to a circulation of 18,000 copies—and they were *printing* them, too; yet they never had 500 paying patrons. Every publisher who obtains money for advertising by overstating his bona-fide circulation—and no circulation is bona-fide unless it's *paid*—ought to be put in the penitentiary for obtaining money on false pretenses. This is a proposition that is impregnable. For the protection of advertisers from the depre-

dations of shameless "grafters" each state should have a law compelling publishers to make oath to the bona-fide circulation of their every issue, such claims being investigated at least once a year by a competent inspector. Tens of millions of dollars are expended every year for advertising—and half of it might just as well be poured into a rat-hole.

* * *

THE LAW OF LOVE.

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

PROFESSOR VON SCHROEN's discovery of life and sex in crystals need not startle the world. Man has felt that there was nothing inanimate, from the beginning of time. His intuition has always been in advance of his reason. His poetry has led his science everywhere. The oneness of things is being demonstrated in these days, that is all. Matter and spirit are but manifestations of force. Some philosophies have pushed this oneness of things to the end of maintaining that all matter is illusion and that our thoughts themselves are illusions and we ourselves but a dream in a mighty dream.

Biology has resolved life back to the single cell in which all the senses are converged. Physics have shown sight and touch and smell and hearing to be but varying apprehensions of one force. Light, heat and sound are motion, swifter or slower. Sex is a differentiation of the single cell. Philologists assert that originally the name of God in every language was both masculine and feminine.

Life is but force. Matter holds together by force. Matter therefore has life. This is a logic irrefutable to a mind in touch with the progress of study in all the sciences in this time. The star is brother to the clod; the moth

is akin to the mastodon. Worlds are made to blossom in space as flowers are fructified by floating pollen. Mingling atoms make suns. Cell seeks affinity with cell. Dust blown from the unimaginable outer rim of silence finds its fellow dust, and, engaging in amorous whirl, a nebula is formed and from that nebula suns and systems of suns. Worlds in contact give birth to worlds. That crystals meet and kiss and mingle and produce other crystals is only "the way of a man with a maid."

Love is the only law. Love is spirit and matter is the child of spirit. All this any man who reads may know.

Professor von Schroen claims to be able to prove what Emanuel Swedenborg taught of himself, of his insight of the spirit, revealing more than any microscope. Swedenborg taught what Gautama taught before him. The child who, after stubbing his toe, scolds the obstacle to his precarious progress, voices the implanted intuition that matter is a force of life. All personifications of matter and force tell us that they are recognized as kin to ourselves, and to our thoughts and feelings.

Is all this dreaming? Was Thomas Huxley a dreamer? Listen to him: "In itself it is of little moment whether we express the phenomena of Matter in terms of Spirit or the phenomena of Spirit in terms of Matter." A confession of their ultimate indistinguishability. They are different effects upon our apprehension of the same force. Some have said that matter is mere resistance to force. "Without this resistance, Motion would have been without result, for its action would have been infinite," says Balzac; and Herbert Spencer says, "without resistance there can be merely empty extension." This is the maddest materialism, but Newton holds that it is absurd to suppose that mere "inanimate brute matter can operate upon and affect

other matter without the mediation of something which is not material."

This mediating something is spirit—or, as mystics say, the Word. Its manifestations are attraction, repulsion, gravitation. All these are Motion. "Nowhere," says Balzac, "is Motion sterile. Everywhere it engenders Number; but it may be neutralized by a superior resistance, as in minerals." This neutralization, Professor Schroen's discovery disproves conclusively—if he has made the discovery. The motion is in the crystal itself; the instinct whereby it seeks out its mate that it may "increase and multiply."

There is no rest. Inert matter is in motion, according to the newest science. The atoms of matter can make way for the X-ray—itself material—and unite again as water unites after one has dipped his finger in it. Water is full of life. Minerals are, if we deceive not ourselves in recent discoveries, only a denser water. All is fluid in more or less tangible shape and thought itself is fluid according to the biologists. Here we have the thought of old Heraclitus, who preached "the flowing, flowing, flowing, of the world," and all things in it.

Out of the single cell—protoplasm, amœba, vorticella—in combination, by its seeking its own, comes variation or number and ultimately Harmony. Thus we grasp the Platonic idea of Number and music—the famous "music of the spheres," which the uninitiate have laughed at evermore. Number through Motion resulting in Harmony gives us law.

All this implies the operation of the "unseen." Our most materialistic sciences deal ever with the "unseen"; with the undulatory theory of light, of sound, of heat, with gravitation. They are all imponderable, invisible forces or substances. The atoms, themselves almost in-

conceivable, operate upon one another in the workings of these forces. The pollen from the flower finds its way to another, miles away, and fecundates it as Schmid's father, born in Germany, found his mother, born in Australia, to the seemingly unimportant end that Schmid should come to be. Surely those ancients were not far wrong in deeming the atoms themselves endowed with conscious intelligence.

There is life in everything and everywhere and no life without love. As a man lies with a woman to perpetuate their kind, so do all things, infinitesimal and vast, through Nature bed with each other. The phallus is a mightier symbol than the virtuous wot of. It is found even in the Cross. The sciences are a study of the universal lust. Flower fecundates flower though one sends its seed to another on the limbs of a wandering and uncertain bee. There is a rain of life between the planets. Collisions scatter world-fragments in the far furrows of space and the fragments are gathered up by other planets and life transferred to them from systems that have ceased to be. In mathematics numbers cohabit and the results are glimpses of the secrets of Infinity. In physics the savagery and the tenderness of force, in destruction or reproduction, produce power. Biology shows us the operation of the same affection to the development of life. Differentiation, selection, organization—all these are processes of intelligent amorousness in matter. This intelligent amorousness is the spirit in matter—the “love that makes the world go round,” that “holds the universe ensphered.”

But where does it end—this intelligent amorousness? There is a limit to the finite. But the finite is part of the Infinite. It would seem that the pursuit of this law of love would bring one only to the Unknowable, pushing it only a little farther back.

Love may follow whither love leads—unto the essence of

God even—for God is love. The material aspect of love, dwelt on thus far, need not deter us from pushing farther north. To whoso believes in the oneness of Matter and Spirit, there is no Unknowable. The end of the law of Love, and of the spiritual faculties for its perception, can be the knowing of this Unknowable, pushing it only a little farther back.

Progress and increase must end, say the materialists. Evolution must cease somewhere and when it does cease, dissolution has begun. Attraction in matter rules for awhile. Concentration is the law. Repulsion comes into play predominantly. Dissolution is the law. The struggle is everlasting between Attraction and Repulsion. Dissolution is but a state in which further Evolution ferments. From the nebulæ the systems come. Systems die and are scattered. They whirl dark and dead through space. A planet rolls through the dust. Friction fires the dust, melts it, sets it moving. The disturbing globe or comet drops life upon the fragments now set in molten once again. Another nebula! In course of time the cooling process begins. Parts are cast off. Soon a sun and circling train of satellites. How often may the circle of systems from life, through death, to life again be made? The conclusion is that the Universe itself must complete a circle; must return whence it emanated.

From the one cell, life variegates in large as in small. The end of variety is the return to the one. The end is the beginning. "I am the Alpha and the Omega." We may fall back into our own sun, but that sun will, in time, fall back into a greater, and that again into another, until the primordial Sun is reached. Matter must fall back and back towards the origin thereof and end in the Absolute. Shall we say that it returns and returns and returns until all creation condenses into the mere thought of the

Supreme Intelligence? The number One is the original of all mathematics. Zero is but the figure one bent into a circle. All the figures are but variations of one and zero. All life is but variation of the life that is—through Life and Death. The end of all number is return to Unity, to the one bent into “the perfect circle,” symbol of quiet and completion. Love conquers death even by death: for Love is the spirit of which matter is a mere instrument. When the circle is complete all things are absorbed into that from whence they sprung, or whence they differentiated. Matter has not destroyed itself. Through development, through the retort and alembic of change, it has purified itself and come back to the Supreme, all Spirit. Matter is as it were volatilized; all the spirit in it set free and through indefinities of purification the last materiality of matter is transmuted into spirit—as the substance of a rose leaf into the odor thereof or, remoter still, into the thought of the odor of the rose—and Matter is not annihilated but only changed into its other self, Spirit. It is resolved back into the idea in which alone it had existence. This is the idea of Nirvana.

This is not a doctrine of Nothingness and the end of this law of love, which the German savant is said to have found operating in crystals, as hard as this inevitable law of love itself, is not the panacea of “universal suicide.” Death is love’s attainment of calm after the mighty circle of struggle has been made.

It would seem, of course, that, if the end of everything is to be annihilation, the individual might take a short cut to the end by means of “a tall tree, and courage and a rope,” might hasten his arrival at the absorption. But the law of love is not the law of self. It is a law understood best in the universal and reaching its full meaning only in bringing the universes and all that they inherit

under its sway in utter cession of strife and attrition; not in annihilation, but in a concentration of all in one perfect peace.

Nirvana negatives nothing. It brings all discordances and denials to a harmonious positive. It brings Resistance, which is Matter, to Rest which is the Spirit—to the Rest which is the completion of Motion's infinite circle.

The end then is "the death of all desire," after the Universe's riot of desire, after its fulfillment of the law of love. The end then is, what Schopenhauer suggests, "the denial of the will to will." But this is not a mere coprolalia, a foul necrophilism, a worship of decay and death suggestive of d'Annunzio's books. "The denial of the will to live" is not, necessarily, a denial of the law of love I have tried to explain. Schopenhauer is not the pessimist or the nihilist he has been pictured. He conceives of the Will as the life of the race. Will is his name for force. He pronounces it the "unconscious" origin of things, although we have seen rather that the persistence of life is conscious. He declares Will to be the Idea—that "this whole world is only object in relation to subject, perception of a perceiver, in a word, idea." This is the Hindu doctrine of reality—as Maya, or illusion. The Idea, for him, is the eternal essence, the *ding an sich*, the "thing-in-itself." All is but a mirror of a mighty Mind. "We are thoughts in the dream of Brahm."

The attitude Schopenhauer would advise is resignation, the resignation of the Christian saints. He teaches us not to seek nothingness, nor to evade the pains incident to the working out of the law of love. He insists that the world is nothing. The rest he would attain is not the annihilation of desire, but rather the harmonizing of desires as of "steeds thoroughly broken by the trainer,"

as a Sanskrit poem has it. This is a doctrine of a self-controlled submission to the law, serene in faith that the Law, though in matter manifest as lust, is, in its ultimate, Love fulfilled, which is Peace. The satiety of the Spirit is his Nirvana; a satiety attainable only through the sloughing off of Matter or its resolution into Spirit. "The denial of the will to live" is only the denial of the supremacy of value of this life. It looks beyond to "the immitigable end" of effort, of action, of the all-informing Motion—rest. And that is all our greatest Seer has promised. "He giveth his beloved Sleep."

A far cry, say you, from the German professor and his discovery of life and sex in crystals? Perhaps. But I had been reading Balzac's "Louis Lambert" the day the discovery was announced. Though the book was written in 1832, it maintained this thesis of life in everything and I thought to show how the French Shakespeare had forestalled by sixty-five years, by mere genius, the myopic labors of the German savant who wants \$500,000 to develop his discovery. Balzac gave it to us for nothing but his pleasure in giving.

St. Louis, May 9, 1897.

* * *

POLITICAL POTPOURRI.

CONGRESSMAN DINGLEY is a perennial source of amusement to me. With the possible exceptions of Jake Coxe and Tommie Watson he's the greatest politico-economic curio in this country. Whenever he undertakes to enlighten the world I feel that life is not all boulders and hot bricks, there's some skittles and beer. Shakespeare died centuries too soon—he should have lived to paint the inimitable buffoon of the court of McKinley. Dingley

recently declared in full assembly of the gods that the decline in cotton industry wages was due to the fact that "the Southern planters insisted upon growing 2,000,000 bales more cotton than the world wanted." Under free competition the cheapening of raw material cheapens the finished product, increases demand, makes work for more men and increases the wage rate. This truism has been recognized by every political economist for two centuries past; yet Congressman Dingley denies it as blithely as the Rev. Jasper demolishing the Copernican system. But he does not rest his claims to the jackass pennant on one ludicrous proposition. He says: "Along with the 10 per cent. reduction of wages in the cotton industry has come an increase (in demand for cotton goods) greater than the worsted industry." Here we have a marked increase in the demand for labor synchronously with a radical reduction in the wage-rate! Mr. Dingley has reversed the law of supply and demand. Now let him sand his hands and tackle the law of gravitation. I'm betting that he knocks it out at the first biff.

The bankers are criticizing McKinley cruelly for his wholesale pardon of embezzlers. Did they not know when they put up the money to secure his election that he had been engaged in a rather crooked transaction himself, and that it required a public subscription and a syndicate mortgage on his political future to help him out of the hole? "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

Aunt Hetty Green's Teddy and one Grant are still journeying over the distribution of federal pie in Texas, and Texas is becoming awfully tired of them and their troubles. Neither has an ounce of influence with the McHanna administration. Green is "a good thing,"

—thanks to mama's bankbook—Hanna is pushing it along and to do so effectively must keep Grant or some other bogeyman in the background. Poor old Aunt Hetty! The flamboyant ambition of her precocious kid is likely to cost her a pretty penny.

Hon. Lyman J. Gage, Sec. Treas.: My Dear Ly:—I note that you have been trying for the hundredth time to tell what you don't know about finance. Of course you failed, for it is impossible to express infinitude in the language of the finite. Still there are one or two questions which I should be pleased to have you make an attempt to answer the next time you unbutton your double-action mouth and begin fiddling on your tireless jaw: When at the meeting of the Trades' League you wept because the free coinage of silver would reduce the purchasing power of money hoarded by workingmen in savings banks, why did you not state how many of these institutions have collapsed during the past five years because of depressed business? Is not half a loaf better than no bread? Were it not better that savings bank depositors get "50-cent dollars" than get it in the goozle? You state that the tendency of the wage rate is to become nominally fixed, that it does not readily respond to a change in the measure of value. That is to say that if the purchasing or debt-paying power of a day's labor be 100 now it would be but 50 under free coinage of silver. Such being the case, why do nearly all great employers and large creditors insist on the single gold standard? If you must pay me a wage of a bushel of wheat per day now why should you object to a monetary system which will enable you to employ me for a half bushel? If I owe you a debt which I discharge with one bale of cotton now, why should you object to a system that will compel

me to give you two bales? Are the great capitalists and employers all altruists? Are they striving to better the condition of the workingman or to further enrich themselves? Is Shylock a safe adviser for Antonio? Does not Reynard exhibit considerable gall when he sets up as guardian of the goose?

The brave Cubans continue to appeal in vain to this government for recognition of belligerent rights. Although the revolution has been in progress three years, and has cost something like 600,000 lives, our wooden-headed administration declines to be convinced that a state of war exists in Cuba. Why? Because Spain owes John Bull \$400,000,000 and London bond-holders own the men who own the administration. That's the situation synthesized. We cannot recognize the right of the Cubans to throw off the tyrannical yoke of Spain if they possess the power—we cannot accord to these hunger-emaciated men fighting for their freedom the courtesies we extend to their oppressors. And we cannot do this because the men we have elected to represent this liberty-loving nation are dominated by the agents of a little coterie of bond-buyers who are willing to coin blood into boodle! To please these Anglo-Saxon Shylocks we suffer the bloody and disgraceful affair to drag on year after year while we wink at Spanish savagery—and anathematize the less damnable atrocities of the Turk in Armenia! We suffer our flag to be insulted and our people outraged by a fourth-rate power because the exhibition of a little manliness or decency on our part might cost our dear good cousin (?) John Bull a few dollars. Thus year by year do our corporation-owned administrations and craven-hearted and corrupt congresses proclaim to the world that America is the friend of tyranny and the foe of freedom. If the curse of

heaven does not fall upon this country for thus conniving at this bloody crime, not against Cuba alone but against civilization itself, then is there no longer a God in Israel or punitive justice in the universe.

* * *

AS I WAS SAYING.

BY M. W. CONNOLLY.

I AM tired of the show and seeming
Of that life that is half a lie,
Of the faces filled with scheming
In the crowd that hurries by.

And I long for the dear old river
Where I dreamed my life away,
For a dreamer lives forever,
A toiler dies in a day.

—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

The art of making books has not kept pace with the art of puffing books, although both of these industries are of ancient, if not always honorable origin. "Of the making of books there is no end," was the plaint of an old time scribe, who no doubt was forced to feel the seamy side of fortune. Doubtless his poems or essays were frequently rejected, or blue-penciled beyond recognition and in an agony of despair he cried out against the over-production. In those days perhaps one man in 500 could read and, compared with the output of the "Minerva" presses of modern times, the making of books was an insignificant enterprise that ranked with the average "University" magazine or Sorosian semi-monthly of the present day. Whatever multiplicity of books there may have been, not many have come down to us as not many of ours will live

to vex the generations of men who will occupy this in the coming centuries. Of puffing books we hear little or nothing until that season of vacuity that succeeded the Elizabethan age, and which finds its gloomy and rayless counterpart in these degenerate days. In those days as in these the publisher or "printer" was the conscienceless cormorant who devoured the profits of authors. An ignorant yokel who had learned to set type, save money and marry a woman with a neat dowry, he knew nothing of literature, cared nothing for literature, save as an article of merchandise, and to him the writer who was most talked about and whose books sold the best was the greatest man. Under his low-browed frontal the idea soon forced itself that a book which was talked about was a book that would sell and it did not take him long to have his puffers among the regular habitués of the coffee-houses, instructed to dilate on the merits of his wares and advertise them to all comers. Many of the famous men, frequenters of these historic coffee-houses, of whom we read, were enabled to pay their part of the score by the crowns or shillings of some thrifty publisher. Would a Goldsmith hesitate to say a word for a new book in exchange for a warm supper and a foaming tankard of ale before returning to his garret? There were probably Goldsmiths in those days. Would a Dryden consider himself disgraced if he mentioned a new book if by so doing his own miserable pittance for "The Hind and the Panther" might be paid him in less clipped coin? Would Richard Savage remain mute when his eloquence on the value of a new publication might be the means of raising him above the wax and hog bristles of his 'prenticeship at the shoemaker's bench, or pay his fine for one of the many tavern brawls in which he indulged? Would "gruff old Johnson," while feeling "the Vanity of Human Wishes," and realizing that "Slow rises worth

poverty oppressed," withhold a mercenary blurt of commendation when by granting it he could stuff himself on coarse food? Perhaps so, but there were others less scrupulous. Our own Poe bartered his brightest intellectual jewels for drink without being guilty of his worst faults, and there have been Poes in all ages. Puffery prospered. The publishers reaped fortunes and could well afford to be generous.

From puffing their wares in public houses it was only a step to begin the practice of puffing in print. Books were thrown off from the presses and into the hands of a mendicant reviewer who understood his business and who was paid to puff and praise instead of criticise. This sort of business flourished also and made many a writer famous and many a publisher wealthy. William Black, in "Shandon Bells," tells how "Master Willie" was expected to puff a book given him for review. Failing to do so, his manuscript was laid aside until he became famous; but in real life there were many "Master Willies" in the Grub Street garrets and the business of puffery was a regularly followed one. In its early states puffery was a work of art. Like the early Bohemians of New York, men of talent were found among the writers and while they wrote without conviction and frequently against their judgment, they wrote magnificently. They were scholars and craftsmen as well as beggars and revelers and what they did was well done.

The closing years of the nineteenth century has degraded puffery as it has degraded a thousand and one nobler pursuits. Of old, the reviewer wrote for the learned, for the "fit audiences though few"; at the present time he writes for the masses, for the *hoi polloi*, and he is usually one of the masses, one of the most ignorant and presumptuous of the masses. Publishing houses nowadays puff and

push their wares as the tinker cries out his calling or the charcoal man his carbonized wood. He rents pages in leading publications, pays for newspaper notices, employs writers to sound the praises of his books and indulges generally in puffery. No large printing house is considered complete unless it has as an adjunct a "Magazine," devoted, ostensibly, to literature, but really to puffery. When an author is jewed and haggled with until the lowest penny is reached, and his manuscript is turned over to the publisher, the modest person finds that he is a writer of consequence. He is mentioned in the publisher's "Magazine," and, while he knows that he has written a book which he could hardly sell, and which he was assured was not worth reading, he is paraded in print as a second Thackery and the public is informed that his great work is to be brought out by publisher So-and-so, at a great expense. If the puffing succeeds in selling one edition and the demand seems to justify a second, the new author is once more advertised to the world. His home life is reviewed, scribes and artists are sent to paint and praise; he himself must tell "How I came to write" his book, until he thinks he has made the "hit" of the century. He soon finds himself disillusioned. His next story is offered and, if accepted at all, it is at a small figure. He is given to understand it was not its excellence but the skillful advertising which it received that made his first book "go," and he soon realizes that he is a mere actor, costumed by his manager when necessary to appear on the stage, and stripped of his tinsel and bravery when he goes behind the scenes.

Thus we have the "Arenas," the "Chap Books," the "Black Cats," the "Tom Cats," and the scores and scores of other alleged magazines conducted for the purpose of puffery, mere hireling horn-blowers that sound the praises of anyone who puts himself in their hands as a chattel.

Nor are the publishers the only sinners. The Wana-makers with their "Book News," which is a sort of "guttersnipe" for the literary section of the department store, come forth as magazine publishers. They puff the cheap counter offerings and lay claim to opinions which are expressed for the same purpose that the "Ol' Clo" man announces his arrival. And now vulgar and crass these alleged magazines can be! What mock sentiment and mercenary pathos they can throw into their puffs, especially when advertising the works of someone who dies while popular. Read what is being said of Stephenson, of Du Maurier, of Bill Nye, of Eugene Field, and of the half dozen others who have just died and see how heartless and barren it is; how make believe and hypocritical. And publications that ought to be decent and to which we should be able to look with confidence for opinions at least honest if not valuable, do not hesitate to sniffle and sob in affected sorrow over the death of a writer whose works they happen to have on hand and of which they want to dispose. The dead at least should be respected, but now that literature is "business," the finer sentiments have been crushed out of it. It is all sham and show and seeming. There is no soul or delicacy or feeling about it. Honest opinion, a decent observance of the rules of propriety, a Christian respect for the dead, the free play of the tenderer impulses and a cultivation of the nobler sentiments are all touched and turned to gold by this modern Midan. Everything that people hold dear or desirable must be thrown upon the altar and sacrificed to Mammon.

One of the most humiliating of all these humiliating spectacles is when some publishing house pays an author a good round sum expecting to make a fortune out of it, and finds that it does not sell. Frequently writers have false reputation built up by the acci-

dent of a solitary stroke of genius, or through the persistence of puffery, and publishers are taken in as to the value of their work. In such cases extraordinary efforts are necessary to make the undertaking profitable. If Thomas Nelson Page's story falls flat on the market and the public refuses to buy it, Jim Riley or Munkittrick is employed to puff it, and to puff the author of it. If Joel Chandler Harris catches the tail of a publisher in the crack of the fence, Ham Garland or Walter Malone is employed to puff until the edition is rid of, and the loss minimized or entirely wiped out. So it goes. Of course these names are used at random and for convenience and not because any of the gentlemen have engaged, actually, in the reprehensible enterprise. They are mentioned as familiar names merely to show how it is done. And so on. It is puffery and sham and froth and fraud from end to end. The highest and the lowest are guilty of these offenses. It has come to the point where a person cannot safely trust an opinion he finds in print. The fake publications of Augusta, Maine, seem to be the paragons.

These mercenary magazines are crowding themselves forward and crowding out the respectable ones or forcing them to adopt the same cut-throat methods. Some of the largest newspapers in the country have also become inoculated with the virus and have their book-reviews dictated and measured by the purse of the publisher.

Out of all this miserable dishonesty some day will emerge a publication that will express its honest opinions on literary subjects as on other matters. When such a publication comes it will be welcomed, for the world is hungry for literary news and will readily devour all that is furnished if the article is pure and can be trusted. The magazines, real and nominal, are reaping the rewards of their perfidy and duplicity at the present time, but such arrant

dishonesty cannot long continue remunerative. The public is slow but not wholly blind. Those alleged magazines that are the tools of buccaneer publishers who prey upon authors on the one hand and practice bunco games on the public on the other, will soon give way to publications that are clear and honest, outspoken and fearless and that have regard for their own opinions.

I know of one such magazine at the present time, but modesty forbids the mention of its name.

. . .

The whole world is given over to puffing. Success in any form seems to depend on puffery. The misfit who, with brush and pigments, essays art and splashes daubs on the canvas, turns wind-jabber and goes about the country lecturing on art in an effort to dispose of his stock-in-trade. The Madame Yales gather the good sisters about them and lecture on how to become and how to remain beautiful, nominally, really to advertise and dispose of cosmetics for the firm by whom she is employed. The Madame Rorers go about the country lecturing on cookery to amiable ladies who never go into the kitchen, for the purpose of advertising a brand of baking-powder and certain condiments. The Jenness Millers find profitable employment in lecturing on dress reform and physical culture for the purpose of advertising certain garments in which they are interested. Puffery is protean. It assumes all phases and shapes. It affects the society fad, the hygienic fad, the transcendental fad, the physical culture fad, the dress reform fad, the literary fad, the humanitarian fad and all the fads from faddom. Ingenuousness is extinct. Candor and straightforwardness are antiquated. We do things by indirection nowadays, by seeming to do something else. We obtain success by false pretenses, by a species of sub-

limited hypocrisy until the soul cries out, in the language of the poet, against

The show and seeming
Of that life which is half a lie.

* * *

POLITICAL POTPOURRI.

I have just received word that during New York's municipal campaign, the redoubtable Majah Spencer Hutchings, the silver-tongued orator of Houston, Texas, made a speech at No. 14444 Nine-Hundred-and-Ninety-Ninth street, which insured the triumph of the Tammany tiger. Majah Hutchings is evidently destined to become a greater man than Julius Caesar. The latter was soldier-statesman and orator-author but Majah Hutchings is all these, and in addition thereto easily leads the german with one hand, plays the jewsharp, has 1,333 pairs of pantaloons and is the fiance of the beautiful Miss Rebecca Merlindy Johnson. Verily, Majah Hutchings doth bestride the world like a colossus.

Samuel E. Hoffman, whose abiding place is Springfield, O., is "Secretary of the National Anti-Mob and Lynch Law Assn." He recently wrote Gov. McLaurin that "we are Sorrie that mississippi is in Controll of mobbs ande linchers." And Gov. McLaurin sent mister huffman a speling-buk together with a gentle suggestion that he minde his owne bizziness. Sutch is lyfe.

A North Carolina paper declares that in a speech made some time ago Senator Marion Butler used the following language: "If colored men commit outrages the Demo-

crats pretend to be terribly shocked in public, but when they get behind a wall they laugh until they grow fat, and if the outrages are not frequent enough they hire worthless negroes to commit them." Butler denied that he used the language quoted, whereupon the paper in question printed the affidavits of six reputable citizens that they heard him use it. The fact appears to be that he was legging for the nigger vote, and in his desire to capture it let his mouth get the better of his rather seldom brains. He should apologize to the white people of America for having defamed them, then ask God's forgiveness for lying.

The *Gal-Dal News* spreads herself in a column-and-half editorial to explain how America will rush to the assistance of the Anglo-Saxon should the continental powers of Europe get dear old England in a hole. The *Gal-Dal* makes the vermiform appendix of the world aweary. This nation is far more German than English. It has enough Anglo-Saxon in its composition to make it mean, but not enough to make it forget that all Europe is its mother. You could not raise in this country a corporal's guard to fight the battles of Britain; but at the drop of the hat you could enlist a million men eager to help Germany drive a bayonet so far through John Bull's fat paunch that you might hang Anglomaniacs on the protruding point. This nation Anglo-Saxon? Sonny, go read your primer. You are one ass.

Grover Cleveland rushes into print to explain what his position as president was on the Hawaiian revolution and the recognition of Cuban belligerency. He seems to fear that somebody will accuse him of having exercised either common-sense or patriotism in either case—insists upon

the confirmation of his title as champion block-head of the universe and professional foe of freedom. G. C. need give himself no uneasiness anent the safety of his crown of shame. Not in a thousand years will America forget that he did his dirtiest to strangle the new-born Hawaiian republic and make native Americans the serfs of a saddle-colored courtesan. Never will it forget that he went hunting and fishing and boozing, leaving his countrymen to perish in the foul dungeons of Cuba. History may be searched in vain for another creature formed in God's image, so insanely jealous of his own claim to everlasting infamy as this "laggard in love and dastard in war."

The corporation newspapers continue to systematically belittle and belie Gov. Pingree of Michigan. They call him a "crank"—perhaps because he wound up so many of the thieving schemes of their masters. As mayor of Detroit he clubbed off the vampires that were sucking the life-blood of that city, and as governor he has undertaken to protect the state from corporate rapacity. Such reformers are always vindictively assailed by the ultra-respectable—"those who stand foremost in the synagogue of a Sunday and are engaged the rest of the week in bribing aldermen or getting up stockjobbing schemes to defraud widows and orphans."

Marcus Aurelias Hanna has succeeded himself as senator from Ohio. That tells the whole story. He's still "applying business principles to politics"—signifying that he continues to pay cash for what he gets.

Chollie Boy Culberson appears to actually entertain some hope of being the next United States senator from Texas. It is quite true that the nation has got out of

the habit of sending really bright men to the senate; still I cannot conceive the possibility of Texas making choice of this intellectual Lilliput to succeed such a man as Roger Q. Mills. It is quite true that the latter has earned the reputation of a "trimmer," and should be relegated to private life; but in dear heaven's name let us not supplant a mental colossus who trimmed once with a sneaking little peanut politician who trims always! Chollie Boy Culberston is "Old Dave's" son—that is absolutely his only claim to the political patronage of this people, and that claim is neither deep as a well nor wide as a barn door. "Old Dave" is a fairly good and reasonably bright fellow, who has a great tooth for the public teat. Chollie Boy has the same abnormal taste for public pap, but a lesser brain and as little political conscience as a raccoon. He's so selfish and cold-blooded that he's actually clammy. For a shadow of a chance of political profit he will betray his best friends. When he was first dragged into the attorney-generalship on the tail of Hogg's kite he began scheming at once to oust his benefactor at the end of one term and succeed him to the office. He promised the promoters of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight that if they could beat the law then in force he would not call a special legislative session to have it amended. Relying upon this promise the management expended a vast amount of money. The Goody-Two-Shoes raised a yawp and he called an extra session for the express purpose of amending the law and stopping the mill which he had been instrumental in bringing into the state. That little bit of double-dealing cost the taxpayers thousands of dollars. The first thing he did after receiving the gubernatorial nomination was to repudiate his own platform. If he ever kept a political promise that fact has escaped the attention of the public. He can no more be depended upon

than can a thieving fox. He is neither a statesman, a broad gauge politician, a man of superior intellect, nor earnest convictions. There is not a county in the state but possesses better senatorial timber in abundance. He would rattle in a senatorial toga like a navy bean in a bushel basket, be as hopelessly lost as a tabby cat clad in the skin of an Asiatic elephant. Senator Cholly Boy Culberson! Ye gods and little fishes! O tempora! O mores! O hell!

* * *

SOME ENGLISH POETS.

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

LATE lays by the lobsouse and lolly-pop Laureate, Alfred Austin, anent the Victorian Jubilee, are sufficient, almost, to justify one in asserting the utter and hopeless decadence of English poetry. Such twaddle as Austin's, such irredeemable commonplace make an almost complete defense of the ICONOCLAST's articles, from time to time, declaring that there is no poetry more in England. Mr. Austin has not written a line in his life that anyone will remember five years hence. His lines are lifeless. His thought is jaded. His fancy flounders hopelessly in a bog of language. His best poetic utterance was the poem upon the Jameson raid; but that was a diluted echo of the spirit of Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," as to the adventurous English spirit, and, furthermore, it attempted to glorify wrong. No true poetry can revile the right, even by implication. The Muse will not be prostituted to the uses of stock-jobbing politicians and Austin's praise of the foray upon Johannesburg smacks of the "flash" of Barney Barnato and the meretricious Machiavellism of Cecil Rhodes. Such "poetry" is no

higher in purpose, to all practical intent, than the rhymes written in celebration of cathartic pellets and tooth paste and shoe-polish in the advertising columns of the daily papers.

But poesy is not dead in Britain, the land of Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Shelley, Browning and Tennyson. "Alfred the Little" is perhaps the weakest singer of the contemporaneous choir. There is more thought and feeling and fancy and fire in the verse of Dobson and Goose, professed idle singers of an empty day, votaries of the form of song rather than its matter, than is to be found in all the work of Austin. Mr. Andrew Lang's translations and *verse de société* have a charm of minor quality that is not to be resisted or denied; they express perfectly the dim dissatisfaction that is the tantalizing fascination of the pretty. Mr. Lang's sentimental scholarship and his adaptability to any mood that does not rise to the heroic are characteristics that will ever make him agreeable to a world somewhat wearied of its own troubles and glad therefore to listen to the songs of sorrows coming faintly, through a haze of time, from the old troubadours or from the far Syrian Meleager. Old sorrows and old sunshine of life are his themes and he even makes-over his Helen of Troy into a personality with the tints and wistful pettinesses of Dresden China shepherdesses. He is the pet of boudoirs in white and baby-blue and bird's-eye maple. He and Mr. Austin Dobson are the high priests of daintiness and the prophets of perfected expression of the petty things that go to make up life; and all things are petty in the sad long run. Their verses are dilettante to the last degree, but this is a dilettante age and we hardly take our own emotions seriously. We try to make Life conform to Art, and we are not above relishing a little charlatanry even in genius, as Baudelaire insisted we should. Dobson

and Lang are deficient in great poesy by reason of their consciousness and by the further reason of their too great concern with the artistic value of Life. They appreciate things; they do not feel them. But they often find one in the mood to forget to-day in "old, forgotten far-off things and sorrows long ago."

Swinburne is in the sere; but thirty-five years ago the hearts of men drummed to his melody and lifted up with his own democratic hope all the pagan pessimism of Youth, all its "violence of affection between one and another which hardens into rage and deepens into despair." Swinburne, better than any other poet, has chanted the fruitlessness of passion and the way in which it foils itself in its own intensity. More than any other singer he has contributed to the making commonplace of things that were, of old, the essential ingredients of political expression. What he has said of stars and seas and fire and the blessedness of the body has made much of after singing tame and pulseless. No finer hymn than his to Proserpine has been written. No poem of the emptiness of life is sadder than the "Garden of Proserpine" in its impersonal lament for the "dead winds and waves riot," mingled with the longing for the "sleep eternal in an eternal night." His poem "Dolores" is the last word of the "great god Pan." Its savage, almost brutal, carnality, is suffused with a mysticism that redeems it. This poem, indeed, almost justified Oscar Wilde in saying in Paris that Swinburne had penetrated to the last mystery of old Grecian and Roman hedonism; a saying for which Wilde afterwards apologized under Swinburne's threat of suit for libel. Certainly "Dolores" glorified the last limits of lust pushed into the realm of the insane, and exhibits the mental Sadism and Satanism in doing so under the invocation of the tenderest title of the Mother of Christ—"Our Lady of

Pain." Its music will not be forgotten. Not even parody can defile the beauty of its "flowers of evil." Swinburne has sung the flesh as Henner has painted it. You can see corruption in its beauty. You can see Death looking at you out of the eyes of Life and Love. Swinburne's art lifts all this above the merely morbid and it expresses a truth with just that sufficient note of exaggeration and emphasis which makes art true to life. As for his poem "Atalanta in Calydon" it is the utterance of an old Greek and as coolly classic as an Athenian marble. His tragedies are intense, but they are mental rather than moral or immoral. Even his lustfulness is of the mind. It's intensity is the exasperation of impotency. His raging is the raging of a eunuch. His prayers to Venus are the orisons of an Origen. He is old now. The fire of his song is quenched with the dregs of the wine of life. His later poems are only foolish fumbblings with the old abracadabra of words with which he enchanted readers away from the primness of the orthodox poets. He can enchant no more; but his earlier work will remain in favor with the few who can catch its classic savor and perceive the merit of his uncanny hermaphroditism, for Swinburne, in essence, is a male avatar of Sappho, first poetess of passion and goddess of all who deify the flesh.

William Watson is a living poet who has spoiled his fame, I think, by turning polemist. An ode of his, "The First Sky Lark of Spring," I remember as a production that reminds of Shelley's apostrophic apotheosis of the same matutinal chorister of the skies. It is not so spiritually Ariel-like as Shelley's, but it is modified by the modern materialistic spirit and expression of this time in which it was written. The poem is a voicing of the failure of aspiration. The song soars with and to the sky-lark, but it is still bound to earth and bound irrevocably, and the

full conception of this makes for a tristful effect in the ode that is the just mood of the man who hopes against hope for his time and his fellows. Watson is no Shelley, but he is a finer realist in his idealist aspirations. Watson's poem "The Tomb of Burns," is a burst of melody, with rejoicing for the fugue of its melancholy strain; graphic, epigrammatic, full of swift, subtle characterizations and estimates of all of Albion's choir, and with an intense, if a little abstract, appreciation of the "inspired plow boy." In all of Watson's poetry there is a touch, it seems to me, of Charles Lamb. Reminders, too, there are of Keats, and when one reads his "Year of Shame" and catches fire from his indignation over the atrocities of "Abdul the Damned on his infernal throne" in "the Purple East," one can almost fancy that the soul of Ebenezer Elliot, who thundered against the Corn Laws, is speaking through the lips of this end-of-the-century poet, some of whose most winsome numbers were breathed into the world from between the bars of a mad-house cell. Watson has soul. His verse is vivid and virile and his mastery of poetic forms is graceful with the grace of self-reliance. The ideas in his sonnets have no appearance of having been "impressed" into the fourteen lines. They are not surly nor refractory. They fall into speech with somewhat the simplicity of Longfellow, without any twisting or turning of sentences. They culminate beautifully in climaxes. They are like old cameos, in another sense, carefully carved, it is true, but wonderfully free and bold and sweeping within the limits of the work. Mr. Watson does not carve cherry-stones. He does not dally with his thoughts. He is dynamic, forceful, but always with the most evident sense of proportion. His work has no trace of the mental malady that, once or twice, necessitated his incarceration.

I was speaking of Watson's sonnets; which reminds me that there is a little book of sonnets by a living Englishman which no lover of poetry, having read, will put away wholly. The title of the book is "The Love Sonnets of Proteus." The author is Wilfred Scawen Blunt. There are, perhaps, one hundred sonnets in the book, and they deal with life in a realistic yet truly poetical way that makes them read like transcripts from the life of any reader who has "gone the pace," not in any vulgar fashion of the experience, but in the way a man of mind may "go it." These sonnets are the expression of a blunt-speaking man, but one of refined spirit, and the frankness is the frankness of one's mirror. They say things nobly, with an almost Elizabethan candor, with some of the *brusquerie* of her spacious days and, now and then, with some suggestion of that time's elaborate euphuism. Reading them you catch yourself thinking of the talk at "The Mermaid." They have a natural atmosphere and savor of strong manhood. Indeed they swashbuckle it now and again. But there is no "mooning" or "spooning," as we say, in them and no spreading out of the butter of fancy upon soggy literary toast. They make indeed a most hopeful little book and one that refreshes the reader just as his eye and ear and nose are refreshed when he goes out into the woods after being long pent up in the city.

There is another English poet whom I would except from Mr. Brann's wholesale and not altogether unwholesome repudiation of the present poetical output of Britain. This is William Ernest Henley. His poetry can fill the spiritual lungs even of a Texan, who craves largeness and fullness of force by virtue of the vastness of his environment. I have two little volumes of his in the library which have sustained various vicissitudes from conflagrations to constables. They contain poetry enough, in a little

more than two hundred generously printed and margined pages, to set up in business forty poets. Henley's quality is a strange mixture of many men who have written. For instance, he is very much imbued with the anarchic style of our own Walt Whitman. Again he has just that weakness for the scoundrel and roaring blade that characterized Robert Louis Stevenson; giving us at Stevenson's hands the best essay on Villon and the best short story, with Villon for the hero, entitled "A Lodging for the Night." On another side of his genius, the side of talent, let us say, he has achieved in the field of English verse, in old French forms, ballads, rondels, rondeaus, vilanelles, that make the Dobsons and Langs shake for their supremacy. The double ballad "Of Midsummer Days and Nights" is the best in the English language, and especially at this time of the year, will be found by anyone with music in his soul, the complete presentation of the motif of life in the dog days. His rendition of Villon's ballade of "Advice to all Cross Coves," is in the perfect manner of that old poet, pimp and thief. Henley's rhymes and rhythms upon life and death, in the Edinburg hospital are steeped in the "local color" of the institution, yet incurably cheerful. The odor of the flower fields "over the hills and far away" overcomes the present "thick sweet mystery of chloroform." The love of life bubbles up in Henley all the time, and if the bubbles break he does not complain. He saw their iris hues, their opalescent tints. Those, then, cannot be taken away. Beauty is a continuing possession with him, though the beautiful pass away never so fleetly. The horrors of the hospital are all forgot as he emerges and glimpses a girl's leg on the street. His healthiness is boisterous, red shirted like Whitman's or Joaquin Miller's plain-speaking, full of rich blood, breezy as the air from off salt seas. His heart is big enough to catch the minor chords in the psalm

of life. He does not forget the spell of twilight, though prone to lusting and lazing in the sun, and bellowing words of cheer in the dark. He can see a poem in the chimney-pots visible from his fifth-floor window. He is as irresponsibly irregular in his rhythm as our own Stephen Crane, but always more intelligible and even revealing his satisfaction with whatever is or whatever may be. Hope is his song, not, perhaps, an orthodox hope, but a hope that will not be downtrodden by the evidence of the baselessness in all the things that are. He is as much of an Epicurean almost, as Omar Khayyám. Imagine, if you can, what I mean by a Calvinist Epicurean. That's William Ernest Henley. A few lines run in my head this moment. Listen:

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies
And from the West
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content.
There falls on the old gray city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
In a rose-and-golden haze. The spires
Shine and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise; the lark sings on. The sun,
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.

Henley is an impressionist and a realist; has an eye for every beauty, thought for everything and "a heart for any fate." He is a mystic and symbolist and withal an Englishman, though with graftings upon him of so many finer than beef-and-beer qualities that he seems akin to the French and Italian schools of expression. His Anglicism saves him from the rot of morbidity that afflicts those schools. Paul Verlaine, born in England, would have been much like Henley. Henley can appreciate the value of a hot-house orchid and the smell of the hawthorne in the spring. He can plummet introspectively and then sing the glory of the outer world. Dream and deed appeal alike to him. He loves action and he subscribes to the religion of the eye. This world is very beautiful and all its men and women are heroes and heroines in a tragedy very like a farce or a farce very like a tragedy. His "Song of the Sword" is a fine chant, almost Gregorian in its condensed, insistent, vowellous, solemn setting-forth of the blade's eminent domain. It has much Wagnerian Niebelungenism in it, or something of the grave runic melody that Macpherson tried to parody in Ossian. It smells of the sweat of the sword-swinging arm. Walt Whitman would have gurgled with delight at the naked man-spirit of the song. In "London Voluntaries" descriptions of the panting heart of the English race, in the four seasons, there are word-pictures fine as Whister's

brush work; but you can always tell which is Battersea bridge and which is the moonlight. Those poems, which may be called urban pastorals, are wonderful expositions of the fact that the poetry of a thing is not wholly in itself but in the percipient thereof. They illustrate the worth of subjective selective arrangement. They are realistic but as poetic as if they dealt with some *Nephelococcygia*, city of the clouds. They are true without being merely catalogued observations. They are art-works; not photographs. Henley is ever sane. His English is undefiled and his work is made more worthy by what he excludes. It is as the artist increases the value of gold-work by more than the worth of the gold he carves and chases away. And his love is Life. He says:

Life—give me life unto the end.
That at the very top of being,
The battle-spirit shouting in my blood,
Out of the reddest hell of the fight
I may be snatched and flung
Into the everlasting lull,
The immortal incommunicable dream.

And so he goes. Expresses the English spirit that has colonized the world. He goes a-singing like the sailors and fighters in "Westward Ho." The Berseker is strong in him and so is the home spirit with all its gentler inspiration and appeal. Flesh and spirit make him the singer of the man as he is. There is something in Henley for everyone and for every mood, and to turn to Alfred Austin after him is like turning from champagne to hunyadi. Henley is a poet; Austin a poetaster.

One other English poet there is, at least a peer of Henley's, by many voted his superior, although, to my

mind, Henley is the better and more happily compounded, in his literary expression, of art and nature. This other poet is more widely known than Henley, and it may be justly so, for his verse has the primal brutal vigor of old Homer and the early English balladists. His note, too, is Man, but with some contempt of the gentler and tenderer things that make the perfect man. This poet has no art but to feel a thing and say it, but his faculty of expressing the obscure emotions and intimations and motives of the individual and putting them as effective generalizations, is the marvel of the world. The world marvels justly, too, because this is the quality of poetic greatness, wherever exhibited. The poetry of Rudyard Kipling has the large utterance of the early gods. Crude he may be and extreme in his affection of disregard for the finish of his phrase, but wherever red blood runs in English veins, there that blood will tingle to the rhyme of Barrack-Room Ballads or the chants of the Seven Seas. Kipling has faults which mole-eyed critics can see, but his virtues are too large and bright for their comprehension. Great faults go with great qualities. Kipling's faults are the faults of too sincere expression of himself. He writes to get out what is in him; but not to please the critic. He is as errant as Nature herself. In the opinion of people who regret they were not on hand to advise God before the creation, he is not a poet. Kipling and Henley, too, have much in common, as readers of both will find. Henley, it seems to me, is, as man and poet, of finer grain and strain, more catholic in his culture and his sympathies; less prone to see the lower things in man and, over and above all things else, delightfully deficient in that contempt of the world which is not truly philosophical when it takes the form of contempt of simple loving-kindness. Woman is more than "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair," and Venus

has other avatars to-day than the Vampire. Force is good and fire is good and fancy is good in a poet, but if he have not Love then he is as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. Love is best of all. There is not, nor ever shall be, true song without it.

St. Louis, Mo., July 18, 1897.

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CURRENT COMMENT.

FRANCE is at present enjoying one of her periodical paroxysms and, as usual, is making an irremediable ass of herself. France can be more kinds of a flamboyant daphnool, more varieties of an unmitigated nuisance in a given time than any other nation that ever existed upon the earth. She is utterly incapable of preserving a middle course in anything, is either bumping her head against the stars or crawling through the slime of her own sewers. She must either be doing something grandly heroic, else committing cowardly and unnatural crimes that would disgrace a Caliban. One minute she is deifying a man and the next she is putting his head on a pike. She revolts against an easy-going monarch on Monday, and on Tuesday hastens to place her neck beneath the heel of a Tiberius. She shouts *Vive la republique* and *vive le roi* with equal unction. She is constant to one thing never—is the irresponsible weather-cock of the universe. She has absolutely no conception of justice, and in her childish paroxysms of rage is destitute of mercy as some infernal monster. France is great, but it is the greatness of a madman, whose love one moment is nauseous, whose frenzy the next is murderous. Her present treatment of the Jews is pre-eminently French. She knows that Dreyfus is innocent of the crime of which he stands accused. Reve-

lations of rank corruption in the army made it a political necessity that someone should suffer. Dreyfus was the only Jew prominent in that department, so he was seized upon and made a scapegoat "for the glory of France." She now hates him because she has wronged him, and declines to make reparation. She would tear Zola to pieces because he has called attention to her hideous crime. She mobs and maltreats inoffensive Jews because their presence reminds her of her infamy. It has not been the Jews who have given France to blush. The Do-Nothing Kings and their Dames Du Barry were not of the race of Abraham. The politicians who robbed and disgraced her in the Panama canal affair were "fair gentlemen of France." The nobility whose brutal extortion provoked that cataclysm of blood and fire to which the world cannot refer even after the lapse of a century without a shudder, did not trace their descent from the House of David. The men who kept the guillotine busy night and day, who sunk barges filled with women and nursing babes, who established tanneries for human hides, did not belong to the race of Dreyfus. The Jews have done much for France, and her outrageous treatment of them adds another melancholy stain to the *fleur de lis*, upon which immortal glory and inexpungable infamy have so long been written side by side.

As the ICONOCLAST goes to press the trial of Sheriff Martin and his deputies for the slaughter of miners at Latimer, Pa., is in progress. What the result will be cannot be foretold, but the mine operators are bringing every possible influence to bear to shield their murderous janizaries. Miners who testify in the case are brutally insulted and peremptorily discharged. The history of the Latimer holocaust is too well known to require rehearsal.

It was a crime that sent a thrill of horror throughout all humanity. It was unnecessary, cowardly, cold-blooded, cruel. It was the equal in iniquity of anything accredited to the Spanish in Cuba. If Sheriff Martin is not hanged, and all his deputies who participated in the wholesale homicide sent up for life, then there is no longer even a semblance of justice in the Keystone State. If these assassins of unarmed and orderly men, these brutes who shot their fleeing victims in the back, escape a punishment commensurate with their crime, the effect will be disastrous to society and the State. Strikers will no longer rely upon moral suasion and refusal to work, to write their wrongs, but "take up arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end them." The blood of the slaughtered miners cries to heaven for justice, and it will not cry in vain. If the courts decline the rôle of Nemesis future strikes will take on a sanguinary hue, and instead of peaceable parades there will be violence and arson and bloodshed born of the spirit of revenge. Labor has borne much; it has been robbed, starved, insulted; it will draw the line at extermination—will demand an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. It has long been patient, but, like Samson, it knows its power—knows that it can lay its hands upon the pillars of the temple and destroy its persecutors. The proper adjustment of the relations of labor and capital is a problem that is pressing upon us with ever-creasing power. It is the riddle which the Sphinx of Time is propounding to this Republic, and which not to answer is to be destroyed; yet our mining barons and merchant princes and money kings go placidly on grinding the faces of the poor and crying, as did the French aristocrats, "*Après moi le deluge*"—after me the deluge! If we cannot answer the Sphinx as yet we may pacify her somewhat and gain time by guaranteeing to labor all the rights it possesses

under the law—can remorselessly punish all who invade those rights. We can hang officers who become the willing tools of corporate power and shoot down peaceable strikers to intimidate others into submission to an industrial peonage compared with which Ethiopian slavery was kind, generous, merciful. We can make it plain to the toiling millions that this nation's laws are for the rich and poor alike, and thereby induce them to be patient until the cumulative wisdom of the country has answered the minatory Sphinx at the ballot-box.

Not long ago the Chestnut Street Bank of Philadelphia went bump, and the bilked depositors are of the opinion that there's a very able-bodied Senegambian in the fiduciary wood-pile—that a rigid investigation would result in the consignment of the officials to the penitentiary. Whether the collapse of the bank was due to a steal or to too much McKinley prosperity I shall not assume to say; but it is worthy of remark that Bill M. Singerly, editor of the Philadelphia *Record*, was president of the erstwhile bank. The *Record* was one of the first Democratic papers to turn against Bryan and begin to whine for gold. Bill fairly spread himself in double-leaded editorials denouncing "the 50-cent dollar of the repudiationists," and predicted that if Bryan was elected all the banks in the United States would go broke. The great Nebraskan was defeated, the country was "saved," and now Kunnel Bill Singerly's bank is an iridescent dream—cannot even pay its creditors with "50-cent dollars," is *facile princeps* of "repudiationists"! Poor old Bill! If it is not convenient to send him to the penitentiary the court might sentence him to look at himself in the glass for an hour every day.

The daily newspaper unquestionably has its use, but about eight days in the week it is an insufferable damnance. It is a special detective agency to spy out and herald to the four winds of heaven all a man's frailties and misfortunes. A man may get himself covered with honor an inch thick and have gilt-edge glory plastered on him with a trowel, and the chances are that the newspapers will never notice him, or if they do so will accord him a three-line paragraph tucked away among the ads. for syphilitic nostrums and abortion pills with which they are wont to regale their lady readers; but let him be accused of some heinous crime, or his wife be caught philandering with some other fellow, and forthwith he is given a front-page "spread" with headlines that would scare a cable-car. A Waco gentleman, prominent in social and financial circles, having caught a strange bull in his corral, applied for a divorce the other day, and forthwith the full text of his petition appeared in the local press, and the scandal was telegraphed all over the State. What good purpose is subserved in thus publicly humiliating a too credulous "hubby" because of the concupiscence of an old sassiety "cat"? If no better excuse can be found for such publications than the profit which publishers reap by pandering to pruriency then they should be prohibited under the severest penalties. Even an "injured husband" has some rights which the newspapers should be compelled to respect.

The two most shameless hypocrites the century can boast died recently in New York. Their names were Henry M. Taber and E. E. Hitchcock. They were millionaires, and all through life were particularly active in church work. They gave liberally to the cause, yet both were agnostics and were secretly doing all in their power

to destroy that faith which they so unctuously professed. With a shamelessness that was colossal they provided in their wills for the revelation of their treachery. It was then that the world learned that Taber was the author of atheistical books and Hitchcock proprietor of a prominent atheistical periodical. Prominence in religious circles gives a man social standing and is valuable in a business way, hence this precious pair clung ostensibly to the cross during life, but when hypocrisy would no longer serve them cast off the mast and appeared in their true colors. It is not to the atheism of these men to which I so strenuously object, for I believe in the most complete liberty of conscience; it is to their cowardly deception, to their perfidious double-dealing. If a man is an atheist he should have the moral courage to confess it, to do open battle with the cult of Christ instead of striking it in the dark. Tabor and Hitchcock have made the grandest bid of all the ages for immortal infamy.

The Associated Press is one of the most shameless and rapacious trusts in existence today. It has this entire country in its grasp and is brazenly draining it of its life-blood. Its charter provides that it shall supply news to all who will pay the fixed tolls, yet this obligation is flagrantly and persistently violated. It sells to or withholds its service from whomsoever it will, building up or tearing down newspapers at pleasure. Just now it is striving to destroy the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* because that paper saw fit to supplement its news service by purchases elsewhere. It has crushed out the United Press, its only dangerous competitor, and is now as dictatorial as a Czar, as venomous as a rattle-snake, as grasping as a Shylock. The effect of this trust may be seen in any of the leading Texas towns. None of these cities have more than one

morning paper receiving a news service, hence in each of those places there's a newspaper monopoly. Take Dallas, for instance. The *News* has the field to itself; no other paper can obtain service from the trust. The result is that the *News* may charge what it pleases for subscription and advertising. It robs the people both ways and publishes what it pleases—is able to proceed on “the public-be-d—d” principle. The same is true of Houston, Galveston and San Antonio—is true of every city in the United States possessing but one morning paper. In the large cities the business is divided up between two papers, or possibly three, the number being so limited that competition does not spoil the Klondyke. The public is systematically bled by the favored publishers, who are usually members of the Associated Press. Whenever a law is proposed compelling this corporation to serve publishers impartially the trust papers all oppose it. Few politicians care to engage in a struggle with a concern which has the power to blackguard them seven days in the week from one end of the country to the other, consequently it is permitted to do as it pleases. Whenever you see a newspaper that received Associated Press service attacking trusts, you can take it for granted that there is one gigantic trust, by which it profits and which it cannot be persuaded to assail.

The business men of Philadelphia have perpetrated the political joke of the season in putting forward Holy John Wanamaker for the governorship “as the opposition candidate to Quay and corruption.” Wanamaker stands for all that is worst in American politics, and American politics are the rottenest in this world. The only difference between Quay and Wanamaker is the former doesn't pretend to be anything but a practical politician, while the latter prates of purity while descending to political

methods that would shame the devil. If the methods of Quay are not approved by Wanamaker, why did the latter accept a cabinet position at the hands of a man the former elevated to power? If Quay is a corruptionist why was Holy John so eager to share the fruits of the big boss' perfidy? Why did he fry some \$400,000 of "fat" out of the American manufacturers and turn it over to Quay to be employed in buying votes "in blocks-of-five." As postmaster-general Wanamaker permitted the postal department to be used to reward political heelers—merit was not considered, the only question being, "What has the applicant for position done to serve the party?" He was the uncompromising foe of civil service reform. When a candidate for the United States Senate he "spared no expense." He engaged the services of notorious corruptionists to help conduct his campaign. The fact of the matter is Holy John is a hypocrite in religion and an unprincipled scoundrel in politics. He has grown rich by ways that are dark and tricks that are vain. While superintendent of Bethany Sunday School he was grinding the faces of working girls. While trotting about the Holy Land he was meditating political skull-duggery. He is indeed a fine man to head a reform movement. I have been frequently asked why the Philadelphia papers do not expose Wanamaker and his methods. The answer is dead easy—he advertises.

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NELL GWYNN.

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

RECENT discussion of the morality of the stage and more especially of stage women, precipitated upon us by Mr. Clement Scott, naturally sets one to thinking of the best

known actress in the history of the English stage. She was not a great woman, nor yet a good one. Something, however, still preserves her to us and endears her, despite the stain of shame. Her very name carries with it the sense of sprightly, jaunty, jiggling carelessness, as if she were a fairy whose deeds were not sin, because she had no soul. We think of her in modified tolerance much as we think of "Dick" Steele, "Noll" Goldsmith, "Kit" Marlowe and other masculine sinners, whose sins were part of the childishness and irresponsibility that go sometimes with the poet's wisdom. The Anglo-Saxon is prone to forgive genius and beauty many things, as the Arabs regard a lunatic as a favorite of God, absolved of ordinary responsibilities. In no other way can we account for the peculiarly affectionate remembrance in which a somewhat sour and unromantic people hold the memory of Nell Gwynn.

The best account of this fascinating woman is to be found in the "Story of Nell Gwynn" compiled by Peter Cunningham as far back as 1851, and published in this country as recently as 1891.

She is said to have been born in a low alley, known as the Coal Yard, in Drury Lane, not the first human flower to blossom in a social swamp; but, like others of the immortals, her birthplace has been disputed about. Some say she was born in Pipe Lane, in the city of Hereford. "Seven cities warred for Homer, being dead." Two lanes lay claim to Nell. Lilly, the astrologer, is said to have cast her horoscope. The document is among the Ashmole papers, in the museum, in Oxford, wherein may be learned what "star upon her birthday burned." Venus must have been dominant. She was born, this document states, February 2, 1650. Two hundred and forty-eight years of immortality for her, the winsome wanton! Much

good there must have been in her, thus to survive, so today as two centuries ago, the Anglo-Saxon tongue fondles her name affectionately. Her father is said to have been a Captain Thomas Gwynn, but some maintain he was a fruiterer. Her mother was drowned in a pond near the Near Houses, near Chelsea.

Pepys, the immortal diarist, records of Nell, whom once, treasonably he kissed while the King's back was turned, that she said to a woman who said she was Lord Buckhurst's mistress, "I am but one man's mistress, though I was brought up in a brothel to fill strong water to the gentlemen; and you are a mistress to three or four, though a Presbyter's praying daughter." That she may have been what she said is likely, for in the Coal Yard, later, lived the infamous Jonathan Wild, and Lewknot Lane, nearby, was the haunt of procuresses who sent girls to sell oranges in the theaters, as bait for the lust of the nobility. Nell became an orange girl. Lord Rochester tells us so in a poem.

Charles II. was restored by a beneficent Providence, in 1660. There was a reaction against Puritanism. London had that "to-hell-with-Reform" feeling which succeeds the repression of the urbanite. We can understand Gotham's ecstasy over the return of Croker, when we read that Urquhart, the translator of Rabelais, died as a translator of Rabelais well might die, of laughter over the enthusiasm of London to "welcome home Old Rowley." The long-suppressed theater revived, and the revival was a literary orgasm. Nell was orange girl at the King's Theater. "At the first performance of a comedy, in those days, ladies seldom attended, save in masks, such was the studied indecency of the period." As a poet wrote of the plays, "Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit." Much of what

little Nell Gwynn saw and heard was "unfit for publication," though it fitted her for a place in history.

Pepys met Nell, when she was sixteen, at the Duke's Theater, the rival of the King's. It was April 3, 1665. The play was "Mustapha"; the author, the Earl of Orrery. Betterton, whose memory Charles Lamb revered, was one of the actors. The King and Lady Castlemaine were there and Pepys "sat next to pretty, witty Nell." The play is by the world forgotten. "Pretty, witty Nell" still lives.

The girl is said to have been put upon the stage by a man named Duncan or Dugan, who "took a fancy to her smart wit, fine shape and the smallness of her feet." She is said to have remembered his friend, in her splendid infamy, by securing him an appointment in the Guards. The Great Plague came in 1665; the great fire that purged the city of plague, in 1666. Nell survived them, for Pepys mentions her in the latter part of the latter year. He saw her in the play by James Howard, son of the Earl of Berkshire and brother-in-law of "Glorious John" Dryden. She played "Lady Wealthy" in the piece which was called "The English Monsieur." Pepys was pleased with the play but "above all with little Nelly." Pepys wasn't a good judge of plays but he was of women. Nell's fame is his best title to remembrance as an expert in this vast subject. He saw her again in Beaumont and Fletcher's "The Humorous Lieutenant" and didn't like the play but he did like going behind the scene with Mrs. Knep, who "brought to us Nelly, a most pretty woman. . . . I kissed her and so did my wife, and a pretty soul she is." His enjoyment of the occasion is reiterated, "'specially kissing of Nell," of which passage, says good Sir Walter, "it is just as well that Mrs. Pepys was present

on this occasion." One of Dryden's plays, "Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen," commanded by the King, is now remembered chiefly because Nell appeared in it. The Clerk of the Acts rhapsodizes, in his diary, over the play and more over Nell. She was supposed at the time to be the mistress of the actor, Charles Hart, with whom she carried some of the strongest scenes. In this play she said, prophetically it seems, "I am resolved to grow fat and look young till forty, and then slip out of the world with the first wrinkle and the reputation of five-and-twenty." And one of the men who saw her in boy's clothes as she said it, was Sir William Penn. She was living then in Drury Lane and from her doorway she could see the great Maypole in the Strand, a bit of symbolism that the cult of sex worship would find significant in the evolution of her life. One can, almost, suspect Pepys of an infatuation for Nell, for he grows quite Theocritan over so simple a thing as seeing her, in smock and bodice, looking from her doorway at a lot of dancing milkmaids.

It was in 1667 that it was rumored in the coffee-houses that Nell was the mistress of Lord Buckhurst. This was regarded as her good luck. "With the single exception of Mrs. Betterton there was not an actress at either theater who had not been or was not, then, the mistress of some person about the Court," but Buckhurst was a fellow such a girl might be forgiven for loving. He was thirty, a brave soldier, a clever poet and a satirist. He helped Butler, the author of "Hudibras." He befriended Wycherly, and the Duke of Buckingham loved him. He was a thoroughbred of his time. Pope wrote his epitaph and Pryor his panegyric. Waypole and Macaulay praised. He and Nell kept house at Epsom.

While Nell and Buckhurst kept "merry house" at Epsom other things were happening. The Dutch fleet sailed

up the Thames. Cowley died, and Jeremy Taylor,—a scholar, the other a saint. And John Milton was writing "Paradise Lost." She returned to the city and the boards in August, 1667. Pepys keeps track of her. His shorthand notes tell of her throwing over by Buckhurst, of Hart's hatred of her, "but to see how Nell cursed for having so few people in the pit was pretty." He did not like her in "a serious part, which she spoiled." Little Miss Davis was the King's mistress. She sang in a play a pretty, pathetic little song. Nell took the song and its scene and coarsely burlesqued it and the daring of the thing caught the town. The Queen left the theater and refused to see Miss Davis do a jig. Countess Castlemaine, when the King took Miss Davis for mistress, took Charles Hart for paramour, player for player. The last Duke of Buckingham who was at feud with the Castlemaine, brought the King and Miss Davis together, for the Castlemaine had had him removed from the King's council. Verily in those days the scepter of Britain should have been a phallus.

"The King had sent for Nelly," so ran the report on January, 1668, just after the King had given "little Miss Davis" a £700 (\$3,500.00) ring which she bared her hand to exhibit to the Castlemaine in public. Then, too, Buckhurst's fortunes waxed. He had been made a groom of the household, was promised a peerage and was sent "on the King's business" into France. In 1669 it was generally known that Nelly had become the King's mistress. Buckhurst's "King's business" was to keep out of the way.

On May 8, 1670, Nell Gwynn was delivered of a son, in her apartments in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The father was Charles II. The son was named Charles Beauclerk. Otway, the poet, is supposed to have been one of the boy's tutors. Otway starved to death about the time

that Nell's glory was waning. Louise Renee de Penencourt de Querouaille, nineteen, beautiful, baby-faced, now appears on the scene. She was maid of honor to the Duchess of Orleans. The English Court was at Dover to meet the Duchess. There was signed a great treaty with France, the details of which disgraced England, and made her slave to France, but those details are of dead interest while we are rapt in the rake's progress of the tender-hearted Charles. Louise remained after the Duchess departed to die of poison a month later at St. Cloud. She became, as Cunningham puts it, with the true crescendo of Nell's biographer, mistress of the King, Duchess of Portsmouth and rival of Nell Gwynn. Her child, by Charles, was recognized as a Lennox, was created Duke of Richmond and many people in England to-day boast his blood. Nell was living in Pall Mall in a house given her, freehold, by the King. Charles had troubles of his own, then, with three women on his hands—Nell, Louise and Countess Castlemaine. The last was cutting up ugly. He made her Duchess of Cleveland. His trinity of trollops began to interest all England. There arose protest. In Parliament there was a movement to regulate the playhouse. Sir John Coventry for a remark, concerning the King and his armours, was waylaid and his nose cut to the bone in the very street wherein Moll Davis lived. For Moll Davis was not forgotten. Charles was generous. He provided for them all—out of the people's money. The Castlemaine, now Duchess of Cleveland, was old. The contest for royal power narrowed down to Nell and Louise. How the people felt about it, may be gauged by the circumstance that Nell was called the Protestant mistress, while Louise de Querouaille was known as the Popish mistress. Nell was a native and Protestant; Louise a foreigner and

a Catholic. The English loved the patriotic prostitute. They regarded the Duchess of Portsmouth as an enslaver who held Charles for France. The Duchess threatened her brother-in-law, the Earl of Pembroke, with the King's displeasure. The Earl told her that, if she did, "he would set upon her head at Charing Cross, and show the nation its grievance." A mob stopped Nell's coach at Oxford. She put her head out of the window and said: "Pray, good people, be civil. I am the Protestant." The mob let her proceed. She was such a favorite with the people that the people declared they would not object to the King's presents to his mistress provided Nell was the one who got them. Protestant prostitution was all right. Popish bawdry was an abomination. The two women met at court and quarreled often. It is said that the King gave the French woman a chemise, that Nell stole it, or had it stolen, and, in it, won the King back to her arms. She has the better of it, in all the pamphlets of the day setting forth the rivalry, which is natural, for she was a wit and all the English wits sided with her. The author of Robinson Crusoe—what a goodly company of names attached to this strumpet's fame—tells that the Duchess of Portsmouth, annoyed by Nell's sallies, reported upon her that "anyone may know that she is an orange wench by her swearing." Most of Nell's jokes seem to have been very "raw" gutter-snipe wit. In December, on Christmas day, 1671, Nell bore another son to Charles. He was "called James, out of compliment to the Duke of York." On July 16 the Duchess of Cleveland was delivered of a daughter. On the 29th the fair Querouaille was delivered of a son. Charles was interested in all these events, according to popular belief. As Beranger said later of the King of Yvetot, "And well the people called him the father of his land." In October, 1673, a daughter was

born to Moll Davis. The child was called Mary Tudor and acknowledged by Charles. Lord knows how many children Charles had which he did not acknowledge. One of his sons, by Kathrine Pegg, became Earl of Plymouth. Charles was a great manufacturer of aristocracy.

One day Nell, in the presence of the King, called to her son Charles, "Come hither, you little bastard." The King remonstrated. "I have no better name to call him by," said Nell. Little Charles was created forthwith Baron of Headington and Earl of Buford. This boy so named married a daughter of the Veres, of the last Earl of Oxford. Kneller painted her picture.

Nell was a Queen and held a Court. Warriors, wits, statesmen, good women even, paid court to her. It was while in her heyday that her mother died of brandy and water. She loved the former and fell into a pool of the latter and was drowned. Grub Street poets wrote rhymes about the event. Nell's bills have been "dug up." They reveal that she supported her mother—at least that she bought the old woman "plasters," "glysters" and "cordials." It is said that Nell induced the King to found the Royal Hospital at Chelsea for aged and disabled soldiers. Books were dedicated to her, one by Aphra Benn, the Ella Wheeler Wilcox of her day, a female whose productions were "hot stuff," and which, I believe, no one now living has read, except Mr. Andrew Lang. A man milliner also dedicated a play to her. And I suppose Nell recognized the dedications by "remitting."

She went to live near Winchester. The King wanted her to take the house of the Chaplain, Ken, but Ken remonstrated. He won and Charles made him Bishop of Bath and Wells. At Winchester Death found Charles. There have been statements made that Charles was poisoned by a footman, but the motive for such a deed is not clear.

He was taken ill suddenly and lingered several days. Among his last words were, "Let not poor Nelly starve." She did not starve, though for a time she came near it. Nelly and the Duchess of Portsmouth both went into mourning for the King. Nell in the spring of 1685 was outlawed for the non-payment of certain bills. James, however, Charles' successor, paid the clamorous tradesmen. He also gave her £1,000 as royal bounty and he settled upon her and her son, the Duke of St. Albans, the boy she had no name for, Beskwood Park, in the county of Nottingham. He did these things, too, with Monmouth on his mind. James leaned towards Rome. It was rumored Nelly "went to mass." She was classed with Dryden as a "proselyte to Popery." But Cunningham says, "Nelly was firm to the Protestant religion—so firm indeed that her adherence to the faith of our fathers is one of the marked characteristics of her life." No one but an Englisher could have written that sentence seriously.

She died in November, 1687, aged thirty-eight. She died piously, leaving many charitable bequests, and Archbishop Tenison, an eminent divine, preached the funeral sermon. He said "much to her praise." Grub Street belched forth alleged sermons of his on that occasion which he denounced as forgeries. This sermon was urged against him by Queen Mary, in after years, but it helped him with her to the see of Lincoln and eventually to be Archbishop of Canterbury.

Descendants of Nell Gwynn are prominent in Great Britain. Her name is hallowed in many a song, story and play. The world knows her in Sir Peter Lely's picture, with her pet lamb, and her beauty is undying in thousands of reproductions of her pictures.

Colley Cibber's "Apology" contains an apology for Nell Gwynn. He says "She never meddled in matters of

any serious moment, or was the tool of working politicians." She "was as visibly distinguished by her particular personal inclination for the King as her rivals were by their titles and grandeur." Douglas Jerrold, a wit, has pointed out that she never led Charles into excesses injurious to the people, such as were the results of women on French sovereigns. She exercised "a good influence over an unprincipled voluptuary."

The Anglo-Saxon morality is more indulgent to her memory than to that of any other woman of her kind in English history. She is held dearer, even, than Mary Stuart. The traditions of her generosity cannot be shaken by research. She is regarded as one who preserved a weak woman from the wiles of wicked women and foreigners; as if she had made of herself a sort of original sacrifice for the Nation and even for the Faith. The tradition of her beauty, her wit and her staunch Protestantism seems to have sought out and found the romance held down, in the English people, under the severe non-conformist conscience, and reconciled it to the flippant gallicism of Charles II. She is a popular English heroine and a saint of the stage; a victim of the inexorable high gods, just as "Helen was a saint in heathendom."

St. Louis, January 8, 1898.

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TEMPESTUOUS RELIGIONISTS AT TEMPLE.

My position as court of last resort for the Baptists of this country is no sinecure. The brethren and sisters frequently quarrel among themselves, then appeal to me to "roast" or even excommunicate each other. Sometimes they even indulge in free fights, burn churches, or commit other sinful acts that make my heart bleed and cause me

to fear that I will never be able to recommend them to St. Peter for admission into Paradise. I've labored and wept and prayed with them until my patience is worn to a frazzle, but the more intense their religious zeal the more frequent their rows. Sometimes they turn in and lick the umpire; but I was schooled to patience while managing an opera company of forty people, half of whom were females. The man who has never managed an opera company has no conception of life's trials and tribulations unless he's been in partnership with Job or got tangled up with a hay-rake and a red-hot cookstove synchronously in the pulsating bosom of a Kansas cyclone. The following letter, dated Temple, Texas, indicates that when people become "sanctified" they do not always lay off their six-shooters and apply an automatic breast pump to their milk of human kindness. Some of these days I shall go down to Temple and preach my brethren a sermon from my favorite text, "Love one another."

W. C. BRANN: Last July there came to this community a lot of fools who are pleased to call themselves the "Holiness people," and held a ten days' meeting, and the result is that the most of the members of the Pepper's Creek Baptist church near here, became sanctified (?) and have become so obstreperous that the civilized people of the community are unable to longer endure it. More than once have the remainder of the Baptist flock gathered in the church for the purpose of holding services and this sanctified (?) mob would go in, drive them out and take charge. The people of the vicinity met in conference for the purpose of trying to suggest some plan for relief, and decided that the only thing they could do was to ask you to give them a roast. Will you, for the sake of the decent people of this sanctified (?) stricken section attend to them a little in your next ICONOCLAST? I was asked to

write this by more than a hundred of the best people of this section. M.M.

Count Rambunsky, a Russian nobleman, has written the mayor of Philadelphia announcing that he will marry his son to a Quaker City woman who can produce \$3,000,000 for the inestimable honor. This is leveling the international marriage to its true basis. The price is now stated in round figures and the title of countess comes high. American money is wanted and American maidens accepted as necessary, if unwelcome, appendages. Even the sham courtship is now done away with and the brutal bargains in bodies and bonds stalk forth in all their naked hideousness. Columbia, where is thy shame!

The only men who know how to manage a farm successfully appear to be editing newspapers.

Whatever may be the inclination of the flesh, the mind worships the pure.

Millions make continual moan that they are not happy, when they ought to be thankful that they are not hanged.

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FOOLS AND REFORM.

I HAVE no panacea for business depressions. It would be a great comfort to believe that placing fiddle-strings on the free list or increasing the tariff tax on toothpicks, that a deluge of white dollars or a few cords of fiat currency would cause the winter of our discontent to blossom at once into glorious summer. The possessor of a commercial catholicon has only to pull the cork and let peace

and plenty flow forth upon a grateful people as from Ceres' cornucopia. Unfortunately, the economic alchemists have ever been long on promise but short on performance. Their Golden Age keeps receding like the pot of rupees at the rainbow's base—lies over just beyond the next election. A small cottage on the earth is worth a legion of large castles in the air; a pork pie in the dinner-pail double-discounts Olympian nectar in the Land of Nod, a palliative of approved worth is better than a panacea with a broken trolley-pole.

It profits us nothing to complain that capital is despoiling labor, for each grasps the uttermost that it can. Philanthropy may be—perhaps—a politico-religious force, but selfishness is the dynamics of all trade and industry. Preaching altruism in the market-place were wasted energy. Conditions instead of theories govern there. We need borrow no trouble anent the division of the "joint product of capital and labor" when the latter is fully employed, for the wage of labor, like the price of pork, is governed by the law of supply and demand. When we set employers to bidding against each other for labor, instead of workmen to striving with each other for employment, capital will be the factor in the creation of wealth compelled to content itself with the smaller portion. Capital now yields to labor the least it can; it will then freely give to the utmost it can afford, and the much-vexed "wage-question" will no longer require the attention of busy law-builders, diamond-studded "walking delegates" and other economic doctors. Then will pass like an uneasy dream the dark age of magnificence and misery, the plutocrat and the pauper. The creative god of Labor will no longer be led captive by its own creature, bowing down like a barbarous helot before the work of its own hands. If any fact has been fully demonstrated it is that

the cumulative wisdom of commerce is superior to that of any body of Solons ever assembled upon the earth. When the government arbitrarily interferes with trade conditions disaster is almost certain to ensue.

What commerce desires above all things is stability. It cares not so much whether the policy of government be high or low tariff as that it be not subject to sudden and arbitrary alteration. It cares not so much whether it be placed on a 100-cent gold or a 50-cent silver basis, as that it know what it can confidently depend upon. It can adapt itself to almost any condition and prosper if assured that the condition is a permanency—that it will not be radically altered on the accession of a new job lot of empirics to political power. Hence it is important that we devise the best possible government policy and adhere to it tenaciously. When change becomes absolutely necessary let it be effected gradually instead of by a rude and oft-times unexpected shock. The wise man will ever touch the supersensitive nerves of trade with fear and trembling, but the fool fiddles upon them with his “reform” bow in perfect confidence. He shoves the tariff up or down, inflates or contracts the currency, alters the land laws or the legal interest rate simply to subserve a partisan purpose, and when not enacting some reckless “reform” measure calculated to demoralize industry he is threatening to do so, which is about as bad. The economic quacks keep capital in a constant fever, a perpetual state of alarm, and labor, being dependent upon its coöperation, has to suffer for their sins. But the “issue” is the breath in the nostrils of partisan politics, and there can be no issue—no pole for the official persimmon, no fork for the public flesh-pots—without proposed changes in governmental policy. An American election without a “burning issue”—which promptly incinerates all enterprise not of

the political variety—were as inconceivable as an effect without a cause.

In a country where the ignorant Ethiopian is the political peer of the college president and the Italian lazzarone stands on a suffrage level with the intellectual lord; where the doggery is a political dynamo and votes may be bought in "blocks-of-five," it were idle to look to that "enlightened public sentiment," of which we hear so much, to frown down these frequent and fallacious changes,—to expect a wise and stable governmental policy that will encourage rather than cripple commerce and industry while brazen ignorance triumphs over modest merit at the ballot-box and rank demagoguery relegates patriotism to private life. When the fruit is bad the tree is evil. We have made American citizenship entirely too cheap. We allow every creature that can poise on its hind legs and call itself a man to become a factor in the formation of our public policy—to sway the scepter of American sovereignty. Not content with this, we are not extending the fasces of authority to females, regardless of whether they know a fundamental principle of our form of government from a Parisian fashion-plate. We cannot gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles. We must apply an intellectual suffrage test and bar the ignorami from the ballot-box before the American body-politic can bring forth good fruit. Allow no man to vote, be he millionaire or mendicant, lord of classic lore or unlettered hind, who cannot give a lucid explanation of what he is voting for—the duties of the official he seeks to elect, the public policy to which his legislative favorite is pledged. We have carried the enchanting doctrine of "political equality" too far and are paying the penalty. The rebound from the monstrous doctrine of the divine right of monarchs has hurried us into equal error. Disgusted with the rottenness

of the established religion, the French people once crowned a prostitute as the Goddess of Reason. Maddened by the insolence of hereditary officialism, our fathers placed the rod of power in the hoodlum's reckless hand and bound upon the stupid brow of hopeless nescience Columbia's imperial crown. That the greater must guide the lesser intelligence is Nature's immutable law. To deny this were to question our own right to rule the beast and God's authority to reign King of all mankind. Unless Reason be the "card" and Passion but the "gale" our good Ship of State will run inevitably upon the rocks. Self-preservation will yet compel us to guard the sacred privileges of American sovereignty as jealously as did Rome her citizenship.

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JOHN BULL'S CHRONIC BELLYACHE.

MR. BRANN: I found during two years of extensive travel in Great Britain that the English, as a rule, dislike Americans. Why this is so I was unable to ascertain; but that such a feeling exists there can be no question. How do you account for it?

TRAVELER.

I answered the same query at considerable length several years ago. I said in part: In boxing and wrestling, in rowing and running America has repeatedly demonstrated her superiority; but this fact does not fully explain why her athletes are so inhospitably treated in England. John Bull's chronic bellyache dates far back of Sayer's defeat by the Benicia Boy—it can be traced to the Boston tea party and Bunker Hill. The royal beast of Britain has never forgotten that once upon a time an infant republic held him up by the beard and beat the immortal ichor out of him. That kept him on reasonably good behavior for a quarter of a century, when his impudence again rose para-

mount to his judgment and he was given a second prescription. The trouble with the arrogant brute today is that he has been allowed to go too long without a licking. For more than half a century John Bull has been turning his broad beam up to Uncle Sam and fairly begging for another blistering.

But the capitulation of Cornwallis, the almost ludicrous defeat of Pakenham's veterans by Jackson's frontiersmen, and the regularity with which British athletes have been relegated to the rear by their American brethren, does not fully explain the biliousness of John Bull. We have outstripped him even further in the field of industry than in athletic sport—have defeated him even more signally in the struggle for national preëminence than in the squared circle. The little Republic of a century ago, straggling painfully along the Atlantic seaboard, has become the wealthiest and most powerful nation in the world—the Star of Empire is now blazing in the West. America is the commercial rival of England—a more grievous offense than even the Declaration of Independence. In every possible way John Bull makes his displeasure manifest. During our civil war the present premier declared that the disruption of this nation would inure to the commercial advantage of England—a fine sentiment truly for our “Mother Country”—and thereupon John Bull began to meddle in our family unpleasantness. He had to pay for his impertinence, and that did not strengthen the *entente cordiale* to any alarming extent. In all official intercourse with America England assumes an arrogant and dictatorial tone characteristic of that country when dealing with third- and fourth-class powers. There was a time when such treatment would have been hotly resented; but the old Continentals have been succeeded by Anglo-maniacs who have never forgiven Almighty God for suffering them

to be born American sovereigns instead of British subjects; who cultivate the Hinglish hawkcent—which is about as cheerful as polishing a back-tooth with a rat-tail file—ape the waddle of the Prince of Wales and turn up their twousahs don't-cher-know whenever they hear that it is raining in "Lunnon." When these Anglo-maniacs accumulate a little money they employ some fakir to evolve from his imagination a "family tree" and hang thereon a bogus coat-of-arms. They decide that Uncle Sam's sons are not quite good enough to beget their grandchildren and buy scorbutic ducklings for their daughters to drag through the divorce courts. They are the same mangy mavericks who dubbed Jim Blaine a "jingoist" for advocating a foreign policy with a dash of the Declaration of Independence in it—one that would compel even England to respect the American eagle. They are the same empty peacocks who lift up their discordant voices in frantic protest when orator or editor gives utterance to a genuinely American sentiment—who have a conniption fit and fall in it whenever a congressman suggests that John Bull be compelled to keep his meddlesome snout out of American politics. These are the featherless poll-parrots who prattle of "twisting the lion's tail" whenever it is proposed to resent an English insult—talking machines who are witty at the expense of their country's honor. These are the unhung idiots who imagine that a nation, producing in abundance everything humanity needs would go to hell in a hand-basket if it adopted an independent currency system or an international policy which Yewrup did not approve. Why in the devil's name these birds do not fly across the ocean to their beloved England, instead of remaining to befoul their own nests, it were difficult to determine. They should be compelled to migrate, for no man who esteems another country above that from which

he gets his daily bread, is fit to be buried in its soil, drowned in its waters or hanged on its trees.

Why should the foremost nation of all the world fawn at the fat feet of John Bull? We can get along much better without England than can that country without us. Columbia has proven both her intellectual and physical superiority to Britannia. Then why should she stand humble and shame-faced in her presence? America has done more for the human race in a hundred and twenty years than has England in all her hoary centuries. We could buy the miserable little island, pay for it and blow it at the moon, and the world would be none the worse. England has produced some really great men; but, like the hen that sat on the nest of door-knobs, it has taken her a terrible long time to bring off her brood. Call the great of England and America for the present century and say which the world could best afford to spare.

What we need is a million funerals among the Anglo-maniacs and a little healthy Jim Blaine "jingoism" in the White House. We need a revival of that old spirit which taught that the title of American sovereign is superior to any borne by a British subject. We need an administration that can understand that America is to-day the greatest nation on the map of the world and does not have to dance attendance on transatlantic powers. It is time the American eagle came off the nest where he has so long been hatching dollars, and emitted a scream that would clear the atmosphere of political buzzards. It is time the Giant of the Occident was looking this world over and deciding what he is going to do with it. Is America to be a new and greater Rome, bequeathing freedom to all mankind; or will the Anglo-maniacs bequeath it to England and ordain that the tail shall wag the dog?

RESTRICTED IMMIGRATION.

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

FROM the journals of the publishers information is gathered that the best selling books of the year have been the novels of Henryk Sienkiewicz, Polander, and Maurus Jokal, a Hungarian. The books of Georg Ebers, a German, are sold in thousands, too. Gabrielle d'Annunzio's books are in demand and he is an Italian. The flood of French literature threatens to swamp us. Whatever bears the stamp of England had, by that token, the vogue. Our own authors are neglected, and it is a fact that foreign actors and singers take away more of our money than we vouchsafe to bestow upon our native mimes.

In all our tastes we are cosmopolites. We are, from every intellectual standpoint, brothers to all the world. We love the heroes of every other land. We appreciate the natural characteristics of every nation as portrayed in the literatures of those nations. We appreciate the art of every country. Only in our politics are we inclined to regard ourselves in somewhat the same spirit as the Chinese regard themselves. Only in our politics are we narrow and bigoted. Only in our politics do we deny the Americanism in which our fathers gloried and were strong. The United States was the refuge of the oppressed of the earth. Now the country shuts its doors upon the oppressed.

This country grew to its present greatness upon practically unrestricted immigration. The immigrants' sons and daughters are lords and ladies of the land to-day, in business, in society, in politics and in literature. Thirty, forty years ago we welcomed everyone to our shores. To-day we hear a loud cry to keep everyone away, if they have

not money or education. We want no one, we say in effect, who comes here to make himself and incidentally to build up the country as his predecessors built up. We Americans, who are the descendants of men and women who fled the evils of trans-Atlantic governments and came here to find liberty, are overcome by our own pride and selfishness and we listen seriously to those who advise us to "shut the gates of mercy on mankind." We, Democrats and Republicans, claiming to be the believers in and the champions of the people, sit down and calmly consider the proposed enactment of laws that will permit only of the landing and settlement of an aristocracy of immigrants. We parvenues have turned toadies and we drug ourselves with jingoism until we ignore our own origins. We propose to shut out the honest poor of Europe in search of work that will give them a reasonable return. We turn from the kind of men and women our fathers and our mothers were and sneer at people who are not much different in manners, in means, in morals, from what most of our ancestors were.

Coincident without acquisition of an abhorrence of the immigrant we have been overcome by an excess of snobbery. We have fallen to imitating the fashions and follies of the inutile and inane classes of those countries, the humbler people of which we affect to believe are an imminent danger to our ideals and our institutions. We give our daughters to the black sheep of the foreign nobility. We find ourselves following the example set by the classes in Europe in social, literary, artistic affairs. We read Sienkiewicz or Jokal and we say they are more than Pole or Hun. We praise their art but we wish to keep out of our population the people who are the genius of their writings. We admire d'Annunzio and would welcome him gladly, yet we will turn away the humbler Italian who comes here to work for a living and who, whatever his

morals, is cleaner in mind and soul than the penman who gave us "The Triumph of Death." We are become a nation unconsciously infatuated with aristocracy. We deceive ourselves that, at best, we are prone to worship only an aristocracy of intellect. In fact, we worship only success in any form. Our own progress has deprived us of pity. We have grown selfish in the realization of our own ambitions. We are jealous of what we have achieved from beginnings as humble as those of the foreigners we now condemn. We are afflicted with a mania much like that which prompts a man to undervalue a thing when many others have something like it. The foreigners coming to our shores have no money. They come to earn it. The foreigners coming to our shores have no education. They come to obtain it. They do not understand our institutions. They come to live under them and support them. They are immoral, agitators tell us. And all the immorality and crime of this country comes from the immorality and crime of foreigners? How much money, education, morality had some of our fathers, our grandfathers, most of our great-great-grandfathers? If we are what we imagine ourselves to be, so learned, so moral, our intelligence and morality are part of the legacy of our immigrant ancestors. We are an inconsistent people, but in nothing are we so inconsistent as in our desire to monopolize the benefits of freedom. We are the heirs of the ages; we alone. Yet our fathers bequeathed the liberty we would monopolize unto all the world. We are cosmopolites, but we are ridiculous. We take up only the frivolity and froth of the countries over sea. We imitate that society which floats on the surface of European nations. We ignore the nation that is hidden beneath Society. We admire but the foolish trappings of European greatness. The real greatness of those nations

is the people from the ranks of whom are coming the people we would turn from our doors. We claim that the flood of foreign immigrants will corrupt us. We forget that no nation ever was corrupted from below; that degeneration begins at the top in all societies. We welcome the degenerate in literature and art of all countries. We repudiate the honest workman. We are in a thousand times more danger from the weakening influences of European luxuriousness than from the "hordes" of immigrants who are fleeing from starvation. Wealth corrupts, not poverty. Art demoralizes, not labor. Refinement rots men, not the struggle for existence. We assimilate the people who come here to work. We are enervated from the vices which we copy from the oppressors of those who come to us with nothing but hopes of liberty and opportunities in life. We read the books of foreign authors and we profess to admire their genius. Most of them have sprung from the people. Whatsoever in them is good, that may be developed and again and again, in innumerable mutations of beauty and usefulness, in broader, freer scope, under American environment, among the people, who are their fellows, who are coming here to our exceeding great disturbance of mind. How many Sienkiewicz's, Jokal's, d'Annunzio's may there not be among the Poles and Huns and "Dagos" whom our legislators propose to proscribe.

The restriction of immigration is one of the evidences of the decline of true Americanism. It is an indication that we have narrowed rather than broadened in our sympathies, with the years. It is a sign that we are ready to abandon the theory of the inalienability of the right to liberty. When we make a test to which the unfortunate must conform in order to be admitted to liberty, we propose to make liberty something attainable only by a few. We,

who once held that liberty would be as broad as humanity, now would make it as cultus, something esoteric and pertaining only to us who have profited by its influence upon our forbearers.

The claim is made that foreign immigration endangers the American workman's existence. The claim is false. The foreign immigrant does not come into competition with American workman, at least, with the skilled workman. Indications are that the skilled American workman is becoming a myth. Moreover, indications are that Americans generally tend to believe in the degradation of work of the hands. Fewer men learn trades. More and more the professions are crowded. So crowded are they that the intelligence of a great many who fit themselves for the professions is diverted into crooked channels. Every American family wants its boys to be professional men, brokers, speculators, and its girl to be ladies. From the farms the boys and girls are crowding into the cities. The boys do not come as once they did to work in factories and mills. They want clerkships in which they can wear good clothes and in which they will not be required to soil their hands with anything more vulgar than ink. The girls of what we call the workingman will not "work out." They regard housework as degrading. They are willing to work for less money than housework will bring, in the great stores. They marry dudes and, ignorant of housewifery, ruin their husbands' temper and digestion by shabby homes and murderous meals. The vice of the American people, a vice which generates all kinds of social, political and economical immorality, is the desire to live without working too hard. It is a vice complementary to another habit that is destroying the old American blitheness of spirit, that of living beyond our means. This living beyond our means is the universal taint of snobbery in the latter-day

American character. If we are sincere with ourselves we must admit that immigration to this country is what is needed to give tone to the national character which has suffered by reason of the country's stupendous progress. Luxuries are our necessities. We are losing the capacity for self-denial. Great fortunes have piled up and many of us have ceased devoting our attention to building fortunes for ourselves, to denounce the people who have succeeded. We are discontented and scatter-brained because we do not devote ourselves to our own duties. We neglect our duties as citizens and then blame the foreigners for the evils of government. Foreigners, coming here, prosper through frugality and strict attendance to their own business. Our farms are deserted and we complain that the farms are being taken up by foreigners. The foreigners work in the mines in places left by Americans who want a cleaner as well as a more lucrative occupation. These foreigners are condemned for working cheaper than Americans, yet the foreign names are woefully conspicuous in the lists of miners shot down by the military janizaries of capital during strikes. This does not indicate that the foreigner is always cutting the wage scale, as some statesmen would have us believe.

The farmer has been said to be the safety of the republic. If this be true, and the farmer is disappearing from the farms, where is the safety of the republic? We have the word of a singing philosopher that "a bold peasantry, their country's pride, when once destroyed can never be supplied." This element is fading out of American life. We know it and yet we declare it to be an evil that the farms in many sections of the country are being taken up by foreigners. To the mind, partaking, in the slightest degree, of the common sense that is supposed to dominate this world, the advent of the foreigner would

seem a blessing rather than a curse. That the foreigner injures the native workman is an error. The skilled foreigner obtains his price for his labor. Only too often is he better paid than the skilled native. Why? Because his skill is more perfect than that of the native. The price of unskilled labor tends downward without taking the foreigners into consideration, because of the improvements in machinery and because the supply is greater than the demand. The effort of the American workman to obtain work that he does not regard as menial is constant. For this reason most manual labor of the unskilled kind is done by foreigners, who have no foolish ideas of the indignity of bending their backs or hardening their hands. The idea that the exclusion of the foreigner "protects" the workingman is easily exploded. The wages of the American workingman have gone down steadily since the idea of excluding the foreigner has been growing in strength. The American workingman has been well paid because the country has been prosperous. He was well paid when the population was smaller. His wages go down because of the multiplicity of inventions and competitions and his wages at their best were offset as a blessing by the fact that it cost him more to live. The American workingman has been "protected" into lower wages. He has been protected into idleness through mills and factories closed through syndication because a few concerns can make more money off a small product with a tariff than off a great product without it. The exclusion of foreign goods has hurt the American workingman. The exclusion of foreign men will hurt him more. The foreign workman of intelligence will command always the best wages, just as will the native of intelligence. The intelligent foreigner becomes a citizen and he is not inclined to cut prices. Wages in the

cities have not gone down because of the increased supply of men from abroad. The influx has come from this country. All wages have gone down because the period of American expansion is over and because the country has suffered through overproduction of everything. The foreigner will not make wages lower. If the American workman only will think a moment, he will see that this cry against the foreigner is raised chiefly in the party that has posed as the patron of the American manufacturers who have lowered the wages and increased the price of necessities, at every opportunity, through the instrumentalities of tariffs and trusts. A leader in that party has said that "wages must go down." They have been too high. Well, they have not gone down most desperately in those occupations in which the most foreigners are engaged. The mechanic has suffered most. In view of the downward tendency of wages, which all economists recognize, it is not too much to say that the foreign workingman would be of value to the country at large as an object lesson to his native brother in the great virtue of frugality. This virtue the American workingman has forgotten. Without it his earning capacity makes little difference. Anybody can earn money. Too few can save it. In the matter of saving, the foreigner can teach the native much that will be of benefit in promoting what now we lack, in this country, a reasonable content. It will teach the American workingman to help, to fortify himself and not to depend upon government through the aid of restricted immigration. As to the establishment of an educational test for the admission of immigrants, a few moments' reflection will convince anyone that it will not exclude undesirable immigrants. Most anarchists and socialists can read. Most of them can write only too well. An

educational test will not exclude the disgraced European army officer who comes over here to swindle and cheat. It will not keep out the really dangerous classes, the half-educated. It will not keep out the adventurers. It may exclude the very ignorant, but ignorance does not necessarily mean lawlessness. There are men in congress to-day whose immigrant fathers could not read or write. Ignorance in an immigrant proves nothing more than his lack of opportunity to learn. It is no more a proof against his possible honesty and decency than his possession of money would be proof for those qualities. It is urged that the educational test will "exclude the lawless Italians, Bohemians and other half-civilized peoples from Europe who are a menace to free institutions." It will interpose to prevent these "half-civilized peoples" realizing their aspirations for civilization. That, surely, is not the American spirit.

Our mission is the civilization of people who come here for civilization. Our country is the custodian of freedom but not its jailer. It is not our mission to lock it up and keep it away from the rest of the world. To those who seek it we should extend a welcome. That they do seek should be demonstration clear enough, though ignorant, they appreciate the blessing of freedom. The restricting of immigration goes with the craze for national aggrandizement. We regard the rest of the world as barbarians, as the Romans did. We go in for conquest and territory. We regard the stranger as an enemy. We deny him the right of asylum from wrongs under which our fathers suffered and from which they fled. We deliberately abandon the task we vaunted, of uplifting the whole human race. The restriction of immigration commits us to stagnation such as befell China. It is the first voice of that pride, that insane satisfaction with self, that goes before a fall.

It is a declaration of war against mankind, a repudiation of the universal kinship, "the brotherhood of man." It is the beginning of the end of American degeneration.

St. Louis, Mo.

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EDITORIAL ETCHING.

MR. BRANN: Is it a fact, as claimed by Prohibitionists, that a moderate consumption of alcoholic beverages is inimical to health?

J.C.

I answered this question in the *ICONOCLAST* for August, 1895. I said: The Prohibs have so long preached that liquor drinking is inimical to health and happiness and destructive of human life, that they actually believe this self-evident absurdity. According to their tearful jeremiades, John Barleycorn will yet depopulate the earth unless the long-haired he-virgins can head him off. Every time the dreadful "Rum Demon" sneezes, myriads of unfortunate mortals are supposed to be hurled headlong into hell. The saloonist is supposed to be the emissary of the party on the pale horse—an anthropophagous Polyphemus who chews up the guileless pilgrim without mercy and swallows him without remorse. His backyard is supposed to be full of the bones of habitual drunkards, his attic packed with little shoes torn from baby feet and pawned for "pizen." When the Prohibs find that a man frequents the saloon they begin to talk of the cold and silent tomb—sit around, like a flock of buzzards, waiting for another frightful example of the destructive power of booze. They have figured up how many die of drink every year, month, day and minute,—and multiplied it by millions. And still the shock of the coffin trust continues to tumble. It is

unquestionably true that a man can drink enough liquor to kill him, just as he can founder himself on pink lemonade and Prohibition literature; but I have ever held to the opinion that a moderate use of stimulants is necessary to the physical well-being of the average man. The result of a careful investigation recently made by the British Medical Association seems to confirm this view. It was found that the average duration of life of the moderate drinker is sixty-three, while that of the total abstainer is but fifty-one years. A vast majority of the men who, in modern times, reach the century mark, use liquor in moderation. In fact, the total abstainer who reaches a very advanced age is such a rarity that the Prohibs always put him on dress parade. The report made by the most distinguished body of medical men extant is important in that it explodes a blatant fallacy, but the association should have gone deeper into the subject and informed us regarding the effect of alcohol on mind as well as matter,—how the moderate drinkers compare mentally with the cold-water crew. Careful investigation would have enabled it to certify the fact that not five per cent. of the world's intellectual Titans were total abstainers—that the Prohibs of to-day are below the average in brains. Having determined that fact, they should have considered its cause. They should have ascertained Prohibitionists and geese run so little to gray matter and so much to gab—why they have never produced a Socrates or a Shakespeare, a Washington or a Wellington, a King Solomon or a Christ, but multiply chronic meddlers as a dead dog does maggots.

The *Globe-Democrat* explains the elevation of mutton-heads to political power by saying that “the brilliant men are admired, but at the same time they are feared. There

is always a chance that they may go beyond the limits of prudence, and that is sufficient to subordinate them to men of much smaller capacity in every other respect but that of saying anything to invite criticism or cause antagonism." The correctness of the *Globe-Democrat's* position has been amply demonstrated by history. With the possible exception of Jefferson and Lincoln, no American president has ever reached the intellectual altitude of Webster or Clay, of Calhoun or Conkling, of Benton or Blaine. Sunset Cox was too brilliant to be useful, and Tom Reed will be debarred from the chief magistracy by his brains. There is not today a statesman of marked ability, an intellectual Titan to be found in the gubernatorial mansion of an American State. Mutton-heads are called to the chief places of honor simply because the masses can understand and appreciate mediocrity. Furthermore, a brilliant man is ever aggressive—his mentality compels him to action. While he grapples friends to him with hooks of steel, he also makes many enemies who camp on his trail like famished wolves the moment he enters the political field. Having *done* something he ceases to be "available" as a candidate, and is quietly sidetracked in favor of some King Toomtabard or Hofrath Nose-of-Wax upon whom all factions of the party can unite. The very "availability" of a candidate is generally speaking, a certificate that he is a political coward and intellectual nonentity.

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THE PETTICOAT AS A PALLADIUM.

BY MAUD M. LESLIE.

THERE is a keystone missing in Denver. The city is distinctly a city of architecture and man has builded well, as

man, but the arc is incomplete. Intent and purpose of man and God tower high, in that city among the clouds, but they vanish into thin air "with longing hands that never meet." In Denver, as in life, there is a question that has not been answered and there is a keystone missing.

When the state gave to its women suffrage it thus confessed its insecurity. It sought an anchor or a solution or a keystone, the touch of a hand in the dark, a—something, vaguely, blindly, perhaps pitifully, this proud humble state, for there was a note all out of tune in the perfection it sought, a wailing minor, a rift in the lute. It was in this as were the other states in this Union, but it had the courage to confess and the strength to act. And it asked its women to be its anchor, or its answer or its span of strength that should make it perfect and complete. And in thus yielding its scepter to the touch of woman fingers, it hoped to lift the darkness from itself that rested upon its sisterhood. It was a dangerous thing to do, but the need was great and grave. The land lay moaning and the fair head of its goddess was bowed with grief and shame and humiliation. Her pride had been great as she had lifted her pure brow with its softly gleaming star of liberty and gazed with serious eyes over the waters to older lands and wearied peoples. She had hoped much, but her dreaming had been darkened and her hoping was in vain and the star had grown faint and pale, and she saw, under the glinting crowns across the wide seas, eyes that were chill and cruel and mocking, and she knew that she had failed. So here and there she called upon her women and in her call there was a faint note that breathed despair.

And then—

Colorado gave suffrage to her women, but the result has been something worse than disappointment. Hope beat strong in the hearts of those who loved their country and

their kind and they pictured possibilities infinite. But it was a mirage—"the wolf-tail swept the paling East to leave a deeper gloom behind." The women, if they have not failed, have done worse. The ringing cry, which was to the waiting world as the clear, sweet, sonorous chant of cherubim and seraphim, the hymn of hope and pæan of praise and song of unutterable sweetness, startled the echoes, swept back the shadows and for a moment the world reeled, drunken with the music of hope fulfilled.

But the cry is silenced and the hymn is stilled, the cynic laughs, and the pessimist sneers and "despair in vain sits brooding over the putrid eggs of hope."

The women of Colorado have accomplished nothing that is lasting. Their state asked of them bread and they gave it soap bubbles made of bad soap. The bubbles have burst and the remaining odor smells to heaven. The women swept their robes of purity through the voting precincts with a censor of incense in one hand and can of carbolic acid in the other, and they came out, figuratively, as did Hoyt's "Contented Woman," literally, from her visit to the polls. The women promised great things and meant all they promised, and like Phæthon they swept out before a startled world and drove their chariot of the sun over the face of high heaven. But also like Phæthon, they swept too close to the earth—their divinity fell from the clouds to the clods and in their fall they left the earth a desert and its hopes blackened as were the faces of the Ethiopians. Instead of lifting the moral standing of the polls to their own level, the women of Colorado in general, and Denver in particular, stepped down to the level of the polls—with exceptions that but prove the rule—and out-herod Herod in ballot-stuffing and all similar crooked work, with that essentially feminine and consistent defense that the end justifies the means. Their gambling instinct,

which is strong, their vindictive thirst for rivalry, which is stronger, and their blind ignoring of all but their own side of any question, which is strongest, have led them in a wild caravanserai before an appalled public that can only gaze, stupefied, while they "stalk with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread."

The women of Denver—and Denver means the state—have lowered the standard of womanhood, because they could not stand prosperity and equality went to their heads. Whether they sober up or take to absinthe is known only to the immortal gods. The state broke the golden chains from the Louis Quinze slippers and found their heels filled with quick-silver. They are dancing the can-can on theory and tradition alike, and the fathers and philosophers of political iniquity are being taught wrinkles that were undreamed of in their philosophy. They may accomplish something some day, these feminine politicians, but the time is not yet. Suffrage is growing and will grow, but women are not purifying the ballot by any means. They will go through Hades for an idea, but they will not budge an inch for a nation—if their inclinations do not point that way. And because of this prejudice, which is immovable as Gibraltar, their conscience is easily drugged by their feminine sophistries and they will plant a whole harvest of evil that their particular sheaf of good may come. Then they will go down on their knees and tell Omnipotence that they have done those things which they ought not to have done, and left undone those things which they ought to have done, and there is no health in them, but they do not reform—ever.

EDITORIAL ETCHING.

MR. BRANN: What would be the effect should somebody break into the national treasury and steal our "gold reserve"?

INQUIRER.

There should be some method devised for bottling up the inane gabble of those intellectual geese who protest that the gold reserve is the "bulwark of our currency," and that if it should collapse Uncle Sam would come down to a "50-cent silver basis" with a dull, sodden plunk that would smash the periphery of every wheel of commerce and leave the pick of the laborer suspended in mid-air like the coffin of Mahommed. So persistently have the people been misled by the wild yodel of these financial yaps that an unnatural condition has been created,—a theory transformed into a condition, a foolish phantasmagoria into a fact. The sudden exhaustion of the gold reserve at this time would create as much consternation as an eclipse of the sun some centuries ago—would operate on the public mind like the cry of fire in a crowded theater by some megalophanous fool. But for the idiotic prattle indulged by these steerers for Wall Street the reserve might be exhausted to-morrow without creating more than a ripple on the great monetary sea. It might be abolished altogether without doing serious damage. Granting that a gold basis is an indispensable prerequisite to the credit of our paper and silver currency, what would be the effect, under normal conditions, of the exhaustion of the reserve? If there chanced to be a heavy demand for gold and some trouble about getting it, that metal would go to a slight premium and remain there until the demand abated or the treasury was able to promptly meet it. The general busi-

ness of the country would not feel it—labor would not know of it except by an occasional and indifferent glance at the financial columns of the city newspapers. The idea that the wealthiest nation in all the world, enjoying an era of profound peace, and upon whose commercial escutcheon there has fallen never a shadow, would be discredited throughout Christendom and her sacred obligations discounted 50 per cent., because, forsooth, in the ebb and flow of the great sea of gold she found her coffers drained for a day, a month or a year, is an idea that could only originate in the brain of a crazy cuckoo. Suppose the yellow metal goes to 101, 102—110? D—n it, are we going to die? Didn't the nation come out of the great Civil War richer than when it went in, despite the terrific saltations of gold and the unprecedented waste of blood and treasure? And shall we contract the financial buckague now because a lot of Lagado scientists have failed in their fool attempt to take a summer breeze to bed and keep their running water on a shelf?

The Republican party sets the pace in the matter of pension legislation—in pandering to the “old soldier vote”—and its Democratic brother considers that it must follow suit if it would keep its nose within smelling distance of the public flesh-pots. The leaders of both parties take it for granted that the old soldier can be held in line only by liberal concessions of public pap—that the moment a subsidy is denied him he will, like a political mercenary, transfer his allegiance to the cause of the enemy. As in several States he holds the balance of power, his vote is important; hence we have the edifying spectacle of Democratic and Republic congresses vying with each other in the building of new turnpikes upon which he may travel to the treasury. General Grant declared that twenty-five

years after the close of the war the pension expenditures should not exceed \$50,000,000 per annum; yet here it is thirty-three years since the cessation of hostilities, and the expenditures are three times the sum named as the maximum by the federal commander! Men who followed the flag of the Confederacy are fully as liberal with the public funds when bidding for the votes of ex-federals as are the most radical of Republicans. It is well enough to grant pensions to those who were permanently disabled in the discharge of their duties and who possess no means of support; but this promiscuous pensioning for political purpose is not only an infamous outrage upon the taxpayers, but an insult to patriotism. The pay of the federals, rank and file, was far in excess of that received by the soldiers of any European country. In addition to this many received a liberal bounty. If a man will not fight for his country or defend his home for a salary, with a subsidy annex, without asking to be provided for all the rest of his life at public expense, his patriotism is considerably below par. I do not believe that the federal soldiers who faced the legions of Jackson and Lee are asking to be listed as chronic paupers—that the men who “saved the country” insist on taking it in part payment of their services, then compelling us to work out the balance. It is the men who “enlisted near the close of the war”—when the bounties were the biggest and the draft hardest to dodge; who “never saw a johnny with his war-paint on,” who were “permanently disabled by the mumps”—then founded large families—and those who became professional pedestrians on pensioned legs, that consider patriotism and pie as synonymous, and hold the tear jugs into which practical politicians ostentatiously weep for the woes of the “old soldier.” The confederate soldier suffered far more severely than did his federal brother. In addition to catch-

ing the mumps and getting disabled legs, he got his house burned down, his mules stolen and his niggers confiscated. He received no fat bounty and never saw a greenback except when he went through the pockets of some federal prisoner. He drew the enemy's fire with a great deal more regularity than he did his pay, and when he got the latter it was good for little but gun-wadding and pastime poker; yet he has managed pretty well without a pension—has contributed some hundreds of millions towards ameliorating the mental anguish of his erstwhile enemy. The confederates were not playing the game of war for pensions. They did not consider the Confederacy a casualty insurance company. Some fought as a matter of duty, some for the fun of the thing, and a few, perhaps, because they couldn't help it; but none of them, so far as heard from, have threatened to spill their patriotism, renounce their political principles and kick the enacting clause out of their party unless it filled them to the nozzle with pie at the expense of the public. What little has been done by the respective States for disabled and impecunious veterans was unsolicited. The old confeds have never threatened to ruin a political party unless it assisted them to rob the country. Their patriotism is not built on a gold basis like the American greenback, but is purely a fiat affair.

Malicious libel is a crime equally as heinous as murder and rape. Then why not put it in the same category and make it punishable by death? That may appear to some a very severe penalty; but why should the man who, in the heat of passion robs another of life be hanged, while the publisher who, for the sake of a few pence, which a sensation or a scandal will insure in additional sales, robs a fellow mortal of reputation, brands him before all the world

as a villain, a thing to be shunned and despised; who ruins his hope, blights his future and makes life for him thenceforth a curse instead of a blessing, not swing between heaven and earth? Why should the man who assails the body be punished more severely than he who assaults the soul—the jewel of which the body is the poor, perishable casket? By all means hang the malicious libeler—hang him higher than Helicon, hang him until he is dead, and may the dear Lord do with his infamous soul as seemeth to him best. Those who unwittingly libel their fellows; those publishers who print falsehoods believing them to be facts, should, upon proper proof and recantation, be promptly acquitted. Should it appear that they did not take reasonable precaution to ascertain the fact but erred through negligence, they should be accorded exactly the same treatment dealt out to men who wantonly fire their pistols in the street for the sake of the noise and maim or kill an innocent person. But in no case should aggrieved parties be allowed to sue for aught but actual damages. The payment of money should never be considered atonement for a crime. Furthermore, when the “jingle of the guinea heals the hurt that honor feels,” the “honor” is not susceptible of any severe hurt. A man who will accept money as an offset to a damaged reputation is cousin-german to the creature who sues a neighbor for debauching his wife. He does not possess that kind of character which it should be the object of libel-laws to shield from sensation-mongers.

Edward Atkinson declares that the legal tender notes of 1862-63 “cost the people of this country during the four years of war and three years of reconstruction, not less than \$7,000,000 aside from the increased cost of the war from the rise in prices in the materials which were

used for war purposes." Perhaps so; but if the working people upon whom he declares the burden fell, why should Eddie, old boy, sit up o' nights and fill the circumambient ether with dolorous moan? If the working people were robbed by this "cheap money" they were not aware of the fact, and Othello intimates that those who are despoiled and know it not are not robbed to hurt. However the professional economist may figure it, the working people of the North thought themselves especially prosperous during the war days. Perhaps they were mistaken: but if so, it was certainly a case of blissful ignorance. They paid more for what they bought, no doubt; but they got more for what they sold. There was a ready market for all commodities and labor was in such brisk demand that the writer of this *feuilleton* was paid \$2 a day at the age of ten years to work in the harvest field. He got five sticks of candy for a 5-cent "shinplaster" then, and he gets six for a gold-basis nickel now—and ten-year old boys are glad of an opportunity to toil for \$2 a week. The conditions then and now suggest the old story of the Irishman who was asked fifty cents apiece for chickens in New York. "But," protested Pat, "Oi could get as good for a shilling in Oireland."

"Then why the devil didn't you stay there?"

"Faith," said Pat, as he caressed his well-filled wallet, "Oi didn't have th' shilling."

That tells the whole story. When the volume of currency was large, the people paid fancy prices; but they had the money wherewith to pay; now they can buy things dirt cheap,—but they haven't got the shilling. The people can stand a good deal of "robbery" when they have something to lose; when they have nothing it is an easy matter for them to starve to death without being despoiled. Give us conditions under which there is a brisk demand for

labor, and you need not worry about the working people, no matter what the exchange media. Give us conditions under which there is a dearth of employment and no matter how "good" our money may be, labor will get precious few of the comforts of life.

* * *

RUDYARD KIPLING, MAKER OF WRITINGS.

BY H. S. CANFIELD.

THE subject of this sketch is perhaps the most remarkable writer. He is, perhaps, the most remarkable in the history of the English-speaking people—a people whose literature, in all the essential attributes of good literature, far surpasses the literature of any other people created and directed by God. I believe that this will be shown by even a hasty examination of his work. I have not space to tell all that he has done, but a résumé of his work made in scantiest outline should be sufficient to proclaim him a wonderful genius, most wonderful to him who most closely examines him. He is now but little more than 30 years old, sound in wind, limb and brain. Judging of the future by the past, his product, when he shall have attained to the age at which men lay down the pen, will be little less than miraculous in extent and value. The Messrs. Scribner are publishing an edition of his work, which the author has carefully revised. That is to say, he has thrown out everything that he thinks unworthy of a place in it. Even after this elision is completed, the edition will comprise a dozen fat volumes of prose and verse, covering a wide range of subject. A dozen volumes finished by the time a man is 30 should

mean fifty by the time he is 60. I hope that it does. Kipling may be rough, even brutal at times, but he has always something to say that is worth hearing.

Born in Bombay of well-to-do but respectable parents, he had the best of writing training. He was placed in a newspaper office and told to do his daily stint for the daily wage. He did it, and when the work was bad his official superior and his brother workmen told him of it in words more forcible than smooth. There is no experience so valuable to the writer as this experience. The machinery of the daily paper will take the pure metal out of a man and sluice away the dross. Some of his life in this East Indian office is powerfully described in the opening pages of "The Man Who Would Be King," which is, in many respects, a model short story. His first essay into book-form literature has been exploited time and again. It was a little volume of verse, called "Departmental Ditties," and bound like a government report. It attracted some favorable attention in India, but not any at all across the water until Andrew Lang happened upon it, saw that it was good, and said so. That made folks curious to read it, and when they had read it they wanted more from the same source. Much of Kipling's work bears interior evidence that his lines have not always fallen in pleasant places. He had had a hard time of it now and then. This is the lot of all young men who write their way to fame and income. His success has been achieved only of late years. Harper Bros. made him known in America so recently as 1890. The first Kipling story I ever saw, "The Man Who Was," *Harper's Weekly* printed in that year, and I said to myself, "A new star has risen in the East." Kipling came to this country by way of the Pacific and landed in San Francisco reasonably hard up. Old George Hearst had given the

Examiner to young William, who now runs the New York *Journal*, and when William took charge of his property he imported a couple of carloads of Harvard graduates to help him run it. One of these graduates was literary editor. Before him appeared Kipling with some manuscript for sale under his arm. He was told to leave the stuff and call again in two days. Being poor but proud and then sent in his card. The Harvard product received him and handed him his manuscripts. "Ah—ah—Kipling, is it?" he said,—“Mr. Kipling, I have read your stories. One of them is puerile and the other, while well enough conceived, is hardly up to the literary standard of the *Examiner*.” Rudyard went downstairs with the children of his brain hugged tightly to his angered bosom. These stories were “Wee Willie Winkle” and “With the Main Guard,” which latter, with the possible exception of Kingsley’s death of Hereward, is the best bit of fighting written in English. Luckily for the genius of the short story, the world is not made up of Harvard graduates who occupy literary tripods on San Francisco dailies. With him it was necessary only to reach the public to be greeted instantly with deep acclaim.

Few women like Kipling. They say that “his style is too rough.” This is not true. His matter contains a high percentage of Anglo-Saxon and is consequently strong. In passage it is noble. They object, for instance, to this: “A fool there was and he made a prayer (even as you and I) to a rag and a bone and a hank o’ hair (we called her the woman who did not care).” In those lines are thirty-four words, of which only one is of foreign extraction. They dislike Kipling not because his style is rough, but because he knows them thoroughly and makes no bones of telling what he knows. “The Colonel’s lady and Judy O’Grady are sisters under their skins,”

he sings, and he is right. His Simla Society women are society women in New York, London and St. Petersburg. He strips their silks and linens from them and leaves them naked Phrynes to the coldly savage eyes of the world. These are the colonel's ladies. He tears the gingham and cottons from the other class and lets them know that they are the jests of a licentious soldiery. These are the Judy O'Gradys. No wonder they do not like him. Yet no man is quicker to recognize the worth of a good woman and to pay her the tribute that is her due.

"Flower hand, fut av shod air an' the eye av the livin' marnin' she had that is my wife to-day," says Terence Mulvaney, the greatest Irishman that was ever born. And again, when he has detailed the old Irish mother's fearful curse: "I heard a scuffin' in the room behind and thin Dinah Shadd's hand dhrooped into mine like a rose leaf in a muddy road. 'The half of that I'll take,' says she." Learoyd tells of a good woman who loved him and even little Ortheris, product of the London slums, drunkard and dog-thief, cadger and rifle-shot, has a girl in his mind whom he would like to marry. Good women are numerous enough in Kipling's stories, but the bad ones are mercilessly dissected. That offends our womankind.

It has been the fashion with shallow people to compare Kipling with Poe and proclaim Poe the greater man. It will be found generally that these are people who have not read Kipling and have read Poe. They are both wonderful writers of short stories, but Kipling is as wide as the sea and Poe is as narrow as a pond. The American could write but one class of stories. That is the class which contains the horrible, the grotesque or the morbidly intense. "The Fall of the House of Usher," "The Tell-Tale Heart," "The Black Cat," "The Murders of the Rue

Morgue," "William Wilson" and "The Maelstrom" are instances. They are marvelous, all of them. Each of them is like a jewel in the brilliancy and correctness of its facets. But they are restricted. The hand of the master strikes but one string. They teach nothing. They make bad dreams. Poe utterly lacked a sense of humor. Sometimes he tried it and the results were dismal. A sketch of his called "X-ing a Paragrab" is the most lugubrious thing in literature. The humor of Kipling is racy, refreshing, hearty and continuous. It will be found wherever there is place for it and its spokesman is almost always Mulvaney. Sometimes, however, the Irishman is kept out of it, as in the departmental sketch named "Pig." Even upon his chosen ground of the gruesome Kipling meets Poe and nearly masters him. "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes," "The Mark of the Beast," "At the End of the Passage" and "Bimi" are but little below the Poe level. In the matter of the styles of the two men, it is hard to institute a fair comparison because they are diverse. Poe wrote the beautiful, highly polished artificial style of the essayist. Kipling writes the style of the man who has something to tell and wishes to tell it in as few words as possible. Howells says that it is "an impudent, hat-tilting, wink-tipping style," but nobody much cares what Howells says. His books are dead in their author's lifetime, and one can easily imagine the smile of amusement in the quiet, capable, unfathomable eyes behind Kipling's glasses.

As a poet Kipling is Poe's inferior at present. There is no predicting what he will develop. Poe is the greatest of American poets. He ranks easily among the best of the mother country. Kipling has not climbed so high. It might lie in him to write "The Raven," although I doubt it, but assuredly he could not write the beautiful stanzas,

"To Helen." His genius is not of that kind; he has not a sufficient musical ear.

"Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
Which gently o'er a perfumed sea
The weary way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

"On desperate seas, long wont to roam,
The hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome

"Lo! In yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche! from the regions which
Are holy land."

That is not Kipling. It is beyond him and I fear, above him. Yet he has written some noble verses. The first stanza of his recent "*Recessional*," printed by the *London Times* during Victoria's jubilee, is virile, resounding, stately English:

"God of our fathers, known of old!
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
We hold dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

His sea-poems are redolent of the salt, and any old sailor who knows them will swear that the fingers of the hand that penned them hang crooked into a half curve from hauling on the ropes. He tells us how "the Baltic fled from the Northern Light and the Stralsund fought the two"; of how "sun, wind and cloud shall fade not from the face of it, ringing, stinging spin-drift and the fulmar flying free"; of how the marines are "Her Majesty's jollies, soldiers and sailors, too"; of how the steamer has killed romance upon the sea and the "purple painted headlands, or the lordly keeps of Spain" are "just beyond the sky-line, howe'er so far you cruise, in a man-you-damn-you liner, with a brace of bucking screws."

There is one feature of Rudyard Kipling, a very grave and weighty feature, to which the world pays insufficient heed. He is the warrior poet of his nation. He is the preacher of the shoulder-to-shoulder gospel, the evangel of the faith that when the continental nations shall at last seek to take advantage of England's position of "splendid isolation," the English-speaking peoples will stand back to back around the world in defense of a common mother. He believes more fondly than any of his writing countrymen in the glory of the British empire and in its faithfulness. His bold, frank words are a clarion call to sleeping patriotism and valor. He has a poem called "The Native Born." By the native-born he means the children of English parents who come to light in some one of her many colonies or dependencies. The scene is a dinner in Bombay and this is the last stanza, as nearly as I can quote it from memory:

"We have drunk to the Queen, God bless her!

We have drunk to our mother's land;

We've drunk to our English brother

(And we hope he'll understand.)
We've drunk as much as we're able,
And the Cross swings low to the morn:
Last toast—and your foot on the table!—
A health to the Native-Born.
A health to the Native-Born (Stand up!)
We're six white men arow,
All bound to sing o' the little things we care about,
All bound to fight for the little things we care about
With the weight of a six-fold blow.
By the might of our cable-tow (Take hands!)
From the Orkneys to the Horn,
All round the world (and a little strap to buckle it!)
A health to the Native-Born."

In the cataclysmal times of the future, when the men of the Anglo-Saxon race are ringed with fire and reel, drunk with the liquor of battle, as Harold Godwinsson and his thanes reeled about the dragon standard at Senlac, this minstrel who has come out of the East will sing them songs to stir the blood of the laggard, as long ago Dibdin sang England back upon her throne as mistress o' the seas.
Chicago, Ill., December 22, 1897.

* * *

CURRENCY AND COMMON SENSE.

THE reformation of our currency is preëminently the question of the hour—the rock upon which the Democracy has been rent in twain, the lion in the path of the G.O.P. It is engrossing the attention of the entire people, who realize that upon its intelligent solution largely depends the general prosperity. An imperfect exchange medium is not the sole cause of our commercial ills, but it was

probably the chief factor in producing that industrial depression from which the entire world seems to be suffering. The economic M.D.'s have long been in consultation anent our valetudinarian currency, and, like most doctors, have agreed to disagree. The homeopathists insist that our monetary system is simply suffering from hysteria produced by the silver shock and needs but little medicine, but the allopaths would give it a drastic dose of white dollars—in accordance with the *similia similibus curantur* theory; the eclectics recommend the bimetallic bolus, while the experimentalists insist upon the fiat faith cure. When doctors disagree the patient usually dies. And while the learned M.D.'s debate, every omni-nescient animal that can straddle about on two legs volunteers his opinion—adds to the confusion worse confounded. Even the editor of the *Houston Post*, who probably knows less about more things than any other man alive, aspires to lead the country out of the currency bog, while George Clark mounts a gum stump in the economic wilderness like another Nehushtan and implores those troubled with financial snakes to look upon him and live.

It is not my present purpose to discuss the merits or demerits of the single and double standards, greenbacks and subtreasuryism; but to point out the desirability of securing an immutable measure of value and the utter impossibility of accomplishing that financial feat by any of the methods so vehemently urged by the different schools of pseudo-economists. By means of credit the bulk of our business is transacted. The dollar is the measure of the value of credit, as it is of the value of cotton, hence the vital importance of keeping it ever at the same standard. The price of gold and silver, like the price of pork and potatoes, is governed by the supply relative to the demand, hence a metal money of final payment can no more afford

an immutable measure of value than can a bushel of barley or a pound of putty. The purchasing power of the gold dollar may be increased or diminished by the contraction or expansion of either currency or credit: or by fluctuation in the volume of business requiring an exchange medium. Its relation to all other forms of wealth may be altered, it may become a different measure of value.

The yard, the pound and the gallon are immutable measures of quantity, and those who buy and sell by them do so in perfect confidence. But suppose they altered from month to month or from year to year. Would not such a ridiculous system of weights and measures paralyze exchange and demoralize industry? Would not those who could juggle the system to suit their purpose—buying by a long and selling by a short yard—accumulate colossal fortunes at the expense of the common people?

That is exactly what is happening to the dollar, our measure of value, the most important of all our trade tools. And a change in the purchasing power of the dollar is equivalent to an alteration of every weight and measure employed in the exchange of commodities. Is it any wonder that “confidence” sometimes collapses—that we may have “panics” in plenty and “depressions galore”?

In the *ICONOCLAST* for December, 1891, I outlined my idea of a perfect currency system. The plan has since received considerable attention, especially from the bankers of Berlin, and was the basis of a currency bill introduced in the Fifty-second Congress. I proposed to base our currency on interconvertible government bonds, instead of upon the precious metals—on the entire wealth of the nation, instead of upon one or two comparatively unimportant products, the supply of which depends chiefly

upon chance. That gold and silver do not constitute a safe currency basis has been time and again demonstrated, not by logic alone, but by conditions. It was made manifest in the summer of 1893, and frequently before that time. It is frequently illustrated to-day by the sharp advance in the purchasing power of gold and all currencies bottomed thereon, by the low price of the farmer's products and the idle legions of labor.

The volume of currency necessary to properly effect exchanges can never be properly gauged by a body of policies swayed by adverse interests, and it were ridiculous to leave its regulation to the luck of prowling prospectors for the precious metals. The currency should be left to commerce itself—should be controlled, not by congressional fiat or foolish luck, but by the ever-reliable law of supply and demand.

Let the government sell just as many one per cent. inter-convertible currency bonds as the people will buy, the proceeds constituting a redemption fund. Any one having United States currency of any kind could exchange it for these bonds redeemable on demand. This could not add a penny to the currency; it would simply drain off any surplus that might exist and give it forth again when needed. It is purely a regulative force; an expansive one must be found. Let the government add full legal tender treasury notes to the volume of currency just so long as the increase will remain in the channels of trade. Suppose that \$1,000 in treasury notes is added to the general revenue fund. If needed it will remain in circulation; if not needed it will return to the government in exchange for government bonds. But Congress might continue to add to the currency after the volume became sufficient, and every dollar drained off by the bonds would increase the interest-bearing national debt. The government would

practically be borrowing money with which to pay current expenses. An automatic check must be found. Add more treasury notes to the volume of currency only when the bond redemption fund falls below fifty millions.

When the people are buying bonds—when money is flowing into the redemption fund—the currency is redundant and the surplus is coming to the government because it cannot find more profitable employment. When they are selling bonds—when money is flowing out of the redemption fund—the volume of currency is too small to properly serve the ends of commerce. In the bond redemption fund we have an infallible indicator of the currency requirements of the country, the figures going up or down as commerce calls for less or more money.

If the volume of currency be smaller than is necessary to properly effect exchanges its purchasing power appreciates—the prices of commodities and the wage of labor decline—until it is equal to the work required of it. By the system here suggested the currency would expand in volume until equal to the exigency, and our measure of value be in no wise disturbed—our yard would remain at thirty-six instead of expanding to forty or fifty inches. Bonds would flow into the treasury and money flow out, the bondholders exchanging the low interest paid by government for the greater rewards of commerce. When the currency is redundant; when there is no more money in the country than can readily find employment—more trade tools than trade—it depreciates in purchasing power until all is employed; the yard shortens. By this system the surplus would be drained off, the equilibrium maintained and our measure of value remain immutable. Commerce, being the sole judge of its own needs, would always have money enough and never too much. The system would be automatic, as certain in operation as the law of gravi-

tation. Neither Congress, hounded on by a hungry debtor class, nor Wall Street, eager to enhance the power of capital, could have any effect upon it.

Because of the low interest rate only the surplus money of the nation would be invested in currency bonds, and as the check is automatic the excess could never become large. The people would be provided with an adequate and flexible currency at less than the cost of the present inadequate and non-flexible metals "wheel of circulation."

It has been suggested that to prevent an increase in the volume of currency capitalists might purchase and hold a heavy block of the interconvertible bonds and by keeping the redemption fund at the required figure effectually block the further issue of treasury notes. To avert this danger a second test might be applied. When there are no buyers of currency bonds it is evident that there is no surplus money in the country. It should be the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to test his currency gauge under such conditions to see if it had been tampered with. This he could do by issuing treasury notes until bond buying again became active, and the certainty that he would do this would prevent any "salting" of the redemption fund by Wall Street.

It has been often urged that as the bulk of our business is now effected without the actual use of money, the currency question is of little real importance. Money is the breath in the nostrils of "exchange." It is the vital spark in every check, draft and transfer. It is the substance of which they are the shadow, hence it would continue of paramount importance if the development of our exchange system enabled us to transact our business with a currency per capita of one copper cent.

Grounded on the constantly expanding national wealth, instead of upon fragments of metal of fluctuating value,

the currency would command perfect confidence and render money panics impossible. Adapting itself automatically and infallibly to the requirements of commerce, it would obviate the many ills engendered by a shifting measure of value. Prices of commodities would be governed by the law of supply and demand as applied to themselves instead of to the exchange medium. A perfect and plentiful currency would probably not cure every industrial ill and abolish all our poor-houses, but it would have much the same effect as an abundance of cheap and fertile lands. Enterprise would be encouraged and labor assured steadier employment, the logical sequence of which is better wages and a higher standard of living.

* * *

NEW YORK'S NIGHT LIFE.

BY ROBERT LEE WYCHE.

ALL of the dead cities of the past became heaps of rock because of some interior microbe of rottenness which ate its way outward. Thirty feet below the layer of sand explorers find them now and then, mute, inglorious testimonials to a once regal magnificence. Gone are Nippur and Nineveh, Babylon, Tyre and the Rome that was imperial Rome, rubbed out by their own vices. The crimes which they committed are nameless to the moderns. Many of them cannot be stated in our restricted tongues. Sometimes their nomenclature is found in the Latin, which, in its turn, was enriched by the elder Greek, which drew its terms for these things from languages dead ten thousand years ago.

Our cities are treading in the footsteps of the elders. Those of the new world are less advanced in debauchery than those of the old world, but they are doing all they

know to catch up. I suppose that Paris is the seat of present filth of this character. New York is learning fast, and the next to New York among cities I should place Chicago. Think for a moment what New York is. It contains nearly four millions of people and it sits at the gate to the northern part of our country. It is consequently the dumping ground for the refuse of Europe. There is never a high-class criminal or a celebrated harlot who does not visit it soon or late. The restrictions placed upon immigration of this character are strong enough if they were adequately enforced, but they are not. In the nature of things they cannot be. We get from the Continent annually all that it knows and practices of vice. These transplanted crimes against nature find a kindly soil between the Battery and Harlem. Their increase in the past decade has been remarkable. Twenty years ago they were mentioned under the breath. To-day they are discussed openly by men and women and are the subjects of passing comment and idle jest. In addition to the devotees of the unnamable Egyptian goddess whom we import, we have each year thousands of wealthy Americans who visit Europe. They spend a few days in London, they make 48-hour stops in Berlin, Vienna and Rome. The remainder of the time they pass in Paris. They learn things and return in the autumn to swell the ranks of our bestialized women-men and men-women. The police inform me that there are not less than twenty thousand of these creatures in New York who are well known. It stands that there are as many more not yet identified. At the rate of increase maintained for the past ten years, a decade hence will see their numbers enlarged to a quarter of a million. I do not look for a rain of fire. The Lord has been too much occupied of late centuries to give us any reproduction of the magnificent Sodom and Gomorrah

display. But something is going to happen. The history of the world proves it.

Come with me for a stroll. It is 9 o'clock at night. We will take Sixth Avenue opposite Macy's devil-fish of a department store and walk north to the junction with Broadway—a matter of some twenty short blocks. Waves of humanity surge along the sidewalk. There are no American crowds that are more than a tithe of the New York crowds. Street fakirs are at the corners, hoarsely calling their wares. A huge policeman saunters by, his eyes turned inward. It is not his business to see. Street-walkers leer suggestively. Overhead is the hoarse rumbling of the elevated trains. Although the work of the day is done for many, everyone is in a hurry. The air is charged with the electrical excitement that comes from masses of intense humanity. The cheeks of the women are hollow and red with paint, and their eyes burn. The men are pale and limp of figure, and they have puffy sacks under their eye-lids that tell of Turkish bath tonings. Standing in the shadow of a building are three men. They see us coming and nestle closer to each other. You and I are clean, well-dressed, healthy specimens of the genus male. As we draw closer they step into the middle of the side-walk and come to meet us with a mincing step that has a suggestion of femininity, but is inexpressibly ridiculous and disgusting. One of them is not more than twenty-five years old. The other two are on the shady side of forty. They wear high-heeled shoes and constriction at the waist shows that they have on corsets. Also false hips. Their faces are rouged. They are not masquerading. They dress thus always when dark comes. They halt in front of us. One of them endeavors to fasten a white, slender, weak hand upon your coat lapel. Suppose that you and I when stopped on the sidewalk lay

our palms harshly upon the painted cheeks. The creatures will slink back into the shadow of the building wailing like women.

Having reached the junction of Sixth Avenue and Broadway, the hour being 10 of the night, let us turn down the latter thoroughfare. It is the greatest promenade in the world. Now we see the legitimate result of Parkhurstism. When that aged, but not venerable, idiot, began his "crusade" the bagnios of New York were confined to certain stated localities. They were known to the police and well guarded. They were forced to close at regular hours and to keep quiet. It did not often happen that a man was robbed in one of them, but when it did happen, his money was returned to him within an hour after his complaint was filed. The places were not licensed, but they paid a system of fines which, as in many other cities, took the place of a license. They were closed and their inmates were scattered. They were at liberty to infest any portion of the city they might care to select, and they were very general in their selections. Most of them moved to the residential parts of the town, where they kept late hours, and drank anything that would make drunk come, and screeched soubrette melodies, and generally made the staid descendants of Knickerbocker tired. Casual callers, who had the price, visited them in these apartments six days in the week and on the seventh day, which is Sunday, which is "lovers' day" in New York, the lovers came and spent twenty-four hours. These were the times when most of the liquor that made drunk come was swallowed and most of the soubrette melodies were sung. That state of affairs continues. No apartment house is safe from these ladies of complainance and boisterous manners. A man who brings his wife to New York these days and rents a room in a neigh-

borhood that used to be respectable, is likely to have one of them on each side of him and a disciple of "Tommy the Man" just across the hall.

From Fortieth Street on the north to Twenty-third Street on the south Broadway is a moving bagnio. The sidewalks are thronged with the women of the pavement. A man who looks reasonably prosperous will be solicited every twenty yards. So great are the numbers of these travelers in these dark hours that the police are utterly powerless to handle them. The saloons are filled with them in the part that is devoted to "loidies." The cab drivers are in their employ. Many men upon the blue-coated get their bedding and perquisites for looking the other way when some notorious "macer" passes with a youth in tow. The night is one long record of crime. These women, as a general thing, have rooms within walking distance of the street whereon they ply their trade. Anywhere between Broadway and Tenth Avenue will do. The man who accompanies them is well-nigh certain to lose his money and stands a good chance to lose his life. The "Panel game" and the "badger game" flourish. Each of these harlots has a club-fisted, double-jointed lover, whom she has acquired since Parkhurst forced her into business on her own account, and if the quarry is worth plucking he is plucked. Many times the victim is of such standing at home that he dare not complain. Many times he is so drugged or maltreated that he can give no intelligible account of his undoing. Next to London New York is the strongest illustration of the insane folly of turning loose an army of prostitutes upon a city. Venereal diseases, which were once the exception, are now the rule. This is good for the doctors and most of them are Parkhurst men. Drunkenness, both male and female, is ten times more rife than formerly. The fools will never

get over the idea that they can obtain that which they seek and which the women have strictly for sale by buying a few glasses of beer and a stale sandwich or two. They get drunk endeavoring to induce the seasoned female vessels to loosen up a little bit and are easier victims.

Some of the most beautiful women in the world infest Broadway. One sees there, not once, but often, the form of the Venus de Milo and the face of Cleopatra. Rich silks frou-frou over the dusty pavement and gems of price flash in the electric glare. Song bubbles from painted lips. Laughter, a little strained, is everywhere. To one who looks no deeper than the surface, it is an attractive scene. At midnight the crowd is thin. At 1 in the morning only the unsuccessful remain to walk their weary beat to and fro. From the Herald Building to the Fifth Avenue Hotel they go and from the Fifth Avenue to the Herald Building. These are older than their lucky sisters whom they jostled earlier in the night. Their faces are pale and lined; their eyelids are red; their features are set in the stoniness of despair. They have had their day. They have quaffed the purple wine in the wild noons of nights. They have arrived at the dregs. Deeper and deeper into the slough of poverty and the slum of vice they shall plunge month after month and year after year. Death from syphilitic consumption, from syphilitic pneumonia, from syphilitic rheumatism, from syphilis proper waits for them at the end of a long journey. From the Herald Building to the Fifth Avenue; from the Fifth Avenue to the Herald Building! Still the tramp, tramp, tramp on the cruel stones! Still the hopeless leer into the whisky-reddened faces of men who reel by them with curses, or stop and sway and greet them with coarse gibes! Still the pained, fixed smile, the gnawings of physical hunger, the maddening desire for drink, the achings

of fatigue and, struck into the heart, the tearing fangs of despair.

You and I are tired with our stroll. The sights of it and not the distance have fatigued us. Let us take one of these faded, hopeless, unsuccessful ones and put a little brief joy into her life. The bar-room glares with lights and mirrors and chandeliers of crystal. Back of it the "Ladies' Entrance" to a cosy room stands invitingly open. Come on, Birdie, and get a drink! See! Her hand trembles as she unfastens the cheap plush coat made in imitation of sealskin. Her face pales under the rouge as she sinks into an easy chair. Quick, Bar-keep, a long, tall glass of absinthe frappe! That's her tippie—beer for you and me. The red comes slowly back to the worn face and the eyes brighten. The lashes have been darkened with graphite to make her seem seductive. Poor devil! She spent a long hour before her cracked looking-glass this evening trying to coax back of her lost beauty that she might seem good in the eyes of a stranger of the streets. Poor, poor devil! Another glass of absinthe, Bar-keep, and make it strong. Give her the two dollars that would have been her price if one of us had comeced with her. See the thin fingers close on the money eagerly! That means room-rent for a week—a shelter from the icy winds of winter and a bed for throbbing limbs even though she goes hungry. She is in the hands of friends. She will talk. Listen! You shall hear in her words the story of one of the ten thousand and thousand tragedies that happen about us, deep as hell and black as night, and sad as the voices of the waves that mourn round the dead beauties of the Cyclades. Good-night! Good-night! God pity you, weak, foolish, fluttering, striving, beating, despairing victim of man's lust.

New York, December 20, 1897.

THE PANIC AND ITS LESSONS.

BY JULIA TRUITT BISHOP

THE presence of yellow fever in the southern sections of the country has given the student of human nature an opportunity for some fine analysis of character, and has been a boon to the cynic and the pessimist. Strange to say, it takes a panic to prove of what stuff men are made, and we would never really know ourselves or one another were it not for an occasional visitation of danger and calamity. For instance, there have been men in this country of ours who have spent a good portion of their lives at peace with themselves and one another, who have supported their wives and children and have paid their rent, and have convinced the world that they were good citizens, on whom the country could rely in time of need. But one night there was an alarm of fire at a theater, and then some of these same men trampled over the helpless mass of fallen and writhing humanity, and walked over the heads of women and children, and even cut their way to liberty, knife in hand. Such a spectacle as this would be hard to endure if it were not that the same panic shows us many deeds of splendid heroism, and of lives that were yielded up in the struggle to save others; for it is the panic which always astonished the world with its unexpected hero.

It seems to me a great pity that the world ever learned to believe that "self-preservation is the first law of nature." It is the favorite excuse of cowards, and beneath its protecting shield more meanness lurks than all the recording angels will ever be able to set down against the account of the world. It is the doctrine of self-preservation which gives every man the right to save himself in a

panic, no matter who is left behind or crushed in the throng, and this is what makes panics. And of all the panics which ever robbed an entire country of its senses nothing can exceed a yellow fever panic. I write this deliberately, having been in the midst of the danger, such as it was, from the beginning, and having watched the outer world with discerning eyes.

That the public have lost their senses, no one will deny; and their vagaries would be amusing if they were not so serious. People in the fever district have smiled at the picture of a mob of leading citizens rushing madly out from a city and tearing up the railroad track, lest some train should come in or pass through. It has been amusing to read of the gallant warriors who promenaded up and down the platforms of railroad stations and thrust the muzzles of their guns in at car windows, commanding terrified women to lower the windows instantly on the pain of death. One may be pardoned for smiling at the cordon of brave men drawn up in a line around country hamlets which have not had a visitor in ten years, ready to shoot the unfortunate wayfarer whose only desire is to pass through the town and get away from it as soon as possible; for if he needs must die he would not willingly die there. And it is enough to move the laughter of gods and men when one contemplates the mental condition of that town which refused to receive a car-load of machinery until it had been thoroughly fumigated; and of that other town which insisted on the fumigation of a car-load of disinfectants before it could be allowed to pass further along the road. It will be seen from this that the situation is not without its humors, even to those who are in the midst of danger.

But the pity of it is that the wild, unreasoning and ~~un~~reasonable panic which has robbed people of their

senses has robbed many of them of their humanity as well. An astonishing amount of absolute brutality has developed during the past few weeks; brutality which no one would ever have suspected if this outbreak of yellow fever had not come upon the country. Quarantine is bad enough at the best, but individual selfishness and cruelty have made it infinitely worse. We have been called upon to see delicate women and little children turned away from one house after another, in the towns to which they had fled for refuge; wandering wearily along strange streets, while strong men threatened their landladies with immediate departure if they took in a single refugee from New Orleans or the yellow fever district. We have seen people turned away from town after town, and with shot-guns confronting them at every farm house; absolutely hunted away from all habitation of men, forced to camp in the woods, until they were positively suffering. We have seen a physician vainly attempting to go from a town which was free from fever to a sick man three miles away, across the line of another parish, and met with shotgun quarantine there, and turned back, while the sick man was left to die for want of medical attention. And all this because self-preservation is the first law of nature, and a man has a right to save his own life, at whatever expense. But after all, is it worth while to take so much trouble to save such exceedingly worthless lives? And is not the trouble unnecessary?—for it is a well-known fact for which science has never been able to account that these people never die. Those whose lives are worth something to the world are the ones who die, but they “whose hearts are dry as summer dust burn to the socket.” Could it be that Wordsworth had seen a yellow fever panic, and was acquainted with the beauties of shotgun quarantine?

If this were the only aspect of the case, then would it be

said enough, and the cynic and the pessimist would have the world to themselves. But, thank heaven, this is not all; and the panic of '97 will not pass into history without recording tender and beautiful and heroic deeds such as thrill the heart like the sound of martial music. Ministers of every creed, Catholic and Protestant alike, hearing that their people were in danger, have hurried home from the mountains or the seashore, struggling as faithfully to break into the rigid quarantine as other multitudes were struggling to break out. They need not have come; they were in places of safety; and they too might have hidden behind the convenient belief that self-preservation came first; for very few of them were immune, and their absence from the city during the summer had rendered them peculiarly liable to take the fever. If any one of them paused to consider that, the world has never found it out. They hurried into the stricken sections and took their places at the bedsides of the sick, and through all these weary weeks they have never once faltered: One of these, whose work has been among the submerged tenth, and who had not left the city during the summer, found himself called to a distant field in another state; but when the fever made its appearance he deferred his departure. "I cannot leave my people now," he said quietly. "I will stay with them until the fever is over."

And yet, in other towns, guards with shotgun in hand were driving refugees beyond the limits of their towns and pluming themselves that they and theirs were saved!

Ministers, did I say? Yes, and more than these, for the physicians have given ready response to every call, though the great majority of them were not immune, and most of them have scarcely rested day or night; and gentle Sisters of Charity have been like angels of peace and blessing in many a stricken home; and even the commonest

friendship has blossomed into tenderest devotion and self-sacrifice, willing to lay down its life for its friend. If the story of all the heroism could be written, what a book it would make; and how infinitely better the world would be for knowing it.

Such a wild, cyclonic turmoil and upheaval as it has all been, with its senseless absurdities and its inhumanities and its shotgun quarantines, striking like a blind adder at every sound. And in the midst of it all, how one's heart is thrilled with these quiet heroisms that show how the soul of chivalry is lingering still under many a nineteenth century coat, whether it be fashioned of broadcloth or of fustian.



SALMAGUNDI.

ON the night of January 27th, the National Association of Manufacturers gave their third annual ball at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York, a hostelry noted for its insufferable snobbery. Less than one thousand people participated, yet the feed cost \$15,000, or more than \$15 a plate. The banqueters represented sixty trusts, various combines, and more than \$9,000,000 of products. President McKinley piked over from Washington to be the guest of honor and air his eloquence. He had carefully prepared his speech and shot off his mouth in great shape over the costly wines and *pâté de foie gras*. It was indeed an "able effort"—for McKinley—and I can but wonder what New York banker's clerk wrote it. There was a great deal in it about returning prosperity, sound money, national honor and all that kind o' thing. And the millionaires cheered him to the echo. Meanwhile, the farmer continued to eat hasty pudding and wear rusty blue jeans

trousers instead of absorbing \$15 dinners and sporting spiketails and diamond studs as big as goose eggs. And the *New York World*, which gave two pages to the "Belshazzar Feast," devoted two other pages in the same issue to demonstrating beyond the peradventure of a doubt that New England mill operatives are worse off to-day than were the Southern negroes before Sherman marched "from Atlanta to the sea." The black slaves were not overworked. They were too valuable to be badly ill-treated. They were well-fed, comfortably housed and clothed. They were provided for in their old age. New England's white slaves are driven to death. They have few of the comforts of life while they do live. Thousands of men work in the mills for less than a dollar a day, and strive to support families on this miserable stipend. They fail and have to drag their wives and daughters into the unhealthful and exhaustive work, where they perish, inch by inch. And their employment, bad as it is, depends entirely upon the good will of the boss, who may deprive them at any moment of their bread and butter. From the banquet hall of the Waldorf-Astoria, with its cut flowers, music and \$15 a plate, to the squalid garret of a New England mill operative is a long cry; but these are the delightful contrasts, vouchsafed us by the McKinley brand of prosperity. O Lord! how long, how long?

Atlanta, Ga., is at present in the throes of a kissing controversy. A Mrs. Joseph Kingsberry having charged that the belles of Atlanta's swagger set were too much addicted to the bestowal of osculatory favors upon their beaus, Miss Isa Urquhart Glenn rises to remark that in all her years in society she never saw but one girl kissed, and she was from the West. Miss Glenn admits, however, that the rosebud lips of the belles of Gooberdom are a ter-

rible temptation to any man with a sweet tooth. If the **ICONOCLAST** might vouchsafe a word of advice to the parties to the controversy it would be that they change the subject, or at least scrap it out at five o'clock teas instead of in the newspapers. A young lady's lips should be as sacred as any other portion of "the eternal feminine," and it may be taken for granted that those who are free with their kisses will not be chary of other favors. Such being the case, the subject of promiscuous kissing is scarce a proper one for ladies to discuss in the public prints.

Ex-Priest Slattery's "escaped nun" is prancing about England revealing "convent secrets." Being pressed recently to name the convent from which she "escaped," she stated that it was that of Poor Clares, Cavan, Ireland, which she entered under the name of Mary E. MacCabe. Investigation reveals the fact that she was never in any way connected with that convent. The only "Catholic prison" she ever inhabited was a Canadian reformatory for courtesans. Yet men who make some pretension to respectability send their wives and daughters to hear this old "cat" abuse the very women who strove to drag her out of the depth. Every woman who attends the so-called lectures of Slattery's disreputable female ought to be fumigated.

A St. Louis motorman, the front elevation of whose name is Patrick, is petitioning the court to change it to Percy. He says that Patrick grates upon his super-sensitive ear and signally fails to harmonize with his æstheticism. The court should hasten to ameliorate the young man's misery. The name is too big for the little motorman—is as a millstone slung about the gaunt neck of a

Chollie Boy, the load of Atlas placed upon the shoulders of a pigmy. Saints and martyrs, soldiers and statesmen have proudly borne the name of Patrick, hence it is not an easy one to live up to, and we can scarce blame an intellectual featherweight for wanting to exchange it for the sweet sibillance of Percy—suggesting only pink lemonade, toothpick shoes and chewing gum. Shakespeare asks, “What’s in a name?” I’m sure I don’t know; but I do know that the world’s mental colossi usually have strong rugged names—that we find precious few Margarets and Elizabeths, Emilys and Julias in our *maisons de joie*. “Give a dog a bad name and hang him,” says the proverb; give a youngster of either sex a weak-tea, slippery-elm name and drown it. Had Alexander been called “Willie” he could never have conquered the world.

Gen. Cassius M. Clay, the Kentuck octogenarian, will apply for a divorce from his child wife on the ground that she was crazy. Her insanity appears to have the not unusual form of a fondness for the young fellows. Poor old Cassius! Like another Tithonus, he may well exclaim:

“How can my nature longer mix with thine?
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds.”

The mating of December and May is poetic, no doubt; but it is the kind of poetry that makes courtesans and cuckolds. A maid of eighteen is apt to be *persona grata* to a man of eighty, but that is one of those rules that cannot be depended upon to work both ways. Great disparity in the ages of man and wife invariably breeds discontent, and the old general is but suffering the natural

effects of his folly in contracting a marriage that could have spelled nothing else but failure. A young woman may respect a very old man, but she cannot long love him as a woman should love her lord. An old woman may fancy a young man, but her passion is mere sheet lightning, a breath on dying embers, and his companionship soon becomes irksome, his devotion a thing impossible. It is said that Mark Hanna's sister, by her own confession aged forty-five, is soon to marry a man of twenty-eight. Yet the Hanna family is credited with possessing common sense! When the husband has reached the noon of manhood, the wife will be an old woman and mistaken for his mother! No children will ever grace the home of these ill-assorted turtle-doves. Twenty years hence lusty life will be linked to lingering death. Under such conditions what more natural than that while one takes to catnip tea and remedies for rheumatism the other should follow off after some new flame! Pooh, Miss Hanna! She is but laying up trouble for herself. Poor old Tithonus Clay of Kaintuck!

“A white-haired shadow roaming like a dream
The ever-silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists and gleaming halls of morn!”

Populist National Chairman Butler wants all the friends of silver to unite in 1900 and thereby oust the Shylocks. Of course this plan does not please the mighty Miltonius Park, the supple-jawed Harry Tracy, the Windy Jay Bird Chenault of Kansas and others of that little coterie of political perverts who are striving to perpetuate the Republican party in power, hence they are lifting up their discordant voices in vigorous protest against this so-called

betrayal of the principles of Populism. In size, activity and location these raucous "Middle-of-the-Roaders" suggest the tuft of hair on the bob-tail of an unwashed billy-goat. They are a set of ambitious blatherskites who are willing to sacrifice the interest of the people to keep their own inconsequential names in the public press. Park criticizing Butler were much like a big blue-bottle fly passing judgment on the Parthenon.

If Texas sends Chollie Boy Culberson to the United States Senate and elects Kunnel Rienzi Miltiades Johnson to the lieutenant-governorship, it should, to be consistent, do something handsome for Majah Spencer Hutchings, the genius whom both delight to honor.

"These be three minds, which, like the elements,
Might furnish forth creation."

They constitute the great intellectual triumvirate of Texas before whose transcendent genius even the titanic mentality of Blind Tom, Barnum's What-is-it and the editor of the Cleburne *Chronicle* pales its ineffectual fires. When they all try to think at one and the same time they run a corner on the gray matter of the cosmos, monopolize the world's wisdom and send the Olympian gods into some dark Bœotian forest to groan in despair. Chollie Boy is the greatest statesman since Sancho Panza was a governor. He was not born great nor did he have it drove into him with a maul. He achieved it all with his little lonely, and can now successfully ride two political hobby-horses headed in different directions. When reasonably sober he can play a fairly good game of poker with one hand and manipulate the church people with the other. All things considered, the greatness of our heroic young Christian

guy is something colossal. Rienzi Miltiades is the greatest journalist whatever. With the aid of a paste pot and a pair o' shears he can manufacture any number of "Norman Maxims" and scoop all his Texas contemporaries in the matter of "news by telegraph." He can easily pose on a street corner and look wiser than Daniel Webster. He is a fair judge of barrel-house booze and a connoisseur in the matter of beauty, having been once selected to play the part of Paris—so it is said—and award the prize to "the fairest of the fair" at the erstwhile John Bell's variety joint. Majah Hutchings is perhaps the colossus of this mental coterie. He carries all the rules of social etiquette around in his head, thereby proving himself the prince of parliamentarians. He can tell what kind of a necktie should be worn with such and such trousers, how high the collar should be, and just when to say "aw weally" at those functions at which society funks. He has been known to put his "pants" on right side before without assistance and to wear a dress sword around an entire block without getting that terrible weapon of war inextricably tangled up with his legs. If Chollie Boy and Kunnel Johnsing are honored with high office, I insist that Majah Hutchings also be placed on a pedestal.

Fwankie P. Warner, a bummy little lawyer of Florence, Col., has been paying his respects to the "Apostle" in the columns of the *Denver Times* under the pseudonym of "Dan de Foe." As Fwankie does not like the "Apostle" I s'pose the *ICONOCLAST* will have to suspend.

Rev. William Bohler Walker of Joliet, Ill., is giving a very correct imitation of splenetic-hearted "jay." Having bitterly denounced the railway corporations, the Western Passenger Association refused him the half-fare permit

usually issued to preachers. He now protests that he has been "blacklisted," and threatens to sue the association. "The half-fare permit is not a favor but a right," sputters the parson, who confesses to being mad as the traditional wet hen, and who positively declines to turn the other cheek to the smiter and take chances on getting it smuck. If the half-fare permit is a "right" it has been made so by statutory law, and such a law would, in most States, be clearly unconstitutional. The railways make a half-fare rate to reputable ministers as a matter of courtesy, and the parson who accepts this courtesy and repays it with contumely is guilty of base ingratitude. If Walker desires to make war on railway corporations he should have the decency to pay full fare—the very barbarians do not war upon those of whom they beg. The ministerial half-fare is an injustice to the general public, and there should be a law prohibiting it. It is a gratuity to the church which the corporations must collect of their other patrons regardless of whether they be church-going people. A railway should no more be permitted to discriminate in favor of one profession in the matter of passenger fares than in favor of one class of merchants in the matter of freights, for it is a common carrier, the servant of all the people. It should be compelled to put all its patrons on an even and exact parity. It is quite true that many preachers are poorly paid; but the same can be said of other professions equally useful. We preachers are becoming just a wee bit too presumptuous.

Pierre Lorillard, who has accumulated "dough" a plenty by the æsthetic occupation of manufacturing snuff for the dippers and plug tobacco for the Populists, finds America too "coarse" and will move to England to air his culchaw. Pierre is a very refined looking party. He

has a nice fat head about the size and shape of a wooden water bucket, set on a neck that would be the pride of a Durham bull. His eyes protrude like door-knobs, his nose resembles a half-smoked ham, his ears would make excellent door-mats, while his mouth suggests that he has half a pound of his own "plug" concealed therein and is seeking a cuspidor. Yes; America is doubtless "coarse," but will be much less so when this crass animal has taken up a permanent residence on the other side of the pond.

William Bailey, an ex-member of the New Orleans police force, will go to prison for life for the ravishment of a colored woman. If guilty he should be hanged; he deserves death for having such execrable taste. The verdict is important in that it is an official decision that a colored woman may possess virtue—a theory which contravenes the general consensus of opinion in the South. Now we may expect to learn that there are male negroes who can be trusted in the vicinity of an unlocked chicken-coop or unguarded melon patch. I'm afraid that jury was composed of men who had little experience with the she-male Senegambian. The question naturally arises: If a wench is sufficiently continent to resist the blandishments of a two-dollar bill, is her virtue of sufficient importance to justify the life-imprisonment of a white man? Is the game worth the candle? I confess that I do not know must refer the question to the ethnologists.

The man hanged for homicide usually repents and is jerked to Jesus, while his victim, cut off in the heyday of his sins, is supposed to go to hell a-whooping.

New York's sassiety people can give the majestic universe pointers in the esoteric art of playing the d.f. They

have a society called "The Holland Dames of New Netherlands," composed of people who came to New Amsterdam in the steerage, and, by living on what the hogs wouldn't eat and the Indians were too proud to steal, left pretty little fortunes to an emasculated posterity. This society of mental misfits recently crowned a "Queen" with a \$30,000 diadem amid much royal pageantry and other ridiculous flapdoodle. And now it has been discovered that the "Monarch" of the aforesaid Dames was once in jail for disorderly conduct. The whole mob of mental abnormalities ought to be either tapped for the simples or sent to an insane asylum.

G. W. Menger of St. Louis is a brute for whose portrait I will cheerfully give four-bits. G. W. is chief clerk in the "Big Four" railroad offices and owns a handsome home, yet together with his two brothers he has signed a petition to have his widowed mother sent to the poorhouse. I opine that shortly before the birth of this unnatural monster its mother must have become frightened by a water moccasin that was trying to swallow a dead pollywog, and I'm curious to see how she "marked" the critter.

MR. BRANN: What is the biggest trust in the United States?
R.S.

The Standard Oil Trust presided over by my good Baptist brother, Jno. D. Rockefeller, who is building collegiate monuments to his own memory with other people's money. Its actual investment does not exceed \$20,000,000, yet in less than five years it has paid dividends aggregating more than \$110,000,000. Baylor University, Waco, Texas, once accepted \$15,000 of the fruits of old Rockefeller's

shameless robbery, and would have played "fence" for twice as much more stolen goods had it been able to pull the leg of the hypocritical old fraud. The Standard Oil Trust is not only the most gigantic but the most impudent of all the conspiracies ever organized to swindle an alleged intelligent people. It has been frequently urged that the Standard has cheapened the price of oil, and is, therefore, a public benefit. It has cheapened the price of oil only where it was necessary to crush competition. Wherever it has been able to hold the field by other methods it has done so.

Myron H. McCord is governor of Arizona by the grace of Mark Hanna, the "industrial cannibal" of Ohio. He is a product of the Badger State and has the reputation of being a "bilk." While in Congress he achieved considerable unsavory notoriety by his connection with certain flagrant land steals, and the "ruling passion" appears to cling to him with the tenacity of a vulture to the carcass of a coyote, as he was recently sued on an old account by a Washington tailor. One item in the tradesman's bill is for cleaning the seat of the governor's breeches—which would indicate that His Excellency has not yet abandoned his old habit of getting ingloriously drunk. One of his official acts which scandalized decent people was the appointment of "Pin-head" Hughes, chancellor of the Arizona Territorial University. "Pin-head" was once appointed governor of the territory by Grover Cleveland, but was relieved for cause before the expiration of his term. While "Pin-head" is scarce a proper party to have charge of the higher education of the territory, it must be recorded to his credit that he has never been accused of bilking a tailor. McCord has saddled the taxpayers of Yavapai County with a debt of almost \$300,000,

despite their protests, and with a flagrant disregard of law and justice that should land him in the penitentiary for life. Of course he is opposed to the territorial home-rule movement, which is designed to give the people of Arizona a voice in the selection of their officials instead of leaving them at the mercy of the very worst brand of carpet-baggers. Had McKinley scraped Hades with a fine-tooth comb he could scarce have captured a man less fit for the position or more distasteful to the decent people of the territory.

* * *

CUPID VS. CHRIST.

BY ETHELYN LESLIE HUSTON.

WHEN Father Damien voluntarily turned his face for all time to the living horror and physical degradation of Hawaii's lazaretto—when his shrinking foot touched the *Molokai haina*, the gray, desolate island with soil reeking with hideous disease, the air heavy with festering, living death, the people ghastly nightmares of rotting limbs with brain and memory chained in a charnel-house of putrid flesh—the whole world rung with his name. He was deified, this humble Belgian priest, who for seventeen long years toiled and suffered till strength slowly sank and his body too, was sucked into the maelstrom of leprosy. This "coarse peasant," as the Rev. Dr. Hyde of Honolulu, charitably termed him, rose to heights that left the Rev. Hyde and others of his ilk but cowardly pigmies, close to the earth, fattening their porcine bodies and snarling like mongrels at the solitary eagle soaring alone toward the forked lightning of pain and thunderous clouds of blackness and despair. Robert Louis Stevenson wrote an *Apologia*—an open letter to the Rev. Hyde, who

traduced Damien as only contemptible envy can, and this letter has been published in book form. Stevenson declining all remuneration for his eloquent and most potent defense. Father Damien was human, yet touched the stars. He died a heroic death, but his name has become immortal. It will live in song and story. And on the tonsured head of the dead priest will rest the tender green of the deathless laurel—always.

In the city of New Orleans is the old, old order of the House of the Good Shepherd. Nearly fifty years ago a young girl, fair as a poet's dream, dowered lavishly by all the graces and with all the luxuries of great wealth and the dazzling allurements of social life before her, deliberately closed the flower-hung gates that opened wide to her girlish form, and laying her wealth at the feet of the Lady of Sorrows exchanged the silvery tissues of the *débutante's* gown for the heavy serge of the sacred order. The world did not heed as the pitiless steel swept the silken hair from the fair brow. There was no breath of reverential awe from ocean to ocean as the heavy shadows of the Black Veil fell over the bright head. There was no acclaim as the low chant sounded its requiem for a maiden's death. There was only silence, profound as the sea at night, as the altar gave back its dead and a pale nun lifted her eyes to the stars.

Father Damien had been schooled in self-renunciation and reared in the shadow of the monastery. Awful as was his sacrifice, yet he but left the bare wall and austere life of the humble priesthood behind him. He faced horror, but he had already renounced the world. This young girl knew nothing of life's bitterness. The world laughed with her and showered its roses with royal hands at her dancing feet. The birds sang round her in delirium of youth and joyous music. Her veins thrilled with the

sweet, warm wine of young life and fancies light as Titania's butterflies fluttered through her waking dreams. Life opened a wide vista of wondrous delights, peopled with laughing nymphs and radiant with golden sunshine. Hope whispered her sweetest fairy tales and at her white breast nestled the winged god pressing the pomegranate to her warm lips. But beyond the golden head of the Child she saw visions that startled the girl-dreams forever from her frightened eyes; through the vibrating sweetness of the birds' songs she heard the low wail of lost women and in the golden blaze of a world's glory she saw a veiled form whose mask was Love and whose kiss was Death. And then her heart wakened to an infinite pity and, like the Belgian priest, she renounced the world and gave her life to ministering in the soul's great Lazar-house. From the low voices of culture and sweet laughter of pure women, she turned to the gasping cry of agony and bitter curse of despair. From the Gardens of Pleasure, bright as her girlish eyes, she turned to the Desert of Eternal Night, dark as the souls that cowered, face-downward, naked upon its thorns. From the softness of love's caress and the warmth of love's kiss, she turned to the bare wall and brooding silence of a sacred tomb. She strangled the torturing heart-hunger of her womanhood and with a metal cross crushed back in her breast the yearning pain for the touch of baby lips—the thrilling sweetness of wandering baby fingers. Her girl-life, rich in promise, she crucified upon a cross for women whose lives were lived—who had loved and sinned and suffered and cursed, and in their infamy and shame she buried in pure youth, her life, her hope for all time and there was left only to—wait. Outside of her order few knew of Mother St. Martin. I had heard of her story and in the house of Magdelans, in New Orleans, when the black grating swung

back, I saw a face still very beautiful, eyes soft and tender, with the fires of the South burning still through the long years of the chill austerity of her holy calling, and an outstretched hand, soft and white and exquisite—the hand of a gentle woman. The black veil contrasted somberly with the creamy serge hanging in heavy folds to her feet and the face and figure of this holy woman, framed in the black bars, was worthy the pen of a Laureate, the brush of a Master. Ritual and dogma, church and creed, belief and unbelief, query and theory, Christian and pagan—all fade and pale into insignificance before the unwritten history of this woman's life. A worshiper of false gods, a visionist or a Bride of Christ—it does not matter. Before her task strong men would quail. At what she sees, pure women would shrink. From what she has endured good women would turn, afraid and appalled. Her work was not lighter than Damien's, and it has extended over nearly three times the number of years. His was a martyr's death. Hers is a long martyrdom living. He was an humble peasant-priest tending pitifully the diseased in body. She is a cultured woman ministering tirelessly to half a century of distorted minds and leprous souls. Before the nobility of her life, the infinitude of her sacrifice, the sweetness and tenderness of her personality, one pauses, humble and silent. Some may criticize her creed—they must reverence her deeds. Some may revile what she holds holy—they must honor holiness that is sublime. Some may censure the Church—they must bow to the woman. Damien helped tortured wretches to die. She helped tortured women to live. With her delicate, patrician hand she has touched lives that reeked with vileness and degradation, and softly drawn them back from the vortex that casts us ghastly refuse on the slimy slabs of a city morgue. With her soft voice she has

silenced the obscene jest and reckless curse and taught instead the tenderness of a prayer. With her pure refinement she has lifted from the gutter's filth these female animals and walked with them through the *via dolorosa* till they were again within the pale of womanood. But this woman, infinitely great and infinitely pitiful, is almost unknown. The eyes, patient and tender and saddened by the long pilgrimage of pain, are rarely seen beyond the cloister walls. And while there are Dr. Hydes base enough to cast mud at the marble of her order, there is no Stevenson to challenge the defamer and give honor where honor is due. In ode and epic and history are shrined and immortalized the memories of our Jeannes d'Arc and our Molly Pitchers, our Clara Bartons and our Florence Nightingales, and preëminent among them should be the memory of this white-robed nun who gave her wealth to shelter our homeless Magdalens and her life for their redemption. Over her dead Christ is written *Hominum Salvatum*. Over her brow rests only the black veil. And the silent group of shrouded figures kneeling before the sculptured Nazarene are her only testimony. She gave her life for women and heart and soul to her Christ, and her epithalamium is the saddened chant of cloistered nuns, her arc of triumph the pale sunshine riven by an upright cross.

New Orleans, La., February 12.

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FACT AND FANCY.

OF suffering and sorrow were all life's beauty. The hope of immortality sprang from breaking hearts. The kiss of Pyramus and Thisbe is an ecstasy of pain. Nations rise through a mist of tears. Every great lifework is an agony. Behind every song there lurks a sigh. The Virgin

Mother is known as Our Lady of Pain. The Cult of Christ is called the Religion of Sorrow. The first breath and the last gasp are drawn in suffering, and between the cradle and the grave there lies a monster-haunted Gehenna.

Nations grown corrupt with wealth and age may fall, but others strong in youth and innocence will arise. Old faiths may be forgotten, but from other and purer altars will ascend the smoke of sacrifice. The black night of barbarous ignorance may again engulf the world; but "Thou, Eternal Providence, wilt cause the day to dawn."

All life is but a dream, mystic, wonderful and we know not when we sleep nor when we wake.

Man was not made for himself alone, but all were made for each and each for all.

It is man's unrest, his heart-hunger, that drives him on to noble deeds—that lifts him out of the gutter where wallow the dull dumb beasts and places him among the gods.

Most of our modern poets are bowed down with more than Werterean woe. Their sweethearts are cruel or fate unkind; they've got cirrhosis of the liver or palpitation of the heart, and needs must spill their salt tears over all humanity. O that these featherless jay-birds now trying to twitter in long-primer type would apply the soft-pedal to themselves—would add no more to the world's dissonance and despair.

Our toadies and title-worshippers now have a society called "The Order of the Crown"—composed of puppies

who fondly imagine that they have within their royal hides a taint of that impure blood which once coursed in the veins of corrupt or barbarous kings. Perchance these dudelets and dudines will yet discover that they are descended in a direct line from Adam I., and are heirs to the throne of Eden.

Methuselah lived 969 years—but that was before the development of the science of medicine.

Nature plays no favorites. When she gives a man a lower-case brain she makes amends by providing him with a display-type mouth.

The man who fights the "Rum Demon" for hire is usually a hypocrite who buys the cheapest booze to be had and absorbs it out of a jug.

No well-authenticated he-virgin ever succeeded in setting the world on fire.

Every woman possessing a pretty ankle is heartily in favor of dress reform.

Foreordination is the foolish faith that before God created the universe and sent the planets whirling about the blazing sun; that before the first star gleamed in the black o'erhanging firmament or a single mountain peak rose from the watery waste, he calmly sat him down and mapped out every act of mortal man—decreed every war and pestilence, the rise and fall of every nation, and fixed the date of every birth and death. That may be good "orthodoxy," but it is not good sense. I reject the theory

that all happenings here below "accord with the plan of the Creator—work together for the ultimate good." I dare not accuse my Creator of being responsible for all the sin and sorrow, suffering and shame that since the dawn of history has bedewed the world with blood and tears.

The fact that the parvenues are paying fancy prices for coats-of-arms suggests that we might discharge the national debt by amending the constitution so as to permit the president to sell patents of nobility after the manner of the mediæval princes. Our prosperous hog morgue managers would give half their holdings to be "ennobled." With such a source of revenue it would be unnecessary to give bond syndicates soft snaps—our blessed gold reserve would grow like a pickaninny in 'possum time. By all means let us have a few Barons d'Brewery and Earls d'Oleomargarine, Laundry Soap Lords and Packing House Princes. They would gladly bear all governmental burdens for the privilege of playing the fool.

The men who have given to the world those economic theorems upon which are based the politics of all enlightened nations, have seldom been successful business men. Like Agassiz, they "didn't have time to make money."

When Sir Lancelot lays aside the lute for the coarse compliment, foregoes the bewildering Anacreontic and puts a "personal" in the paper requesting Guinivere to meet him at the corner, we may well hope that the pure in heart are safe—only buzzards are trapped with carrion.

It is not until a young man suspects that he knows

more than his father that he begins to doubt the religion of his mother.

The mock-sentimentalists and pseudo-philanthropists continue to denounce the whipping-post as "a relic of barbarism," altogether overlooking the fact that offenses for which it is invoked are also survivals of semi-savagery. In most American States the same kind of punishment is meted out to all classes of offenders—to the high-bred gentleman who resents an insult with a blow, and to the cowardly cur who clubs his wife; to the man whom some sensuous Cleopatra has led into the grove of Daphne, and to the lustful demon who despoils a little child. The offenses which men commit indicate their character and the civilization to which they have attained, and should suggest the punishment best calculated to deter others from kindred crimes. Imprisonment and convict stripes may prove a terrible punishment to a morbidly sensitive man, whose honor is the dearest jewel of his soul; but to the wife-beater or burglar it means only an inconvenience. We have carried judicial "reform" entirely too far, and should retrace our steps to the wisdom of our fathers, who were strict constructionists of the Mosaic law.

* * *

SOCIETY'S FEMALE CARD-SHARPS.

BY THE SULTANA.

DENVER beauty is dimmed by its brick and stone and its brain is damned by ostentation and display. It made too much money and no trees and its brick and stone and plate glass and ignorance are a weariness to the flesh. Its aristocracy is very cod-fishy and a little incident

that occurred here within the past month is an illustration. A wealthy man of Denver who buys land titles from Boston, and whose wife was a former Minneapolis woman, lives not far from York Street. The man and his wife belong to Denver's smart set and the lady figures prominently in those aggregations of brains and brilliancy, the women's clubs. The aforesaid clubs meet generally at the members' houses, where the members play cards and presumably discuss Hoyle and Homer with equal learning. There is also a Denver man of some prominence who is head assayer for a large smelter, whose wife is a very charming little woman with a degree of culture that is rather wasted in the aforesaid Denver smart set. The latter lady had as a guest this last month a Washington society woman, whose husband is a very wealthy stockman. At the last meeting of one of the profound aggregations mentioned the little lady took her guest to show her what Denver could do in the way of cards and culture. The wife of the land title man was hostess on this occasion, and she had strained the limits of the land title exchequer to provide prizes that should be things of beauty and a joy forever and make her immortal among the fair society gamesters of her world. When the little lady with her Washington guest appeared upon the scene, the cultured hostess was staggered. Awful visions of the Washington woman carrying her costly first prize far from the haunts of Denverites, where it would be no glory to the Denver woman any more, forever, rose before her horror-stricken eyes. It was too much. The prize was costly, it must stay in Denver as a monument to her wealth, so the hostess stepped forward with resolution in every line of her imported gown. Looking stonily past the Washington lady's face, she exclaimed very audibly:

"My dear Mrs. Blank, are you not aware that it is

strictly against the rules of the club to bring other than its members to the card parties? Only members are allowed to play or even attend."

The little lady flushed scarlet and the capital lady forgot herself sufficiently to stare—positively stare—at this courteous member of Western aristocracy. The moment's pause might be described as awful, but crowding guests swept the two gentlewomen past their hostess. For certain unavoidable reasons the little lady had to remain for some time and her mortification and distress were pitiful as she turned to her friend.

"Do not mind, dear, she is not exactly a—lady," said her friend very gently. Then added with exquisite courtesy and consideration: "There, attend to your duties and I will remain till you can leave with me."

In its earlier conceptions Denver sought a "glory that was Greece and a grandeur that was Rome," and it has fallen down on a gaudiness that is American, pure and simple, architecturally and socially. And socially it is like other American cities, but a little more so.

In Idaho's capital city this season a card party was given at the Garrison by the wife of a colonel and the daughter of a senator. The party wound up at the head table by a flurry that would be called in less aristocratic surroundings a gambling row. There was distinct cheating and the cords of politeness were strained to the utmost. Swift words were uttered, more truthful than Chesterfieldian, and for a fleeting moment there was a promise of Billingsgate. It was interesting—as a social study. And I have an idea that Gibson would have found the group an immortal one for his famous collection of sketches of American society. As our American women advance socially they retrograde morally. They rise intellectually but intrinsically they fall. Outwardly they

are handsomer women than those of earlier generations; but the "inner woman" has less of nobility. There is too much varnish and too little under the veneer. And as it is in Denver so it is in other capital cities and so it is in other cities—so—the Union. When the women of our land sent up a cry for suffrage, their chief plea for that privilege was that were they allowed to assume partial control of the country's affairs, they would keep in leash, if not abolish altogether, two of the country's greatest evils—drinking and gambling.

In precept they were *sans peur et sans reproche*. In example they were a farce that would make the angels weep and cause merriment in hell. The only difference between the gambling of their men, which they so deplored, and the gambling of their clubs, which they quite ignored, was that the one was for sterling silver in money, and the other was for sterling silver in miscellany. Women are not good gamblers, because they will not stake much in chance. But when they let their gambling passions loose they are insatiable gamblers—and unpleasant ones. They quite forget the pleasure in playing in their avarice for the prize. They ignore the social purpose of the game in their greed for gain. They gauge those who are with them simply by their ability to play well or ill. And they value the hospitality of their hostess by her liberality or the opposite in selecting the stakes. Their courtesy to their kind is dying out and absolute rudeness has become so frequent as to pass almost unnoticed. And the Medusa-like looks that invariably follow a mis-play have become so frankly in evidence at all times that those women who are indifferent players positively quake when they read "cards" on the lower corner of their invitations.

Three years ago, dear old John Wilcox, who swayed the editorial pen on the Cleveland *Press*, wrote a few

hours before he died upon Rose Island, "I have been gazing on the strange panorama of humanity along the St. Lawrence just now. Great wealth, but a scarcity of grammar. Display, but little culture. A sickening battle of commonplaces, mostly about matrimony and the fashions."

And the "sickening babble" that so wearied the grand old brain even in the last hours of "harness" has but added to its many weaknesses, vices that even its shallowness had formerly escaped. And it is to their inconsistency women may attribute the disrepute in which suffrage is still held among thinking people. In the East, as civilization grew, the evils of gambling and drinking were suppressed and held in check to a large extent. But with this woman's vote had nothing to do. And to-day in the states where the war-cry of suffrage shrieks loudest, the women are objects of ridicule because they are so blind in their own conceit.

Will women never realize that if their children can inherit the taste of drink from their fathers, they can inherit it equally from their mothers? And that if this is so, the fever of gambling can creep from the mother's veins to those of the unborn child? If women sow the seed of vice in their own system can they expect a perfect offspring? As they sow, so will they reap. It is the old, unchangeable law of cause and effect. But let them gamble if they will, at their "high five" and "hearts" and "69." Let them show the world the ennobling sight of their flushed cheeks and Shylock eyes, and hardening faces with the soft lines of gentleness and womanliness swept out by growing greed and ill-suppressed passion. Let the world view their increasing rudeness, their grudging envy, their poorly concealed anger, their vindictive spite and all the small, petty, dangerous vices of the female

gambler. And last, but not least, let these women turn the searchlight upon themselves and they will see the slow, deadly, insidious poison that begins with a sudden furtive glance at the carelessly held hand next her. That glance is the first step *down*. It leads to the gambler's hell. And the woman whose eyes have thus committed theft, is not after an honest woman. The second glance is always easier than the first, the third is easier than the second, and the little, impulsive, shuffling "slips" that, among men, would mean a swift shot and a dead face turned to the skies—these come easier than all.

Let our women work out their own future if they will, be it salvation or damnation—and the line between the two is narrow. Let them sow tares and harvest oats if they can manage miracles. Let them take with the prerogatives of men, their vices as well, and still make the world better. Let them make practical result out of hopeless paradox, if they can. But in the name of all the immortal gods, before they apply the torch to the Thames, let them sit down and study the derivations and definitions of the word consistency.

Denver, Colo., December 14.

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SOME KANSAS CITY CULTURE.

I CHANCED some time ago to spend a couple o' days in Kansas City, a bustling little place situated at the mouth of the Kaw, and somewhat celebrated as headquarters for the jug trade of Kansas. It is also distinguished for the size of its pork-packeries and the garish splendor of its parvenues. The arms of Kansas City are a gallon jug rampant, a fat porker regarant, a blood pudding couch-

ant, and the motto, "There's nothing like licker and lard." The place has grown somewhat since trains began stopping there a dozen or so years ago, but is a city as yet in nothing but name, inartistic piles of brick and pitiful contrasts of wealth and poverty. It is an overgrown country town in which one is reminded of Jayville at every turn. There's a bucolic air about its people, its pulpit, and especially its press, which is really refreshing after a sojourn in St. Joseph or Sedalia. I am told that its swagger set still attend its social functions *sans* coats and collars, feed themselves with knives and for napkins use the corners of the tablecloth. My informant further stated that Mr. W. S. Halliwell, the Beau Brummel of K. C., recently spent some days in St. Joseph and there caught on to the finger-bowl fad and has been trying ever since to transplant it to that select circle of which he is the Hermes Trismegistus, or iridescent glory, but without much success—the Kansascityans still persist in absorbing the lavatory and "cussing out" the waiters for not putting ice in their drinking water. Kansas City is to St. Joseph what Chicago is to St. Louis: a big, blustering, uncouth and uncultured "yap" town, doing business on borrowed capital—a place where the individual is measured by the size of his bank account instead of that of his cerebrum. Its wealthy people are for the most part pork-packers, soap-boilers, political corruptionists, and the immediate descendants of those who ran variety dives in the early days of "squat" on land worth two-bits an acre and hung to it like death to a defunct Senegambian until enriched by the labor of others. The professional grafters, dive-keepers and squatters who founded most of Kansas City's big fortunes, took an annual bath in the Big Muddy, wiped on the narrative of their hickory shirts and felt refreshed. One by one they dropped off, leaving behind them

a lot of anæmic dudes and splay-footed dudines who now constitute Kansas City's *crème de la crème*. This it was that barred a working girl from a public pageant lest she brush gowns with those whose mammies caught and skinned catfish and cooked them on driftwood fires. The élite of Kansas City run very little to art and literature. Their pantheon is a pork-packery and Phil. D. Armour their Olympian Jove. Their salons are ornamented with chromos representing the slaughter of fat kine and swine. Their hero is the man who can stick the most pigs in a given number of minutes, and their popular melodies are a variation of the death squeal of that homely but useful animal. The Jesse James dime novel and the New York "yaller" newspapers suffice to satisfy Kansas City's rather moderate longing for literature, while the circus and the negro minstrel show are her favorite amusement. Of course there are cultured people in Kansas City—those who feed with a fork, carry pocket handkerchiefs and use tooth-brushes—but they are few and far between. The great bulk of the population are devout worshipers at the shrine of Mammon and find far more satisfaction in gazing at a pool of porcine gore than in contemplating the masterpieces of a Raphael or a Phidias. As might be expected, the press of Kansas City is a true reflex of its life—stupid, ignorant and obstinate as the hog upon which the commercial greatness of the place is grounded. The *Times*, most pretentious of the morning papers, was really a first-class journal under the management of Dr. Morrison Munford; but when he retired its name became Ichabod—or more properly, Mud. From a circulation of 25,000 or almost one-fourth that of the *ICONOCLAST*—it slumped to 5,000 or less, and most of this output was purchased not for reading purposes but to underlay carpets or paper pantries. It took up the gold-bug yoop

in the hope of retrieving its fallen fortunes, but the experiment miserably failed, and it became a veritable journalistic Lazarus which even the political dogs refused to lick. It soon saw that something desperate had to be done or the old bawd would go bump, so it switched again—returned to the advocacy of silver coinage and supported Billy Bryan. As a man is usually judged by the company he keeps, it is small wonder that the Nebraskan lost the race, handicapped as he was with this old journalistic harlot. The change in the *Times*' policy was so plainly the result of business expediency that it only provoked contemptuous pity. Since Munford's retirement the *Times* has been acephalous—every employee apparently doing as he pleases and doing it as badly as possible. The *Times* now has about as much circulation as an oyster, as little influence with the general public as the bray of an asthmatic burro. If you see it in the *Times* it's a pretty safe bet that it isn't so. The *Journal* is another has-been newspaper that has turned its intellectual toes to the daisies, and now appears to be living, as Carlyle would say, "to save salt." If I remember aright it was founded some 45 years ago by Col. R. T. Van Horn, a very able newspaper man, who gave it a national reputation for honor, decency and intellect. Col. Van Horn sold his interest in the paper and retired disgusted—jumped the dirty game—and when it became a toad-eating tip-taking organ-grinder of the gold-buggers. Col. Van Horn took all the brains and honor of the *Journal* with him when he went, the paper lost all its prestige and most of its patronage, and is now living on a very attenuated variety of wind-pudding. It pays its leading editorial writer the enormous sum of \$27.50 a week for "molding public opinion"—and he does it with one hand. Other salaries on the paper range from \$20 downwards, the art, dramatic and lecture

critic receiving \$8 a week and feeding on the tailings of a brass foundry. The *Star* is the name of "Baron Bill" Nelson's "twilight twinkler," which shines softly luminous as a dyspeptic fire-fly or a tin-lantern at 2 o'clock, g. m., in the fogs of Lunnon town. "Baron Bill" lives out on Brush Creek in what is known as Nelson's Baronial Castle, but whether because of its turreted splendor or simply as a "josh," deponent saith not. Bill did not make his money by his brains. I am told that his first "hist," as the Kansas City grammar sharps would learnedly call it, was born of a good stiff borrow made of the National Waterworks Co., which had a water monopoly hen on and needed Bill to help turn the trick. He then found a widow with more money than taste and succeeded in marrying her, got his hands into the deep pockets of his Hymenic predecessor, and—the beggar suddenly found himself on horseback and is industriously riding to the devil. Bill's holy trinity is G. Cleveland, Queen Vic and the almighty dollar. Since he got hold of enough long green to enable him to dodge the 15-cent restaurants and avoid the gray-backs of 10-cent lodging houses, he has become hawfully Henglish y' know. This blawsted country hisn't 'alf cul-chawed enough for such a bloomin' swell as Windy Bill—the joint creation of a corrupt waterworks corporation and a foolish widow. All of his servants are English and wear side-wheel whiskers; he docks the tails of his horses to make them resemble English cobs; he turns up his twousahs—paid for by the widow and waterworks—when-ever it's raining in Lunnon. Aw! weally. He keeps a bottle of Atlantic ocean water to anoint himself with morning and evening because the Prince of Wales once fell into that goosepond when dead drunk. Bill employs as his newspaper assistants—public educators and all that—those mental malinformations which the *Times* doesn't want, the

Journal can't pay and the devil wouldn't have. I saw one or two specimens of Bill's peons and mistook them for hotel bell boys—I now apologize to every hotel menial I meet—One called at my room who looked like an emasculated puppy that was being brought up by hand and had been neglected by his nurse. He had the head of an ape, the mouth of a “tenor singer” and the beady eyes of a canton-flannel elephant. And the poor thing wanted t' know ye know, why the deuce y' know, I was publishing the *HICONOCLAST*, doncher know. I tried to explain to him in words of one syllable; but all he could understand was the word “damn,” which I inadvertently let slip when the miserable mental miscarriage had made me so infernally tired that forbearance ceased to be a virtue. Baron Bill sends \$6-a-week grafters to teach reformers their duty, give advice to governors, write essays on art, report philosophic lectures and other little things like that, and instructs them to praise whatever or whoever lick the boots of John Bull, to puke upon whatsoever or whosoever dares intimate that America could exist a single hour should the queen become costive and be rendered thereby unable to dispense God's blessings. Meantime Baron Bill is riding around behind his Henglish coachman and bob-tailed cobs—by the grace of the foolish widow and corrupt waterworks company aforesaid. It is said that more hogs are slaughtered in Kansas City than in Chicago—but it seems that a few swine are saved from the shambles to supply vacancies on local dailies occasioned by old employees starving to death. It was at Kansas City that prisoners were so cruelly mistreated by an official bigot-brute named Chiles for refusing to listen to the foolish yawp of a lot of itinerant gospel sharps. Chiles has not yet been removed from office or imprisoned for his cowardly crime against the intelligence of the age, which fact serves

to show that pious spleen is a concomitance of a new and crass civilization. Kansas City will come out all right in time—there are enough people of brains and culture there to eventually leaven the whole lump. In time the ambitious little town at the mouth of the Kaw will find other gods than the millionaires, will adopt nobler ideals than the almighty dollar—will run more to high art and less to hogs.

* * *

THE POET-PRIEST.

BY JULIA TRUITT BISHOP

IF THE poet had not been a priest, he might have been a singer of deathless songs. If the priest had not been a poet, we should have lost some of the sweetest lyrics that ever soothed a wounded heart.

When Father Ryan closed his peaceful days in still more peaceful sleep, a few years since, many were the expressions of profound regret. His gentle and blameless life filled with kindness, had appealed to people of all creeds, and his poems had not failed to find a lodgment in sympathetic hearts. Many of these were the patriotic songs which spoke with peculiar significance to men and women who mourned a cause that had been loved and lost. Many of them were filled with eloquent tributes to the dead heroes who lay sleeping on distant battlefields. Patriotism and pathetic memories combined to give the name of Father Ryan a touching significance to a people who had furled the conquered banner. When the volume of his poems was given to the world, it is little wonder that one edition after another was exhausted. It was the tribute of the people to the poet-priest who had sung to

them when their hearts were heavy and in sore need of comforting.

But what are known as his "war poems" make up but a small proportion of the volume, and are not his most enduring work. No one can turn the pages of this book without being touched with regret; not for the evidence of carelessness and haste alone, though these are everywhere. The poet acknowledges in his preface, that the poems "were written at random—off and on, here, there and anywhere—just when the mood came, with little of study and less of art, and always in a hurry." The regret comes from a deeper cause; that poetry was not the business of this man's life, for if it had been, in all probability the country would have been able to claim a poet who would have belonged to the world, and not to the South alone.

With Father Ryan, the priestly office came first, and it was only in the little moments of leisure and solitude that he allowed the music within him to make its voice heard. "Always in a hurry," he wrote what he called his "simple songs," and wrote them because he must write, because they seized hold on him and would not let him go. He recognized so fully their imperfections that he says:

"I sing with a voice too low
To be heard beyond to-day;"

And then he adds, with a sigh that sounds through the very words,

"My songs shall pass away;
To-morrow hears them not,
To-morrow belongs to fame."

And so, feeling that there was no to-morrow for this

work which he could not choose but do, he yet accepted his ministry among men as the first thing, the one thing which could not be laid aside, and

“When the poet ceased to dream,
The priest went on his knees to pray.”

Even if Art would have consented to take a secondary place in his life and still give him the best of her inspiration, it was the priesthood itself which sets its limitations upon the free poetic spirit, and left it to soar within an area too circumscribed for such buoyant wings. Think of the poet to whom love is an unknown realm; who knows nothing of the sacred joys of home, except as one may look in, an exile—upon the homes where other men have regained the lost paradise. Love, which has been the inspiration of all the poets since the world began; which has sent the live blood throbbing along the most exquisite lines that ever were said or sung; radiant love, that makes the world go round; dead love, overstrewn with pansies for thoughts and rue for remembrance; jealous love, that loved not wisely but too well; heartbroken love, that floated down the flood with the Lily Maid of Astolat; what music has it not inspired; and high harps have rung with it; and no voice has ever reached its fullest note until the heart back of the voice has learned to beat fast at the magic touch of love.

And from all such inspiration as this the poet-priest was shut out. The one theme which would have proved the compass of his power was a forbidden theme to him; a something written in an unknown tongue, perhaps, the very alphabet of which he must never learn.

And yet, narrow as was the field which was left him, there are passages in his poems which suggest the rich-

ness of his natural gifts,—the purity of his thoughts, the splendor of his imagination. His love of nature was profound, and he looked abroad with the tenderest sympathy that noted the smallest things. He had comprehending eyes for the billows that

“Were weaving white shrouds
Out of the foam of the surge.”

He saw the “far ridges, screened with shade of drooping palm”; the “fringe of faded grass,” the “long sad tresses of the seaweed.” Cloud and sun and star were his companions, and he communed with them face to face in his loneliness. Where other men saw a mere sunset, he discovered how

“Between two pillared clouds of fold
The beautiful gates of evening swung.”

But it is in the lore of sorrow that he is most deeply versed; for he stood for long years as the counselor and comforter of his people, and it was to him that all the tragedies of their lives were laid bare. One might have understood if he had grown morbid, or if gloom had settled down on his own soul in the midst of surroundings like this; but the genuineness of his nature is apparent in the calm and trustful uplifting of his eyes, and in the hand which continually points the mourner to the one Source of all consolation.

“Life, only life, can understand a line,”

he says;

“Depth, only depth, can understand the deep.
The dewdrop, glistening on the lily’s face,
Can never learn the story of the sea.”

And so, from the depth of an understanding heart, he gives consolation to his people. No one can read these inspiring lines without feeling that there were recesses in the life of the gentle priest which no one has ever pierced.

“The dials of earth may show
The length, not the depth of years,”

he says; and what depth beyond plummet’s sounding there may have been in the peaceful years whose length was measured off by the convent bells that run for vesper or angelus. It is sorrow that falls to the lot of these people who whisper at confessional; who surrender their hopes and who weep over their beloved dead. He never preaches to them that there are brighter days coming, and that their sorrows are small compared with those endured by others; but always over and over he tells them that

“The surest way to God
Is up the lonely stream of tears.”

He knows all about “The Prayer of Tears, which swift-est goes to heaven;” and the “Tears that are not wept,” and how they are “dearer than the tears that flow.” Deep into sorrow land his own steps have wandered, he says, and

“Bead by bead, I tell
The rosary of my years.
From a cross to a crown they lead.”

Beautiful visions come to him in the lonely hours of the night and he sees there that

“Calvary is a Tabor in the dark,
And Tabor is a Calvary in the light,
Earth’s shadows move as moves far heaven’s sun;
And like the shadows of a dial, we
Tell darkly in the vale the very hours
The sun tells brightly in the sinless skies.”

He never wearies with teaching us the lessons of the darkness and silence; the balm that comes to the soul in the long night watches.

“Does darkness give God better light
Than day, to find a weary brow?”

asks the gentle poet-priest:

“Does darkness give man brighter rays
To find the God in sunshine lost?”

He touches the same string many times, with infinite variety. What melody rings from this:

“When all the senses are awake,
The mortal presses overmuch
Upon the great immortal part,
And God seems further from the heart.
Must souls, like skies when day dawns break,
Lose star by star at sunlight’s touch?”

The poet of the sorrowful and the broken-hearted; the gentle poet whose inspirations all flowed into balm for the

wounds of the world. Perhaps, after all, if we had lost the priest we might have lost so much that the world's gain of a poet would not have atoned for it.

“How know I that the world's great throng
Will care for the words I sing? ”

he asked in those latter days when age was beginning to press heavily upon him. He was conscious that the poem had never risen to the height of the poet's thought, and there was a touch of sadness in his admission:

“I know no art,
Nor the poet's rhymes nor rules;
A melody runs through my aged heart
Not learned from the books or schools.”

And this was how the world lost a poet. It gained the soother of sorrow, the gentle mystic of solitude.

* * *

PHILADELPHIA'S FEMALE FOOLS.

THE fashionable females of Phila. appear to have gone clean crazy over the latest fool fad, known as “The Order of the Crown.” This is an exclusive society from which the pleb and the proletaire are rigidly excluded—only those are eligible to membership who can persuade the bosses of the hen-roost that she has more or less royal ichor concealed about her patrician person. The result is that all the swagger set are busy providing themselves with pedigrees that would make the pride of a Kentucky breeding farm ashamed of herself—are toiling with paint and plaster and putty to rear “family trees.” And it

must be confessed that some of the "genealogies" thus far trotted out are howling jimhuns. Naturally the ladies are very proud of their handiwork, look back with great satisfaction on the ancestors they have selected for themselves, and several have already published their royal pedigrees in the Toad-Eaters Own, alias the Phila. *Times*, that national slop-tub for nescience. Mrs. Robert C. Drayton and Mrs. Edwin Adams Damon are at present names which, like that of Abou Ben Adhem, "lead all the rest." These ambitious dames set about making for themselves pedigrees calculated to take the nickel-plated cake-stand in "The Order of the Crown," and they seem to have the call. Both selected old Charles Martel, King of France, as their starting point. Chollie Boy was the supposititious gran'dad of Charlemagne, the gentleman who made a specialty of paladins and pudding, and who got ripped up the back at Ronscesvalles. I say supposititious gran'dad, because bastardy has ever been a failing with royal families. Of course the "family trees" of Mesdames Drayton and Damon are dead cold fakes, for there is not a man or woman living who can, with any degree of certainty trace his or her lineage back to old Charles Martel or Charlemagne any more than to Moses. The chances are that in the days of Martel the ancestors of this brace of would-be royal dames were slaves or field-servants, half-naked, hungry and lousy people to whom a thatched roof and a dirt floor were luxury and a bath a deplorable accident. But granting that they are descended from Charles Martel: how royal blood can they boast? According to their own story they are forty generations removed and the lineal descendant of a man of the fortieth generation is related to him considerably less than one 500 billionth part, or there's something radically wrong with my arithmetic. In other words, according to

their own story, there isn't enough "royal blood" in either of these haughty patricians to give an itch bacillus a descent bath. Yet here they are cackling about it in the public prints, withdrawing themselves from the common herd because of their kingly ichor! Were I tied fast to such an infernal fool, I'd lay her across a tar barrel and wear the royal bust out of her patrician pantalettes with the business end of a plebeian fence-board. Mrs. Charles Penrose Keith, Mrs. Henry James Hancock and Mrs. Norton Downs constitute another job of American royalties who have rushed into print with their pedigrees. The first sets down some obscure "Prince of South Wales" as her progenitor, the next claims kinship with Robert Bruce, while the last charges David One-Eye of Scotland with being distantly responsible for the fact that she is here to play the fool. The chances are that they purchased their royal pedigrees at one of the fake shops where such things are sold to aspiring parvenues. I'll gamble six-bits that not one of them can go back four generations without finding a chambermaid or a liveried lackey in her "royal line." If they will but look closely into the matter they will find women slinging hash in hotels or doing worse things for hire, and men in poor-houses and penitentiaries who are much nearer related to them than are the has-been monarchs in whose worthless dust they are trying to plant ridiculous family trees. What glorious mothers such mothers make for Young America. I would have more hope for a boy born of bawdry than for one spawned by a female who imagines that fate could have given him a nobler sire than a self-respecting American sovereign. Some may urge that I have dealt unchivalrously with these feather-headed Phila. females. Not so; they are deliberately insulting the founders of this government, who declared that all men are created free and equal. They are

corrupting the minds of the rising generation with dangerous and un-American ideas. They are a pitiful crowd of toad-eating parvenues, who have the impudence to assume airs of superiority, not because of worth, not because of honest birth, but because of relationship, real or fancied, to a rotten royalty which seeks to turn back the car of progress with its blasphemous plea of "divine right." In the five published "pedigrees" before me, I find the names of several of the most notorious rascals Europe has known in 500 years, and I also find the names of nearly a dozen shameless harlots. What must we think of American women who will boast descent from debased panders and flagrant bawds? I would advise these female title-worshipers and toad-eaters that before again publishing their pedigrees they send their family trees to a careful student of history for a little pruning, for if the lists before me be correct the fateful bar-sinister, or "bastard-bar," rests upon the escutcheon of all five families.

* * *

THE AGE OF POISON.

BY JOHN A. MORRIS.

IF Adolph Luetgert, of Chicago, is proven guilty of having made sausage-meat of his wife's body, Cæsar Lombroso will have another type of "degeneration," as Max Nordau would call it, to study. The last of this kind which he had was Anna Jungnitsch, a German woman, who killed her old "dad," pickled his body and had eaten part of same ere she was discovered. It is curious, but atavism and return to barbaric and cannibal conditions seems before us. Then, again, the question of the disemployed which presses hard just now for solution, may be solved by the

Leutgertian method. In other words, kill off half of the disemployed and make sausage-meat of them in order to feed the other half. I know such ideas are repugnant to refined and fastidious taste, but in all sincerity I ask, what is the world coming to?

Anent the proposition of druggists selling poisons to purchasers, forced by the necessity of cold-blooded competition so to do, there comes to light the startling fact that there are now microbe sellers in New York City, in which the bacilli of deadly diseases are sold to people for criminal and murderous purposes. If that is the case,—and everything evidences such conclusion—the sellers of such are far safer from the arms of justice than those who sell such vulgar poisons as “rough on rats,” arsenic, strychnine, etc., for there is less risk (and danger of exposure) attached to selling a dozen of this class of poisons than there is in selling one dose of the former—in one word, *it is free trade in murder!* It would be simply impossible to reach the seller until the buyer is caught—a thing not likely to happen. The severest punishments were unable, during the middle ages, to restrain the sale of poisons. So it will be now just as soon as the criminally inclined see how much easier it is to do murder according to the laws of scientific crime than against them.

And now some of our legislative freaks are thinking (so it is said) of passing a law in which divorces will not be so easy to obtain; but as custodians at present exist, if separation cannot be brought about by legal and judicial process *it can—and will—by the process of death!* And in the next few years many unhappy wives will rid themselves of obnoxious husbands and miserable husbands will cause the death of shrewish women and vinegary-tongued companions. It is not pleasant to write such things, but *the age of poison is upon us!*

The life of civilization is similar to that of an individual; birth, growth, maturity, old age, decay and death; and the life of our civilization is nearing its end. All the indications point that way. In the last days of the Roman Empire conditions were strikingly similar to what they are to-day; suicides, insanity, poisonings, the lust for blood, gladiatorial contest (pugilistic encounters), the combating of lions with men, etc., etc. In one year 170 Roman women had poisoned their husbands to make room for others more solid in their affections. Three hundred years ago an old woman named Tofana invented a famous liquid called after her *aqua tofana*, and she was the means of poisoning 600 persons through its use. The *aqua tofana* or "water of divorce" found most ready sale amongst young wives who desired to be rid of their husbands.

It is said that the old Roman fortune-teller, Spara, sold an infallible draught known for two centuries as the manna of St. Nicola, and later as *aqua di perugia*, which was the means of sending some six or seven hundred persons over the good old river Jordon during the first few decades of its existence. One of its ingredients is said to have been the saliva of a human being made mad by tickling the soles of his feet, and the foam from a rabid dog's tongue. During the consulates of Marcellus and Valerius 170 matrons of the best families in Rome prepared the poison-cup for husbands, lovers, parents, children and feminine rivals. The art of poisoning extended its influence and became a fashionable study. Juvenal warns the parents of Rome that "their daughters will speedily be presented with the death-cup, or perhaps strangled in the night, if their husbands, who are bound to them by such slender ties, are to gain a legacy at their decease." He admonishes the "husband to be careful how he partakes of the meats

dressed by his wife; the son to refrain, if possible, from the dainties prepared by the mother."

The removal of stepsons by poisons was an everyday occurrence, and Pontia, the wife of Drymis, deliberately poisoned her own children and then committed suicide. The Empress Cesonia administered a deadly drug to her uncle, and successfully poisoned all those who incurred her enmity, including many of the most prominent people of the day—senators and knights and men of noble blood. This crime pervaded every rank of society, from the crowned head to the slave, and neither palace nor hovel was safe. The following piece of news shows to a certain extent the hideousness of the rites of the Bacchanal:

"Seven thousand persons of both sexes, the highest aristocracy, mixed with the vilest of the populace, forming a vast affiliation devoted to murder and infernal debauchery, exists. There are whispers of mysterious poisonings; of strange rites mingling with these horrors to concentrate them. They are spoken of and said to occur daily without anything transpiring except the frequency of assassination, and of domestic poisonings."

Catharine de Medici, an historic poisoner of the middle ages, carried her accomplishments in this art to France, where she became the Queen of Henri II. She introduced a host of Italian hair dressers and officers of the toilet, astrologers, fortune-tellers and faithful attendants. By the gift of poisoned gloves she murdered Jeanne d'Albret, the mother of Henri IV. During this age of debauchery and licentiousness the fear of poisoning was universal. Princes, lords and dukes compelled their *maitres de hotel* to test every dish, and in many houses a cup made of rhinoceros-horn was used to detect the presence of poison

by changing its color, just as the Venetia glass shattered when deadly poisoned wine was poured into it. But the climax of the poisoner's art was reached among the ancient Hindoos, a peculiar feature of their civilization being the *puellae-veneficae*, or poison maidens—young women immured from their birth to the digestion of poison. Fascinating to gaze upon, graceful and bewitching in their charms, *their kiss was death*. So we have it to-day; the assassin is with us, the maniac is with us, the suicide is with us, the prostitute is with us, the pyromaniac is with us, the poisoner is with us, the highwayman and the bandit are here. Crime flourishes, incendiarism prevails, suicides increase; and the poison-cup is soon to be lifted to our lips. Christian civilization will soon bid good-night to life and die, murdered, assassinated, poisoned through its own sins, vices, insanities and crimes, for "the wages of sin is death!" But let black-robed Death take that which is its own, while new-born Life may usher into being in the dim beauty of mystic futurity another civilization, purer, grander, nobler, better—a civilization when *justice* shall be the watchword and the motto, and not as now, Gold, gold, gold!

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 14, 1897.

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SALMAGUNDI.

AT a little after midnight on March 6 the Associated Press suddenly discontinued its service to the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, and since that date the news feature of the paper has improved about 50 per cent. The space formerly filled by the A.P.A.'s unutterable hogwash has been filled by short and intelligently written accounts of events of current interest. The *Inter-Ocean* has been blessedly free

from dispatches telling of obscure murders and accidents to people of no importance whatever. The cablegrams printed have been genuine cablegrams, not flapdoodle cooked up in the New York office of the Associated Press and foisted upon a gullible public by Melville E. Stone, champion fakir and all around ass. The most grasping news agency, the most impudent news agency, and the most incompetent news agency in the history of the world is this same Associated Press. When you see a newspaper man working for it you need look for no further proof that he is unable to hold a job anywhere else. The best and brightest journal on the American continent is the New York *Sun*, and the *Sun* is a paper which refuses to handle the Associated Press rot under any circumstances.

Morgan of Alabama, otherwise known as "the Cave of the Winds," announces that Hawaii will be annexed by joint resolution. Mr. Morgan says that the possession of those islands will enable America to control the Nicaraguan canal. For ten years Mr. Morgan has been an ardent advocate, in season and out of season, of the Nicaraguan canal. He is the author of the bill authorizing this government to guarantee a trifling issue of \$100,000,000 by the company which has the concession for constructing the canal. At the head of this company is Warner Miller, of New York, and a bigger rascal never made a tract. Mr. Morgan, of Alabama, is not so poor as he once was. I have never been able to understand why the people of Alabama, having these facts at their fingers' ends, do not arise and kick Morgan into interstellar space.

Salisbury has backed down once more and allowed French soldiers on the Niger to terrorize him into peace at

any price. England has won her position among the nations of the world by the strong hand and she can keep it only by the strong hand. The excuse is made for the cowardly prime minister that Victoria has told him she will never again sign a declaration of war, but it is no excuse at all. The Queen can be forced to sign a declaration whenever she has a strong ministry. The truth is that Salisbury has no confidence in the rotten British military system, wherein generals are made by birth and not by merit. While a war is absolutely necessary to the integrity of his nation, he has not the nerve to bring it on. Times are changed since the days of D'Israeli and the treaty of Berlin. Salisbury and Bill McKinley are the two most prominent possessors of India rubber backbones in the world to-day.

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American papers are filled with weird editorials about the degeneracy of France, but they have nothing to say of the degeneracy of Germans. France, it is true, has been thrown into childish passion by the Dreyfus incidents, but Germany has forsaken the pipe for the cigarette. If there is any stronger evidence of mental and moral decadence, I do not know where to look for it. In 1892 Germany manufactured and consumed 152,000,000 cigarettes—and such cigarettes! In 1897 it manufactured and consumed 1,200,000,000 cigarettes—and such cigarettes! In five years the consumption of cigarettes—and such cigarettes—has increased in Germany nearly tenfold. There is hope for a man who lives on sausage and active cheese. There is hope for him when he washes them down with sour wine and beer. There is no hope for him when he lives on sausage and active cheese and washes them down with sour wine and beer and follows his inhuman repast with cigar-

ettes—and such cigarettes! With a box of German-made cigarettes in every household and a soldier under the orders of a crazy king just outside the door, Hans is in a bad way.

It is not necessary to direct the attention of the public to the work of the Washington correspondents during the Maine excitement. That work has commanded attention, but not respect. They have not sent out one legitimate story. Their dispatches have been pitiful in lack of force and sequence. They have busily wired rot, and nothing but rot. The lie of the Washington correspondent is harmless, because it is so clumsy and so transparent that everyone knows it is a lie. I cannot understand why every paper that pays a salary to one of those nuisances does not promptly fire him and obtain the services of some man not too lazy to walk after the news when it is waiting for him. The truth is that after a year in the capital the correspondent becomes worthless for anything save to sit in Gerstenberg's beer doggery and guzzle. The Washington journalist is five parts asinine conceit and five parts alcohol. With him wind-jamming takes the place of leg-work. His business in life is to "predict." He is a wearisome animal. In all that horde of inable pensioners upon newspaper bounty I know of but one who during the past month has earned credit for himself and reflected it upon his paper. That is the Hon. Charles Aurungzebe Edwards, of the Poston Houst. He has confined himself strictly to statement of the facts that the Maine was blown up in some manner and by some persons not yet explained or identified.

Yale college is considerably wrought up just now by the fact that it has no professor competent to teach its stu-

dents English. It should be more wrought by the fact that it has no one to teach its students to be gentlemen. The dastardly insults flung at Mr. Bryan by these college cadts are evidence enough that there is something radically wrong with the university. I believe that the occurrence would have been impossible in any college of the South—Baylor barred. At least, I hope it would.

There is a man named Parker in Kentucky who, at the age of 83, is developing a third set of teeth. He is, of course, one of the snibel service feeders at the public crib. These people never die and they wear out a half-dozen sets of grinders in time.

* * *

WASHINGTON'S WICKEDNESS.

BY JUNIUS.

ONCE upon a time a man named Bogey, who held a minor position in the treasury department at Washington, foolishly wrote a novel called "In Office," and still more foolishly put his name on the back of it. This novel gave a reasonably faithful picture of Washington life, and the result of it was that Bogey lost his job. As we have had the governmental investigations of pretty much everything else, it is time that we had a governmental investigation of the lives of congressmen in relation to feminine appointments at the national capital. That was what Bogey's book was about, and it told the truth in a crude way. We will not have the governmental investigation, of course, because the investigation would have to be ordered and authorized by congress. However idiotic that may be in most things, our representatives are not going to break

their own necks. The daily press might handle the matter fittingly, but the daily press investigates nothing it is not paid to investigate, and attacks nothing whose counter-attacks may affect its revenue. Sexual relations in Washington, however, are the most gigantic scandal of the time. They are so well understood there that they excite only a passing comment, and that of the smiling kind. There is not a matron in Washintgon, there is not a girl more than sixteen years old who does not know that hundreds of women draw salaries from the government because they are the mistresses of Congressmen, or other men with influence with the appointing power. One meets them everywhere. Some of them are received into the most exclusive social circles, merely because there has been no esclandre. Others move in lower spheres. All, however, are promptly on hand at their respective desks at 9.30 in the morning and do no work until 4 p.m., when they are dismissed for the day. The wages of their sin run from \$50 to \$120 a month. The bargain that they make is deliberate. In many cases its details are unfolded to them before they leave their homes in the far west, or south, or north. They go to Washington with their eyes open. There is no seduction about it. They agree calmly to surrender their bodies to individual prostitution in return for a place on the government payrolls and a residence in the capital, which, for most women who know nothing about it, has a powerful attraction. It is a brutal thing, but it exists. Not infrequently, one congressman will have a half dozen of such appointees scattered about the departments. This highly American method of keeping a harem at government expense has been common in Washington for more than fifty years, but it has obtained its present Augean proportions only since the war. It is increasing instead of decreasing, and, as said before, has come to be a matter of

course. It has one most villainous effect: There are plenty of good women in Washington who hold government positions and they suffer for the sins of their frailer sisters. A hundred congressional mistresses among the fifteen hundred female employees of the treasury department tinge the reputation of the whole. "Who is Mrs. So-and-so's senator?" is asked, and possibly the name of some gray-bearded goat is given. She may be a woman who would lay down her life for her honor, but the nod and beck and wreathed smile go round. The superintendent of the next census has been named. I do not recall him, but the man for the place has been selected. It remains to be seen how he will run his department. The census bureau which compiled the statistics for 1890 was the talk of Washington. Porter was its head. The building is located on Ninth Street, between D and F, and at that time contained something like 500 women. Its establishment was regarded as a blessed thing by congressmen who had a number of women on hand whom they could not debauch unless places were found for them, and all the places in the departments were used up. In the census bureau "worked," or rather loafed, the mistresses of many congressmen and the mistresses of newspaper men who wrote puffs for the congressmen. Those who know Washington know that the chances are a hundred to one in favor of a repetition of this outrage. The correspondents of the dailies do not handle these matters for obvious reasons. Their dispatches would not be printed if they did. They would succeed only in getting themselves out of influential and paying positions. Now and then somebody in Washington who can write, or thinks he can write, turns crazy, as Bogey turned crazy, and is bounced off the face of the earth, as Bogey was bounced. It goes without saying that if any daily paper should establish a corps of corres-

pondents at the capital with instructions to smite and spare not, its circulation would touch the million mark. Such a force, and only such a force, could purify Washington. It would be necessary only to give undoubted facts, with names and dates. But it will never be done.

* * *

SALMAGUNDI.

A good many people are objecting to the publication of Charles A. Dana's war reminiscences in one of the American magazines. The only objection is based on the fact that even at this late day a lot of bum generals who have been posing as heroes for three decades are having the truth told about them. There can be no doubt that when on earth Charles A. Dana was the most vicious old woman that ever wore a flannel petticoat and held the world responsible for her toothache, but he saw things clearly when with the Federal armies, he made notes of all he saw and it is refreshing to go through them and find out things. I wish only that he had written more and published earlier.

Chicago's cosmopolitan character is proven by the records, which show that within its limits the arrests for drunkenness last year included 29 Indians, 18 Algerians, 12 Turks, 15 Finns, 519 Greeks, and 55 Welshmen. It should be stated as a matter of duty to the flag of the free heart's only home, by angel hands to valor given, that not any one of these foreigners was so drunk as the thirty-odd thousand Americans run in. In the little matter of bestiality we do not take off our hats to any nation on earth.

• • •

The withdrawal of Mr. Mills does not leave the field open to Chollie Boy Culberson, it is pleasant to know. Texas has other men competent to represent her in the highest legislative hall of the land, and it will not be absolutely necessary to send on as a sample of statesmanship a man who has been outside of the State but seldom and then needed a guardian. Stopping prize fights is not the whole duty of a United States Senator, and if Chollie Boy has ever done anything else specially noteworthy does not meet until January, and in the intervening time worthy the fact has been carefully hidden. The legislature I hope to see enough good men in the field to relegate Chollie Boy to his peculiar sphere of bar-room comedian and booze recitationist.

A Danbury doctor, which his name it is Watson, says that he has discovered a process by which the sex of a child may be prenataally determined; also he has found a way to produce either sex at will. I hope that he has also formulated a method by which the sex of a child may be definitely settled after it is born. There are things walking about the streets of Waco, and other streets, which excite grave doubts in well-regulated minds. They wear trousers, it is true, and sack-coats and vests and hard hats and mustaches, but whether they are male, female or neuter there is nothing in their actions or conversation to indicate. They have the female disposition to talk other people into trouble and the female unwillingness to fight. They have the female liking for tea-table gossip and the female hatred of straightforward dealing. They shudder at the **ICONOCLAST** and stoop down instinctively to gather their trousers tightly about the ankle when a mouse runs across the floor. If Dr. Watson has such a method and is willing to make personal examination of

these people, giving certificates of sex afterward, he can make money in Waco—and elsewhere.

I would like to call the attention of a lot of jawsmiths, who are standing on the street corners and blowing about whipping Spain when they ought to be at work, to the fact that this American navy about which they are so fluent and of which they predict so many impossibilities, is manned by sailors, one-half of whom are foreigners and negroes. I haven't any very high opinion of the remaining American half. I haven't any very high opinion of an American white man who, for a consideration of \$13 a month and board and lodging, will enter a service wherein he is forced to work with a negro on terms of equality, eat with him and sleep with him. In our army the negro is kept in regiments to himself, but this is not true of the navy. Some years ago, when the disaster to shipping in the harbor of Apia sent a thrill of horror through the civilized world, our newspapers were filled with accounts of how the crew of the foundering Trenton were gathered on her deck and, while the band played "the Star Spangled Banner," cheered the gaudy flag that streamed over their heads until their voices were hushed in death. Editors wept hysterical tears over this fake, while they wrote pretty things about it. Then along came a sordid soulless statistician who proved that the velocity of the wind was such that no flag could have floated in it more than one-fifth of a second. Along came another who proved that of the gallant cheering seamen more than half were Norwegians and Germans. Then the Associated Press fakir, who was sent down to Samoa from San Francisco, confessed that he had imagined the banner and band incident. It hadn't happened, he said, but it ought to have happened, and therefore he wrote it. The sailors of the

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SO. ORANGE, N. J.

Spanish navy and merchant marine all come from the Bay of Biscay, the roughest sheet of water in the world. There are no better seamen. Spanish ships are insured at Lloyd's in London, at 1 per cent. lower rate than are English ships. We are going to whip Spain all right, brethren, but we are not going to do it, to quote Mr. Fitzsimmons, "in a punch." We are not going to do it at all by holding up lamp posts and telling tales of the war between the States, when we used to eat fried man-meat and were the privy councilors of Grant or Lee.

The public is still kicking lustily about the "gate system" introduced in Texas by the "Katy" and the Southern Pacific. It is a red-tape nuisance that frequently keeps women and children standing in the rain. It prevents a man, who does not intend to be a passenger, assisting his wife and children on the cars and securing seats—he must part from them at the "gate." When they return he cannot join them in the car and assist them to alight. No matter how much a passenger is encumbered with parcels, he must go through himself for his ticket before the corporation will concede that he's got sufficient sense to know where he's going and possesses the price. The gate system is an insult to the intelligent traveler, a flagrant disregard of the convenience and comfort of the patron. And there is absolutely no reason why the travelling public should submit to the outrage—it has some rights which even a railway company can be compelled to respect. A railway is a common carrier, and anybody who has the price of passage is privileged to get on its cars. To do so without the price is a misdemeanor which may be punished, and the company has no right to assume that a man is about to commit the offense and inquire into the matter in advance. Refuse

to show your ticket until seated in the cars, and then show it only to the servant of the company authorized to take it up. If the traveling public refrains from teaching these impudent corporations their proper place it deserves to be insulted.

The Memorial Baptist church of Greenville, N. C., sometime ago adopted a resolution to the effect that "hereafter any members of the church who shall be guilty of dancing, either at a private house or public place, shall be excluded from membership." The Memorial Baptist church has not yet issued a bull against lying, thieving or fornication; but perchance it regards these as venial faults while dancing is a grievous sin.

508 Channing Ave., St. Louis.

MR. BRANN: Who and what were the original Saxons. My partner calls himself a Saxon, and says they are the pure English, y'know.

M. CONNOLLY.

The Saxons were a Low German tribe that dwelt at and near the mouth of the Elbe about 1,600 years ago. How they happened to get there nobody knows, but from the coldness of their blood and the sluggishness of their brain I opine that they evolved from the oyster. They wandered over into France and got licked; then into Normandy and got some more of the same. Then Charlemagne conquered their country, shoved the Christian religion down their goozles with the business end of a club and persuaded them to take a bath. They migrated to South Britain and got the stuffing kicked out of them by William the Conqueror. The Saxons appear never to have been worth much either in peace or war. In England they amalgamated with the Goths, Frisians, Danes, Souwegians, Scan-

diwegians, Norse pirates, Fuzzywuzzies, Norman, Kelts and the riff-raff of thugs and thieves who had left the continent for the continent's good, and incidentally to save their worthless necks. Your "true born Englishman" is an ethnological olla-podrida composed of the rag-tail and bob-tail of all God's universe. Many Americans proudly call themselves Anglo-Saxons, which were equivalent to saying that they are Dutch Dutchmen, for the Angels and Saxons were the same breed of dogs and neither was worth a damn. There are a few pure-blood Saxons still existing in Transylvania, but elsewhere they have mixed with other tribes or races until they know not where they are "at" from an anthropological standpoint. If I had a partner who was a pure-blood Saxon I'd nail all the movables fast to the floor and keep to the windward side of him in warm weather.

A correspondent wants to know of Margaret L. Shepherd, now delivering anti-Romanist lectures, was ever a nun. I cannot say positively, as it is impossible to keep tab on every prostitute who goes cavorting about "exposing the confessional" in alleged lectures that are five parts lies and other half low licentiousness. I do know, however, that "Father" Chiniquy indorses her, and that "Father" Chiniquy is a lying blackguard and a foul beast. I know that she is an A.P.A. evangel, and I have never yet seen one of that profession who wouldn't do anything under heaven for a dollar. I would advise gentlemen who want the minds of their wives and daughters supercharged with filth that this can be done in the tommy-joints of almost any town much cheaper than by "escaped nuns" who lecture to "ladies only."

Bill McKinley's home is Columbus, O., and Bill is the

“advance agent of progress and prosperity”—albeit he seems to be a long ways ahead of his show. The following excerpt from a letter to the *Icon*., dated at Columbus, March 10, might furnish the country food for reflection were it not so worked up over the war: “A party of sight-seers while visiting the penitentiary recently, noticed that in the rear of the kitchen a crowd of ill-clad people, mostly women and children, were struggling, pushing, almost fighting. Investigation proved that they were struggling to secure the scraps thrown out from the tables of the convicts!” Does it not appear a damning shame that in this country honest people are so impoverished that they will fight for the foul scraps which even criminals refuse? And Columbus boasts of her costly churches! And the Republicans are in power! And we have a high tariff to “protect us from the pauper labor of Europe” and “sound money” to keep our blessed millionaires from going bump!

A few of the Catholic papers and priests of this country appear disposed to temporize with Spain, presumably because that country is Catholic. Such papers and priests are a disgrace to their nation and a foul blot upon their church. Were there many of them, then indeed would there be excuse for the existence of the A.P.A.; but fortunately these religious bigots and political mongrels are the exception and not the rule. This is not a question of religion, but of national honor, and to their everlasting credit be it said that the great mass of American Catholics are anxious to take up arms in defense of their country's flag. Even the Catholic religion, powerful as it is, is unable to make of Spain aught but an unwholesome conglomeration of impudent beggars and crummy bawds. The Pope himself cannot make a silk purse of the ear of

a mangy sow. Rev. J. O'Connor, a Jesuit priest of Cincinnati, voiced Catholic-American sentiment when he declared that for the cowardly destruction of our sailors Spain would have to pay life for life.

* * *

THE GOLD BRICK GAME.

BY A DEMMY-REP.

I ENJOY the way the ICONOCLAST rubs it in on us Palmer Dems. and trust to its sense of fairness to allow a few words of explanation. You see there were some of us up here who suspected both the old parties of attempting to sell us a political gold brick, and later events would suggest that one of them succeeded admirably in doing so. We didn't have any more confidence in free silver as a universal panacea for our ills than we did in the tariff. We strongly suspected that, by turning down silver for a while and thus stimulating the relative production of gold, more would be done towards restoring the ancient ratio than by all the direct legislation that could be enacted. The chemist and the silver miner together had so far out-run the gold producers as to threaten an upset of the financial system of the world—based on fetich though it is.

“God moves in a mysterious way,” (and that's no joke) and through the medium of such imperfect instruments as Cleveland, Sherman, the New York bankers et al., silver was thrown down in its last great stronghold, the United States, from the artificial position it had been maintained in for some years, to one which involves some temporary hardships to its producers. This is, however, a necessary penalty of most reforms, they being in general merely swings of the pendulum from one extreme to the other.

With silver cut from under their feet, the capitalist, prospector, metallurgist and chemist turned their attention toward the supreme financial idol of man, and what with the developments of processes for working low-grade ores, which we possess in plenty, and the discoveries in the Klondike, there would seem to be ground for a reasonable hope that gold will be plenty enough and cheap enough to settle the silver question in a natural and rational way.

As for the tariff, the Democrats themselves have demonstrated that we cannot yet escape from protection and favoritism in the levying of duties for the maintenance of the general government. A horizontal tariff with theoretically equal burdens and benefits, seems to be out of the question, because neither politicians nor people will have it, so it matters but little which doctor administers the medicine, if it is to be quinine anyhow. Protection means but little to American labor as soon as home competition has time to develop and as long as we have free immigration. This matter of limiting immigration is a delicate one, too, when the best of us need only go back four or five generations to find ourselves immigrants and usurpers. An appeal to the principle of the survival of the fittest furnishes about the only tenable ground for such a move, and, even at that, it is rather egotistical to set ourselves up as the only real thing in sight. Possibly we might make this do though by covering it with a layer of the right of self-preservation. These same principles together with that of the greatest good to the greatest number within our borders, must eventually apply to the solution of the trust question. There are some feathers of corporation and consolidation which we can hardly afford to lose, but whenever they trench too far on the sacred rights of the citizen their steps must be retraced and that in all haste. The time is not far now, for trusts have few

friends outside their direct beneficiaries. The best reason I know why the trusts prosper and are fully protected is because they invariably reward their servants in legislative halls and on the bench much better than the people do. This is a selfish and utilitarian age and our public servants (so-called) do not seem to be as anxious that glory be their bed as that they may accumulate houses and lots and sugar trust certificates. When an honorable judge receives an anonymous package containing a good fat roll, he feels sure that a lot of striking workingmen would not send it, and it comes in such a quiet, unobtrusive way that nobody is liable to catch on when it makes a strike against an arbitrary and despotic management appear to him as a conspiracy against the public peace. Then again, his course can be made still plainer by sending among the strikers some so-called detective whose real object is to incite the men to what the honorable court calls "overt acts," and thus put themselves at once without the pale of legal protection and public sympathy. Therefore, the dear public must make it worth while before they can expect to hold their own with the trusts.

Pittsburg, Pa., September 4th.

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The *Phila. Inquirer*, a sleepy Republican sheet, wakes up long enough to offer cash prizes to the heelers who round up the most votes for the g.o.p. in the forthcoming state election. The *Inquirer* has the correct idea: Republican success depends upon boodle, upon men who are Republicans only for boodle. It is solely a question of dollars and cents. In hiring heelers to "save the country" the *Inquirer* is but imitating Mark Hanna. Americans must indeed be proud to herd with a party whose very news-

papers ignore logic, spit upon patriotism and appeal to the baser instincts of *hoi polloi* with a loaded purse.

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STORY OF THE OUTRAGED BROWN.

BY THE COLONEL.

ALLOW me to direct the disengaged attention of ICONOCLAST readers to the case of the Rev. C. O. Brown. The Rev. C. O. Brown is filling up a good deal of the Chicago eye just now—an eye that is veiled by coal-smoke and blurred by cinders and dulled by brick detritus and such things and does not see clearly, as a rule. It shall be my endeavor to focus it upon the Rev. C. O. Brown so that it shall see him as he is and understand him as he should be understood.

The Rev. C. O. Brown is, or was, a minister of the Lord. It has been his duty to guard the souls of a flock, to shield them from the temptation, to lead them into the paths they should tread, to fight the devil for them, to make easier and more plain the road to heaven, to instruct them in the law, to aid them in every way to lead an upright, sober, God-fearing, self-respecting just and honorable life. It was his duty to do these things by precept and example.

Graduated from one of the theological seminaries which Ingersoll has aptly termed “the storm centers of ignorance,” having that little learning which is a dangerous thing, lusty of body and filled with the pride of the flesh, he was made the pastor of a flock and settled down to the business of taking maidens by the hand and leading them into the cool retreats of religion. He talked with the men, of course, but his great business lay with the maidens. They needed a great deal more saving. Six days in the

week he labored with them, telling them of the vanities of ribbons and crinoline and on the seventh day he pounded the pulpit cushions mightily. Preaching from such texts as "The wages of sin is death," and "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" he became noted as a light in the land, a cresset set upon a hill. Eventually he married one of the maidens. No man knows why. His reason is hidden. Certainly there was no cause for that man of God to buy a cow when milk was so cheap, but he did it. The motive that swayed him may be found in the fact that it made him solid with the congregation, with the paying part of it, that is. With the petticoated part he was already solid. They said he was the most helpful, soothing, consoling, uplifting, exalting, enthusiastic, untiring, energetic follower of the lamb they had ever encountered. The business of raising a family interfered with the business of saving maidens, but only temporarily. He resumed it with his old earnestness after awhile and was more of a success at it then ever.

The Rev. C. O. Brown occupied a paying pastorate in the city of San Francisco. When this is said, the arduous nature of his duties will be understood. It may be in the climate, or in the water, it may be the contrast between sky-scraping mountain and lowly plain, it may be the food they eat or the wine they drink, it may be one or a dozen of things, but it is certain that the maidens of the coast need more saving than the maidens of any other portion of the world. I think myself that it is due largely to the fact that they are in great part the descendants of the women who went to California in the very early days, the camp followers and Doll Tearsheets who were with the great army of invasion that breasted the Rockies and poured down their western sides in a torrent of profanity and muscle. Be that as it may, the maids of that land

are full-bosomed, broad-hipped and springy of step. They have deep voices, fine hair and the red blood comes and goes darkly under their clear skins. In the evening when the lamps are lighted their eyes swim sensuously and their rounded arms are held enticingly to the wayfarer. I know of no country where "Tom Jones" would have been more at home or where Silenus would have found life more worth the living. It was the business of the Rev. C. O. Brown to correct all this of course and, equally as a matter of course, he did his best.

It came to pass in the course of years that certain members of the Brown congregation began to look upon him with glances of suspicion. Some of the converted maidens, it may be, told tales. Certain others may have displayed an embonpoint not to be accounted for wholly by the notoriously good food of the coast capital. Sisters who had passed the age when it pays a minister to do his best to save them may have been moved by a petty jealousy. Some male member who may have seen his sister and his daughter and his aunt and several of his feminine cousins saved may have objected to salvation confined too much to one family or he may have felt competent to do all the saving that his wife needed himself. Anyhow, grave scandals began to infect the air. They had Brown for a target. For a little while they were whispered. Then they were spoken. Then they were shouted. They reached his ears. They reached the ears of his wife. They reached the ears of the elders. He treated them with scorn. He said that never a saint had walked the earth without miring his shoon. He said that he had spent many years of his life in saving them from the clutches of the devil and now they were prepared to rend their saviour. He said that even as Christ the Redeemer was crucified by the Jews so was he, Brown the shepherd, being butted sorely by his

flock. He said a good many other things, but not enough to stop a sort of court of inquiry. Unfortunately for Brown the proofs were too strong. He had been among them too long. His methods of salvation were too well known. The long tails of his clerical coat could not hide his sturdy, stumpy, bowed legs. The high clerical collar could not hide the bull neck. He was built too much like a Creole stallion. He has a rolling eye and it rolls always in the direction from which comes the rustle of a gown. He was tried and convicted and bounced, protesting his innocence to the last. It is said that his last sermon was a masterpiece of frantic lying. I don't doubt it. He left the coast and since then, I presume, its maidens have not been saved at all, or have been compelled to put up with an inferior brand of grace.

It is a long way from San Francisco to Chicago and Brown came here. Strange as it may seem the verdict of the people who knew him well in California was disregarded and he was given the pastorate of the Green Street Congregational church in this city. In the eyes of this congregation he was an outraged man, one who had been stoned by the rabble and it really could not do enough for him. The Chicago maiden, it should be remarked in passing, also needs a good deal of saving in the course of a year, and while the rewards were not exactly up to the standard to which he had been accustomed on the coast, Brown was measurably satisfied. That he gave satisfaction goes without saying. He had been here about two years and had preached many of his moving sermons in which he denounced lechery and upheld the sanctity of a sexless life, when the avengers who had been upon his trail since his expulsion from San Francisco burst upon him and talked him up some more. If there is one thing more than another that marks the Californian for a mean

man, it is his unwillingness to forgive and forget a trifling injury of the kind Brown was accustomed to inflict. At a recent conference of the godly of the Congregationalists so great was the pressure brought to bear, and so overwhelming the proof brought forward to maintain the claim that the history of his church is able to boast but few ministers of his competency and potency, that he confessed and asked only that he be allowed to retire into some hole and think it all over. It was granted, with the proviso that he come out only once a year to look at his shadow. This conclusion having been reached, the public felicitated itself that it had got rid of Brown, but it did not know its man. He began writing letters to the press, telling how he had fallen from grace and felt himself unworthy to arise on Sunday and instruct people in the way of the godly, but that he hoped by a long life of remorse and penitence to atone in part for the crime of his commission and to cleanse the name of Brown from its besmirchment. He did not despair, even, that in time he might be found worthy in the eyes of the Master and in the hereafter might sit upon the edge of a damp cloud with his legs dangling over and thumb a harp with the best of them. These lugubrations were followed in a few days by others in which it was declared that while he felt no more right to wear the robes of a minister, he intimated that he might dress in a sackcoat and turn-down collar and herd souls in that garb. Later on came the declaration that a ministerial charge, in some far-away spot, out of the glare of the city's electric lights and undisturbed by the roar of traffic, some peaceful pastoral spot that had maidens to be saved and a decent salary attached would be about his size. Last came the declaration, as was to have been expected, that the Green Street Chicago church was good enough for him and he meant to hold on to it. This he has been doing for some

weeks. His congregation, knowing him to be a self-confessed and lecherous rascal, has gone to hear him each Sunday, listening to his expounding of the Book of Books and exhortations to them to lead a better life.

Yesterday the Chicago Association of Congregational Churches met in the Y. M. C. A. rooms and adopted resolutions firing Brown, body, boots and breeches, clear over the battlements and into the moat, where the unbelievers wallow. Brown and his family and twenty members of his congregation were on hand. The bell wether of the herd got up and read a telegram from Brown, sent recently from 'Frisco, in which he asked that his name be dropped from membership as he had 'fessed up and was no more worthy to be called their shepherd. Brown got up and said that he took all of that back. Somebody suggested that he was a little late. "If you think you can take my congregation away from me," said Brown, "just try it." It will be tried. Mrs. Brown said that such proceedings made more infidels than Ingersoll. Brown's two sons glared around with an intimation that they were able to lam the immortal soul out of anybody who said that popper was not as pure as the driven snow. Brown got the floor again and said that the *Advance*, edited by the Rev. Adams, subsisted upon blackmail drawn from other members who, it is presumed, have also been saving maidens. Dr. Adams did not say anything. Brown added that he would be heard from again. So the disgraceful scene closed. Up to latest advices the confessed debaucher was still pastor of the Green street church, still occupying its pulpit and still administering the sacrament.

Now and then, dear brothers in the world, the flesh and the devil, a Roman Catholic priest, young, lusty and devoted by his vows to utter celibacy, goes wrong. He meets a woman and loves her as Gerard the son of Elias loved

Margaret, and the temptation proves too strong for him. When this happens the world rings with the scandal of it. Pin-headed Baptists take a fresh grip on the English language and whirl it around. Methodist ministers, lean, lanky, lantern-jawed, blear-eyed and weak-kneed because of camp-meeting devotions howl against the church of Rome. Every preacher of every little, snarling, two-by-ten Protestant sect between the mountains and the sea takes his turn at dencouncing the Pope as anti-Christ and the Eternal Church as the Scarlet Whore of Babylon. They roll the precious morsel under their tongues and spit obscenity disguised as religion until the slime of it clings to the broadcloth and laces of their listeners. Many years ago, when a child in the far southland I love so well, yellow fever epidemics were of almost annual occurrence. Then, brothers in the world, the flesh and the devil, I saw the priests come up the great river in the steamers, bound for the stricken districts. Young, bright-eyed, fresh-faced boys from France, unacclimated, strangers in a strange land, they went to their deaths as gayly as ever a bridegroom with a singing heart found his way to the chamber of his love. They nursed the sick, and gave the sacred oil to the dying, and held before their failing eyes the cross upon which Jesus suffered, and pointed ever upward to the path of light, and fondled the pitifully clinging fingers of those deserted by family and friends, and died like sheep and rotted unburied in the pestilential air. I have seen the pure, patient, dove-eyed Sisters of Charity dead on the streets of those ruined cities, but never saw I yet a Protestant minister of any denomination whatsoever in the lair of the yellow King of Terrors.

To you and me, brothers in the world, the flesh and the devil, deeds speak more loudly than words. We look upon the wine cup when it is red, we bet our money upon the

supposed fact that one horse can run faster than any other horse, we endeavor disastrously to make three deuces bigger than four jacks, we go to the theater and buy oysters and beer for the soubrette when the play is ended, and we are never in a church, except when a friend marries or dies, but we take off our hats in the street when we pass one of the black-robed men or women who are the servants of the church that embraces the world. We do not lift our hats to the Rev. C. O. Brown and the gospel shell-workers of his kidney.

Chicago, February 15, 1898.

* * *

PURELY PERSONAL.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, the greatest ass since the demise of Elliot F. Shepherd, is down in Mexico blowing through his big bazoo what he doesn't know about the people of the West and South. He says that the people of these sections want war because it may force the government to coin more silver. What they really want is a blind jackass that can give bond to kick Charles Dudley Warner's seldom brains over a forty acre field.

The unexpected has happened—the *Gal-Dal News*, after the expenditure of \$10,000 for composition, has converted one free standard man to the gold-standard lunacy, and celebrates the event in a column editorial—is evidently as much surprised as anybody else. His name is Bill Smith and his habitat is Houston. I'll wager four dollars that Bill Smith couldn't find either end of himself in the dark. Had he been a man with as much brains as an infant oyster he would never have dallied fifteen minutes with the editorial page of the *Gal-Dal*. Poor Litre Billee Schmidt!

Wonder if it could get trusted at the corner grocery for a pound of soap? But come to think of it, a man who could be convinced of anything by the *Gal-Dal's* "arguments" couldn't find the corner grocery even with the aid of a guide. And if the grocer made him a present of a pound of soap the poor fool would doubtless take it internally.

Rev. G. E. Morrison, late of California, formerly of Texas and pretty much everywhere else, is wanted by the officials of Topeka, Kan., for murder, and \$100 is offered for his apprehension. As Morrison was a fervent A.P.A. apostle it is possible that Dr. Cranfill, Dr. Carroll or some other of the Texas Apes know the whereabouts of their erring brother, and while it is said that dog will not eat dog, I've never yet known Ape to refuse to eat Ape—for a consideration.

Judge John Barry of the city court of Atlanta, Ga., is, by his own confession, a cowardly, brutal cur. He recently assaulted Editor Stein of the *Looking Glass* in the dining-room of the Kimball House, that city, in the presence of a number of ladies, and kicked him in the face after he had him floored. In an interview Barry admitted having greeted Mr. Stein pleasantly as the latter sat at table, and to have then struck him without the slightest warning in the face with a heavy catsup bottle, rendering him *hors de combat*, after which he proceeded to pummel him with a pistol. Now what should be done with a critter of that kind? To hang him were to spoil good hemp, to shoot him were to lower the dignity of powder and lead, to knife him were driving honest steel into the rotten carcass of a cowardly coyote. Perhaps it were best to nail him by the ears to a black jack post, strip him stark naked, and have him whipped to death by a blue-gum nigger. He's a

parody on God's masterpiece, a damning disgrace to American manhood.

I note with unalloyed pleasure that "Hon." E. H. R. Green, of Terrell—which same is in Texas—continues to bob up serenely from time to time to inform the universe what Me'n McKinley propose to do with the southwestern apportionment of federal pie. The "Hon." Ezekiel Holofernes Rhohoboam Green is the son of "Aunt Hetty," a very nice old lady who probably never earned a dollar in her life, but has accumulated considerable of the "stuff" by the dishonest tricks of the stock exchange, and now lives on about \$14 a month that "Teddy" may have the wherewithal to play big politician in a contemptible nigger party that would steal the Throne of Grace and pawn it for money with which to buy the necessary votes to perpetuate its stolen power. It is very lucky for "Teddy" that he has a rich "maw," otherwise he might experience some difficulty in holding a job on the section at six-bits a day. He is an overgrown chump, with the mouth of a behemoth and the brain of a defunct bacillus, who has long been making the vermiform appendix of Texas tired with his noisy goose-gabble and pitiful posing. He's a great big bladder who would soon be hunting handouts should his "maw" go bump.

Holy John Wanamaker is perhaps the damnedest fraud and biggest humbug extant since the decease of P. T. Barnum. The difference between the two men is simply this: Barnum frankly confessed that he was a humbug, while Wanamaker poses as a consistent Christian. In 1895 Wanamaker violated the law of the land by discharging American salesmen and importing others under contract from England. In 1896 he made a great blow

about advancing the salaries of all his salesmen, when in reality he had only cut off their commissions on sales and given them in lieu about one-fourth of what they had been thus making. He used his influence to raise a corruption fund to elect Harrison and accepted a cabinet position as his reward for having aided in corrupting the ballot. He is now candidate for governor of Pennsylvania on the reform anti-Quay ticket, yet he was Quay's right bower in the latter's most daring schemes of political skullduggery. Should a poor man imitate the practices of John Wanamaker he would quickly land in the penitentiary. The Phil. papers know that he's corrupt to the heart's core, yet dare not expose him, because he's their heaviest advertising patron. He's the sweet-scented Sabbath school superintendent who once advertised in the Sunday morning papers, "Parisian thoughts are sewn in our underwear." A nice juicy old peach is Holy John.

I have it from pretty good authority that Chollie Boy Culberson, now rattling 'round in the gubernatorial chair of Texas like a navy bean in a tin wash-boiler, has been writing to his friends that he doesn't know why Brann "has it in for him," as he once loaned the said Brann \$25, which has never been repaid. If Gov. Culberson ever made such a statement he is a cowardly lying cur. I never borrowed a nickel of Culberson, nor do I owe one cent to any mortal son of Adam's misery. I was not aware that Culberson ever had a dollar to loan to anybody—supposed that the shoe-string gamblers and 40-year-old "chippies" kept him broke.

I note that Majah J. S. Grinnan, of Terrell, is for Chollie Boy Culberson for United States Senatah, sah. O what t'll! I s'pose that do settle it, for whenever the

majah steps on the eastern boundary of Texas the Rio Grande spills itself all over the trans-Pecos country. The majah and Chollie Boy make a fine mutual admiration society. What one doesn't know the other has forgotten, and it takes them both to make a well-ordered intellectual vacuum.

Rev. Edward S. Cross, an Episcopalian clergyman, general missionary for the church in New Mexico, with headquarters at San Marcial, appears to be playing a good second to Oscar Wilde, his countryman, in sexual perversity. His offenses against the canons of decency became so flagrant that it was not safe for him to remain in San Marcial, as he would doubtless have been presented with a beautiful coat of tar and feathers by indignant citizens. Bishop Jehosophat Melchizedek Kendrick, slightly known in Texas, appears to have given Cross a thin coat of whitewash and sent him East, where crimes of the kind to which he is addicted have become quite popular, so 'tis said among the Anglo-Maniacs.

A young juicy male ass named Norton, hailing from the city of blue spectacles, cerulean bellies and baked beans, has been telling the more grossly ignorant of the Dallas-ites, that "a million cases of hopeless disease" have been cured by Christian Science during the past ten years. Bosh. I'll give any Christian Scientist on earth \$100 to cure a simple case of gonorrhœa by their mumbo-jumbo monkey business. Those who preach Christian Science as a curative power are infernal frauds who ought to be put in the penitentiary or on the rock-pile, and those who believe in it are hopeless fools and should be sent to an idiot asylum. I'll bet my head—which is no great stake—that I can go out in this alleged land of intelligence and

sell a peck measure of the compost balls of tumble-bugs at a dollar a piece as amulets to ward off the "evil eye." Every critter caught preaching Christian Science should be stood on his head and shot full o' soapsuds with a horse syringe.

* * *

ANTHONY, THE ABOMINABLE.

BY WILL HUBBARD-KERNAN.

I DRIFTED into a New York restaurant one morning, and the first thing that caught my eye on entering was a big scarlet placard, on which was printed in bold, black type, the following injunction:

"Seek ye the Lord."

Just beneath this placard was another of the same size and style, which cautioned the patrons of the place to

"Look out for pickpockets."

Other mottoes in different parts of this up-to-date *café* read as follows: "Jesus is Mighty to Save," "Keep an Eye on Your Umbrella," and so on, mottoes in which a sentence from the scriptures always kept close company with a warning to the unwary. When I was out on the pavement again, I saw by the sign board that the place was presided over by one Dennett, better known to a lost and ruined world as "Angel Dennett," because of his *soi disant* holiness, sanctification, impeccability and all that sort o' thing. Had I known that he was the main guy of the concern I should certainly have gone further

for my matutinal meal even if I had fared worse, for notwithstanding his *cuisinerie* is beyond criticism, I don't want to be caught in the company of people who thrust their religion in my face, willy-nilly, nor in the company of people who may insinuate their hands into my pocket on the sly and relieve me of my purse. This man, Dennett, is the right bower of Anthony Comstock, or "Anthony the Abominable," as he has been called, and, like his master, is regarded with aversion unwhisperable by everyone who isn't saturated with the vicious virus of what Charles Reade calls "prurient prudery." Comstock would be too contemptible a caricature on humanity for even a little yaller dog of low degree to bark at, if he—Comstock, not the dog—stood alone; but, lackaday! he doesn't stand alone.

And who is this Comstock? I will tell you who he is. My attention was first attracted to him in 1873 or '74, when he caused the arrest of Mr. John A. Lant, who was at that time editing a paper in the interest of Citizen George Francis Train—the millionaire "Sage of Madison Square." Mr. Train was a Freethinker, and on one occasion he printed a column headed "Gems from the Bible" in his saucy and uncircumcized sheet. The "germs" consisted of several rather indelicate passages from the scriptures—passages that are never taken as texts, nor referred to in any way from the pulpit, and certainly are never read aloud in Sunday school. The result was that Comstock pounced upon Lant, jerked him up before a United States court, and succeeded in having him sent to a New York penitentiary for a term of eighteen months, on the charge of circulating obscene matter through the mails! Think of it, will you! Great printing houses all over the globe have sent, and still are sending out, millions of unpurgated Bibles to every clan and clime, until a copy of the

book can be found in almost every civilized household on our planet. It is the one book that churchmen think should be read by every man, woman and child who can read at all. It is the book that forms the corner-stone and key-stone of the Christian faith, and yet it was judicially proclaimed "obscene"—that is, it was inferentially so proclaimed, by the United States court that condemned Lant to a convict cell. Lant was very poor, was in feeble health, had a wife and children to support, yet Comstock and the gang of goody-goods back of Comstock—of whom the thin 8 x 7 President Hayes was one—were sufficiently powerful to stamp the brand of felon on the brow of the man who had dared to lay before his readers a few quotations from the Holy Word! Sounds like a lie, doesn't it? But it isn't a lie, for the records of the court are still in existence, and still open to the inspection of the public. If anyone desires to know more of this matter, let him drop a postal to the editor of the *Truth-Seeker*, New York City, and I have no doubt of what the reply will be. It was shown by the counsel for Lant that the Bible, as well as the unexpurgated writings of Chaucer, Smollet, Fielding, Dean Swift, Pope, Shakespeare, et al., contain erotic allusions that would put a Carrowgate trull to the blush; it was shown that no library, whether public or private, is considered complete that is minus these writings; but it was of no use. Lant, as I have stated, was sentenced to prison for a year and a half, and his little family were left to starve and die and rot for all that Comstock or his moral picaroons of the Praise-God-Barebones breed were known to care. Lant was by no means the first, nor has he been the last victim of Comstock. Men like Mr. Frank Sinclair, the well-known and worthy New York publisher, and other citizens of unquestioned probity in all the relations of life, have been dragged before the

courts by this Chadband—and made to pay the penalty of being fools enough to believe that they were free citizens of a free country. I stigmatize Comstock as a lascivious leper, and will tell you why: A few years ago he hired a brace of Pecksniffian curs to visit certain sinks of shame, see what they could see and report the result of their investigations at his headquarters. The holy hoodlums were only too happy to comply. They had been hankering with a big and burning hank for just that kind of a job, and they went about it in a way that showed they were experts in the business. One of the places they visited in their rounds was a swell *maison de joie*, on a swell street, and patronized principally by the swell young men of what is known as the “smart set,” though why “smart” I can’t for the life of me understand.

The brace of cur-ristians—Comstockian cur-ristians—went into the gilded and gorgeous hell-trap of which I tell, called for “the girls,” and “the girls” came in. They were all young and they were all pretty, in a way, which to a man of any refinement is a very repulsive way indeed. Some of the poor, painted, powdered, perfumed things were taking their first steps in the path that leads down to damnation. If they could only have been rescued then and there—if a good man or a good woman had been sent to the place, and had taken them into pure environments, they might have redeemed themselves and escaped the doom that sooner or later overtakes every harlot who persists in following her wanton career. But, bless your unsophisticated souls, good gentlemen! Comstock doesn’t try to reform the fallen. There is no money in it, and he knows a trick worth two of it—a trick that will put long green galore in his pocket and keep him constantly in office and in the public print, into the bargain. That’s why he sends his agents to spy out the moral plague-spots of

the metropolis and the more of these pestilential centers that are found and the ranker the degradation of the unfortunates therein, the easier it is for him to bamboozle certain well-meaning but meek brethren and sisters into the belief that his censorship of the public morals is a prime necessity, and should be maintained at whatever cost. That's why he and his agents make the most of every case that comes their way, and when cases fail to come, they trump up charges against an innocent man or woman, or hire people to commit an offense, and then punish them for committing it! But I mustn't lose track of the delectable twain who went—at the bidding of Comstock—to the haunts of the scarlet woman. As I was saying, they summoned "the girls" at a certain "palace of pleasure" into their presence, and then ordered a round of drinks. This was followed by a second, a third, and the Lord only knows how many more, until "the girl" became uproariously familiar, but the two Comstockians remained duly sober having only sipped lightly of the wine, for it behooved them to keep "level heads" on their shoulders if they wished to delight their master and win further favors at his hand by making a satisfactory report. When "the girls" were sufficiently saturated with champagne, they were requested by their Comstockian callers to dance the can-can in the "altogether" attire of a Trilby; the dizzy damsels complied, and after prancing and pirouetting for a spell, they tumbled in a tired and tipsy heap on the floor. Thereupon the brave, noble, chivalric twain that had been responsible for the orgy sneaked off to Comstock; reported; the house was raided by the police; "the girls" were present in *puris naturalibus*; were dressed by the blushing cops; were driven to Ludlow street jail, and were dealt with next morning by a magistrate whose mercy was on a par with that of a Tiberius. Later on, the Comstock agents were

arrested for the part they had played in the carousal. I do not remember now whether they were punished or not, but I do remember that their master went unscathed, though if justice had been meted out, a whip of scorpions would have "been placed in every honest hand to lash the rascal, naked, through the world." Comstock holds some sort of an office by which he is enabled to secure the suppression of papers, books, papers, and so forth, that he, in his sanctimonious and slimy judgment, may pronounce immoral, an office that enables him to hire the perpetration of an offense against decency, and then to punish the offenders—as in the instance that I have related. Comstock is in very comfortable circumstances, thanks to the Pharisaic fanatics who placed him in the position that he holds; yes, good gentlemen, he is in very comfortable circumstances, but for all that I have frequently read that he drove his father from his door when the door, feeble, old man came begging for food. I cannot vouch for this story, but it harmonizes perfectly with the character of Anthony, the Abominable, as that character has been manifested in his official acts in which brutality stands forth as fiercely as the red scar on his brazen cheek.

Hamond, La., February 6th.

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THE JEKYLL ISLAND JACK RABBITS.

BY THE COLONEL.

WITH a feeling of sadness closely akin to pain, the people of this country have learned that in the event of war with Spain Jekyll Island will be seriously threatened. Jekyll Island lies a few miles out at sea in front of Brunswick, Ga. It is owned by a large number of millionaires who

make of it a summer and winter resort. They have laid it out in lawns and gardens, more beautiful than the laws of the Cæsars, more gorgeous and costly than the hanging gardens of Babylon. They have decorated it with buildings that they call "Cottages," but which to the ordinary American, look like residences, and residences of an extremely palatial character at that. Altogether some millions of dollars have been expended upon Jekyll Island—expended with the laudable intent to make its money-bedaubed owners thoroughly comfortable while on vacation.

Jekyll Island is the Newport of the South. It is the only concrete stone and mortar representation of "American aristocracy" in a vast section of our country. It is not to be wondered at then that the whole country is disposed to regard it as something too sacred for pollution by the shot and shell of a hated foe. We can stand the murder of our seamen. We can stand the daily sacrifice of a thousand lives in beleaguered Cuba. We can stand that the far northern and southern coasts be ravaged. But we cannot, will not, shall not stand that one breath of powder-smoke be blown across the smiling surface of Jekyll Island, or that one shell shriek its way over the turreted castles that stand thereon, mute testimonials to the worth and glory of our banking and stock-broking nobility. Some facile genius of Brunswick, possibly and probably the steward of the Jekyll Island Club, sent out some dispatches the other night that found their way into the columns of most of the dailies of our motherland, the aforesaid dailies being always eagerly anxious to direct attention to any danger that may threaten a millionaire. These dispatches, since they paint in simple words the tremendous gravity of the peril and naïvely narrate the steps taken to avert it, are reproduced here.

"There are absolutely no defenses whatever here," says

the steward, "and a hostile fleet would have easy sailing to destroy the magnificent property of the club. The location of Jekyll makes it imperatively necessary that some protection be given in case of war. The island is within easy range of guns twelve miles at sea and a few well-directed shots could lay the elegant clubhouse and cottages in ruins. Jekyll and St. Simon's islands are separated by a deep channel only a mile and a half wide, which is the only entrance to Brunswick harbor. While the islands would protect the city from serious bombardment they would be themselves at the mercy of the enemy. A party of clubmen on the island a few nights ago discussed these facts, and the result was a delegation, headed by Frederic Baker of New York, secretary of the club, left the next day for Washington to personally urge an appropriation for the Brunswick defenses. The delegation requests the location of a monster disappearing gun at the south end of Jekyll Island, and at the same time suggests the advisability of similar protection for the north end of St. Simon's. Dozens of members have private cottages elegantly finished and furnished. The club numbers ninety-seven members, forty of whom are at the island. N. K. Fairbank and Marshall Field are the principal Chicago members. Cornelius Bliss, secretary of the interior, is a member and is assisting the delegation at Washington. Chauncey Depew, who is also a member, promises to use his personal influence with the President."

Think of that! There is a collection of men worth \$500,000,000 if they are worth a cent. Fifty millions of that is held by the Chicago members alone. Nine-tenths of their property is in the shape of bonds, upon which they not only pay no taxes to the government, but on which they actually derive a tax from the government. Yet they have sent a delegation to Washington to ask an appropriation

for the defense of their clubhouse. The absolute unspeakable gall of it is enough to nauseate a wooden Indian. Perhaps there could be no more powerful commentary upon the degradation to which our officials have sunk, than the calm matter-of-fact, matter-of-course statement that Cornelius Bliss "who is also a member," one of the highest officers of the government, is actually assisting his fellow millionaires in their endeavor to loot the treasury of our common country in a time of peril. Fifty years ago such an act by a secretary would have been tantamount to his impeachment and ignominious dismissal from office. In this time it provokes only passing comment, a few covert smiles and nothing more. Time was when Americans not only stood ready to strip themselves of their last dollar and last vestige of property in defense of their native land, but did strip themselves. It was held to be no more than a man's duty. Here's a bunch of despicable, cowardly scoundrels who, instead of coming to the aid of the government with their stolen millions, seek to destroy it. There ought to be a law to reach these fellows. Cancerous pustules as they are upon the body social and politic, some means should be devised whereby they can be finally and suddenly extirpated. If I were ruler of this country I would herd Chauncey Depew and Cornelius Bliss and Fairbank and Field and all of their thievish clan upon Jekyll Island and force Spain to anchor every ironclad in its possession within five miles. I would give the signal and lay by while the Castilian guns poured shot upon it until not a grain of its sand remained above the surface of the water. I would build a monument upon the spot reciting the deed and its cause for the instruction of coming generations. I would instil some patriotism into the Bliss and Depew niderlings if forced to pump it into them with a Gatling. I am not the ruler of the country, however, which

is possibly a good thing for the country, and certainly a good thing for the Jekyll islanders.

I make no doubt that the delegation from these shivering members of our codfish oligarchy have been given all they want. I make no doubt that our mud-head president received them with open arms, feverishly glad—as he has been always feverishly glad—to chirp and twitter in the company of men with millions. I make no doubt that the disappearing gun for Jekyll Island and the force to work it have been ordered long ago. It will cost the government a million, but what are the odds so long as these diners upon terrapin and drinkers of Burgundy sleep securely in costly cottages! I make no doubt that if the rolls were carefully scanned the name of Mark Hanna would be found upon the list of members of the Jekyll Island Club, and that he has ordered McKinley to grant the demands of his companions in luxury and gall.

The news will be pleasant to the small farmer of the South and West who rises to eat fried ham by candlelight, and inspects the rear end of a mule until the horn calls him at noon to a dinner of fried ham, and inspects the rear end of a mule until the shades of night warn him that it is time once more to sit down to fried ham. As he tosses aching limbs upon a common bed and endeavors vainly to woo the sleep that will be a chloroform for his woes, it will be a good thing for him to know that the Jekyll Island Club is safe. He may have a son drenched with rain while standing guard on some picket in far Cuba. His son, as he rolls and tosses, may be lying among the cactus with a Spanish bayonet hole between his shoulder-blades, but the knowledge that the elegant clubhouse and cottages are safe will bring him pleasant dreams.

I ask you, ICONOCLAST, and I ask the decent men among your readers: What are we to do with citizens such as

they who have asked this Jekyll appropriation from the government. If there were only a hundred of them we could afford to laugh them out of America, but there are thousands of them. They represent their class. The large cities of this country are all infested with them. Joe Medill, of the *Chicago Tribune*, calls them aptly "the jack rabbits of the stock exchange." They are the wealthiest citizens of the country. They are the most traveled citizens of the country. They are the men from whom Europeans derive their knowledge of Americans. What is to be done about it? Verily, I think that the good people of Georgia would be justified in rising and running these craven coyotes into the sea without waiting the advent of the Spaniard, or the disappearing gun to be furnished them at public cost. I believe they would be justified in razing the clubhouse and cottages on Jekyll Island and turning the lands over to homeless negroes. Its new owners would be certainly immeasurably superior to its old.

Chicago, Ill., March 21, 1898.

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THY BROTHER'S WIFE.

BY THE OBSERVER.

THE Rev. J. T. Gibson is his name, and Atlanta, Ga.,—not heaven—his home. He is, or was, the presiding genius of a fashionable "gospel mill" in that city, known in sacred parlance as the "Walker Street Methodist Church South"—of God. He is known to fame as a "preacher and prayer," and it has just developed that he is one of passion's poets, as well. His strong point was his love for the brethren, which is now shown to have also included the females of their families, his specialty being other

ministers' wives, with a leaning toward those of the Methodist persuasion. The reverend gentleman evidently felt that he had "a call" to increase the ministry, and he appears to have accepted it with an acclaim that would have landed him in the highest niche of the Mormon church in the palmy days of Brigham Young, or secured for him the position of "star boarder" in some state penitentiary. During all the years of his pastorate he has been pointing his flock the steep and thorny way to heaven, while he, himself, the primrose path of dalliance trod. The thing came to a climax in this way: Some mornings since, the Rev. W. J. Wood, of the Battle Hill Methodist Church, arose with a feeling said to be peculiar to married men—a desire to look into his wife's lingerie, in the lady's absence, be it understood. He proceeded to open her—trunk, of course. There, snugly ensconced between, what Miss Mowcher aptly terms "what-you-may-call-'ems," and a pair of rose-tinted silk unmentionables, he found a brace of love letters, that would make Margaret Mather turn green with envy. One of them, in verse, written in a bold, flowing hand, unsigned, was addressed to Mrs. W. J. Wood. It opened with the verve and dash of one of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poems of passion, proceeded with the sprightly grace and abandon of a dance by Carmencita and closed with the éclat of an Olga Nethersole kiss. Mr. Wood had read the manuscript of some of Brother Gibson's saintly sermons and he instantly caught the swing of his prayerful pleading—recognized the preacher in the poet. Most men in his position, being satisfied as to his identity, would have proceeded to interview the author of that letter with a double-barrel shotgun loaded for "bar," then given the women hours to leave town. Not so, Mr. Wood: he took the letter to the presiding elder of his district. The elder called in the brethren and then the newspapers got wind of the

affair with the result that the Atlanta Constitution next morning contained a six-column account of the escapade, with Rev. Gibson's name in the headlines. When interviewed as to the authorship of the letter Brother Gibson proved himself something of a liar as well as a poet. He said:

"If the lady can produce a note or letter addressed to her with my name signed, I will be very much surprised."

This was a safe bluff and put the burden of proof on Brother Wood. The latter then came forward with the second note. This was a clincher. It was addressed to Rev. J. T. Gibson and signed Mrs. J. T. Wood. She had penned it the night before and had not been able to send it before the discovery came. This last note was a daisy. It contained all the pent-up passion of a soulful sigh from Sarah Bernhardt's "La Tosca." Taken all in all it was as "hot a number" as the doctor's. What I cannot comprehend is how these two "warm things" remained over night in the trunk without setting its contents on fire. The lady's underclothing was evidently made of asbestos, or it must have gone up in smoke. When the second letter was printed Gibson was given another chance to explain, and he seizes the opportunity to write himself not only an "ass" but an egregious, elastic and monumental liar, as well. He says:

"No purer woman ever lived than Mrs. Wood. I would place my hand upon the biggest Bible ever made and swear that, so far as I know, she has never been guilty of an improper act. Oh," said the preacher, "I sit down here and scribble lots of times and maybe I have written notes without signing my name. I write poetry and doggerel and little sketches that way."

Write "doggerel." That's tough on the dog. This, too, in the face of the fact that one of the notes above referred

to asks for an assignation, and the other grants it—that both chime and rhyme with love and dove, kiss and bliss. He calls her “Ovey-Dovey,” and she him “Tweet Sing.” The subsequent proof showed the liaison began over three years ago, when Gibson was a guest in Wood’s house—boarding with his brother in the Lord—and has continued ever since. It was at this time Gibson developed that versatility of genius, and rare Christian spirit which has since made him famous, enabling him to write saintly sermons with one hand while fingering in the bosom of his brother’s wife with the other—whipping the trout stream from both banks and not allowing a single member of the piscatorial tribe to escape, sowing with one hand and reaping with the other while the sheaves just came walking in. Nor was Mrs. Wood the only pebble in the gravel pit. There were others. It is stated in the public prints that he was arraigned before the North Georgia conference last November. Then, as now, the charge was immorality. It was alleged that during the time he was presiding elder of the Rome district Gibson was found in a private room behind locked doors in a sanitarium at Rome with the wife of a minister as his companion. He was kicked out of the sanitarium and would have been kicked out of the church, but the husband of the woman came forward and stated that Gibson was there with his permission and he also was present, although it is well known that the man stultified himself—that he was not in a hundred miles of the place at the time. Gibson secured a whitewash. If there were children, even though born of a wanton, which society and the law laid at my door and I had not been smart enough to prove an alibi, I might sacrifice my honor to save the babies, but the first dark night that came I would take the woman out for a walk on the highest trestle in the country and drop her, head first, through a crack between

the cross ties, then accuse her paramour of stealing my dog—shoot him if he denied the soft impeachment and fill his stomach full of lead if he confessed the theft. And this is the man who, for years, has been a fluted pillar, a Corinthian column in the Methodist Sanctuary—a bright and shining light of the church, pointing saints up to Heaven and shoving sinners down a soft-soaped incline to Hades. Think of this man standing in the “Holy of Holies,” laying his lecherous hand on the Bible, while he ogled the acute angle of some Girl’s “V”-shaped bodice—complimenting some comely matron on the beauty and sprightliness of her offspring, while casting about in his own mind for the best means of adding to her store—standing beside some recently bereaved widow, offering her comfort and condolence, while speculating how pink would match her complexion. Yet mention has been made here of only two out of dozens of similar charges laid at his door. I do not wish to be offensive or seem impertinent; but, in all frankness, if Gibson continues to “run the range,” I would advise his brethren to purchase tin lingerie for their better halves. In the meantime the Rev. Gibson has not been idle. When he found his “little note” had been arrested and protested, he proceeded without delay to draw on his congregation for a hundred cases and then send in his resignation before the scandal reached the newspapers and the country got too hot to hold him. He got the money but his resignation was stopped in transit. Brother Wood says he will hold on to his job with both hands—that his wife having committed adultery does not saw any frozen water with regard to his moral character—that he at least is still virtuous—that he was not in with the play and doesn’t propose to pay the fiddler. Brother Wood has all my sympathy. For one long weary year he went on the roof garden to sleep, because his wife assured him she was of

such sensitive and nervous temperament and in such delicate health that she could not endure to sleep in the room with a man. Perhaps she objected to the singular number, at least the identity of the man seemed to carry great weight with her. This may have lasted only while the Rev. Gibson was an inmate of the household. And all of this is what is causing so much Sheol to be raised in Georgia just now. Indeed some of the good Methodists of the state declare that if they owned "Hell and Georgia," they would rent out "Gawgie" and live in Halifax, until this tangle gets straightened out. And the public is indebted to the Atlanta Constitution for a rich, rare and racy expose of this malodorous affair. The Constitution poses as one of the "unco guid" and rigidly righteous, but it struck the trail of this scandal like a fine "strike" hound hits the trail of a red fox—on the run. It goes into every detail with evident relish and when the game is in sight it fairly bubbles over with joy. Before I got half through its account I reached for a disinfectant and ordered my windows raised. The presiding elder of the Atlantic district now has the case before him and the public is asking the question suggested by Bulwer-Lytton: "What will he do with it?"

* * *

THE REIGN OF THE RED NECKS.

BY DIOGENES.

EVERY state is afflicted periodically with a legislature. Considering this fact, the progress and prosperity of the union is little short of miraculous.

Why is it the people send to make laws the class of men that compose three-fourths of every legislature, is more

than the Almighty can fathom. The members elected from the cities and towns are, generally speaking, good representatives, and form the breakwaters against which the waves of class prejudice, parsimony and extravagance, hatred of corporations and general damfoolishness roll. Sometimes the sensible few are strong enough to scatter the breakers into spray, but oftener they are overridden and submerged. Then freak legislation, blows aimed at railroads, at corporations of all kinds, and barriers to material development are raised by every scatter-brained bigot, who is yearning for newspaper notoriety, or is desirous of making and maintaining a "record," with a view of going before his constituents upon it, and deluding them into returning him to draw per diem and work more hurt to the commonwealth.

In Mississippi this class of legislation is denominated a "red-neck," or "hill-billy," but the genus is the same the union over. His first term he comes to the capital wearing a celluloid collar and a job lot of fool ideas as to his own importance. He rarely ever changes either. He also determines to cut a wide swath as a maker of laws, and hangs around the governor's office to see if the gubernatorial chair will fit his posterior anatomy,—for it is only a matter of a few years, thinketh the red neck, until an enthusiastic and grateful people will upon their bended knees beg of him to be their governor. He has the gift of gab to some extent, and poses as a constitutional exponent, but after he has had his tail-feathers jerked out in debate by some sensible member, and his elucidations of constitutional law have caused hearty laughter by those who know better, he subsides into his seat and cherishes a mulish resentment against the members who are superior to him in learning, oratory and common-sense. From thenceforth, his dominant idea is to get even, and he tries to do so by voting against everything proposed by the leaders, or

liberal men of the house. Thus the body becomes divided, and as water seeks its level, so do watery brains. Around the disappointed and disgruntled ones rally the little fellows from the Forks of the Creek, who, while not having experienced disaster upon the floor, instinctively hate those whom they consider better than themselves, in brains or standing.

In this way originates the "low pressure crowd," as they proudly denominate themselves, and that means, they are opposed to everything on general principles and especially because they can make themselves felt only as a negative quality. The "low pressure" legislature is either narrow between the eyes, or has the facial expression of a sedge-field bull yearling. He also runs largely to whiskers and wears a celluloid collar, sans tie. He looks unwashed and has an unconquerable objection to blacked boots. This is one of his strong points—objecting. His specialty is murdering in cold blood the Queen's English and committing mayhem on appropriation bills. He sits stolidly in his seat, erupts tobacco juice, and votes "no" on almost every bill, unless the same be advocated by some of the leaders of the particular crowd. And when some measure which the "high pressure" members earnestly desire passed has been defeated by the fellows with the smell of soil clinging to them, they do congregate together and wag their heads in glee as they rejoice in their own cussedness.

He revels in the much of modesty. He endeavors to rub up against everything, as does a canine that has been wallowing in carrion,—so that he may leave traces of the mud of ignorance and stupidity, if not his equally obnoxious personality, upon it. Nothing is sacred—from a resolution concerning some god-like son of the state, to a bill for the relief of Hank Smith, who has overpaid his taxes. The brack of the brogan is over it all.

It's all unknown what he don't know,—in the neighborhood of his own mind. He is great on “amen'ments,” and seeks to amend everything, whether it needs it or not,—preferably the latter. His knowledge of parliamentary law is limited to calling the “previous queschun,” making “pints of order” and bawling “division!” when his side gets defeated on a *viva voce* vote.

The only method of controlling this element in a legislature is to call for the “ayes and nays.” When the pop of this whip is heard, the Red Necks huddle together in line and endeavor to “get right,” for they know they are going on “*record*” and their votes will appear in black and white on the journal,—and they are careful how they cast them. Always before the rural solon is the vision of a wrathful constituency and a retirement to the shades of private life and the delectable occupation of chopping cotton and cord-wood, with no more jaunts to the capital. Waking or sleeping, the journal hangs above his head like a sword of Damocles.

He is fond of prating about “th' common people what he represents” with incidental references to “th' pore widders n' orfins what pays th' taxes,” but never is he so in his glory as when he offers an “amen'ment” to an appropriation bill. The bill may have been shaved in the committee room until not a cent further can be spared from it, yet the gentleman from Wayback bobs up with an amendment proposing a horizontal cut of from half to two-thirds. On this he speaks with much fervor, and is championed by others of the same ilk as himself—who are anxious to be regarded as watch-dogs of the treasury and in favor of great economy. And thereby to secure a re-election. Bills hostile to corporations, especially railroads, receive his enthusiastic support. In fact, the average “red-neck” legislator is a mixture of pusillanimity

and prejudice hard to beat. Sometimes he is a fledgling lawyer who is trying to make himself solid with "the common people" for the furtherance of his political ambitions. In that case he is generally only a cheap little demagogue. Oftener he is an old sketch who has been given the office "because he needs it," and no self-respecting man wants it. But mainly he is some yap with yearnings toward political advancement, yet without the ability to understand, primarily, his own unfitness. He mistakes parsimony for economy, and cussedness for conservatism.

It is the above class of men that have brought the office of representative into contempt and derision, so that now the really able men in the state legislatures are in a hopeless minority. Until the solid business men and real representatives of the people realize the drift of affairs and offer themselves as candidates, just so long will the states be cursed with the vagaries of one-ideaed fanatics; with alternating tempests of wild extravagance and contemptible picayunishness, with fool legislation and laws that sound like the edicts of some comic opera king.

The average legislator is an idol soon to be smashed, for the people generally are getting onto him, and his devious ways.

They are realizing that the meek and humble supplicant for their votes is an entirely different person when in the capital city "dress'd in a little brief authority." He cannot be done jutice to, without resorting to language more forcible than elegant. Let it be hoped that the time may soon come when really representative men—gentlemen—will be elected instead of dolts and dunces who are swayed by petty personal prejudices, and know not the meaning of reason. Too long already have these worked against the common weal.

Jackson, Miss., March 1st.

IN THE LAIR OF THE MINOTAUR.

BY JOHN SWOPE TRENHOLM.

I HAVE sometimes likened the modern city to that grim monster of old dreams to whom a tribute of maidens was offered. The main difference between them lies in the fact that his appetite for girl-flesh had its limitations, but the appetite of the city has none. From this vast charnel house of hopes, beliefs and ideals, flies upward a steady stream of damned souls that once belonged to woman-children, pure in thought and deed. The crushing of one or a thousand of these "wee modest crimson-tipped flowers" beneath the plowshares of commerce excites only passing remark. Now and then a crank, such I am, a rebel against conditions that he cannot change, makes protest, but the protest falls upon unheeding ears, sinks to a murmur and is silent.

In Chicago are not less than 200,000 girl workers. They are type-writers, stenographers, shop-women, factory girls, and so forth. They leave home in the early morning and return after dark. During all of the intervening hours they are in the company of men not connected with them by ties of blood. They are regarded as legitimate prey. They are pursued unceasingly. There is no pressure to which they are not subjected, no lure that is not used. Thousands of pitfalls are digged for them and it is not any wonder that many of them fall in. The wages of many of these girls are cut below the living standard and the accession of fresh thousands to the ranks of the toilers sends the money recompense still further down. They must not only live, but they must dress neatly. As many of them live many miles from the places of their employment they are forced to have money for carfare. Others of them

dwelling in rented rooms and they must have money with which to purchase midday food. How are they to get it? There is but one way.

Take, for instance, a type-writing and stenographing aid to a business man, one case out of ten thousand. She is healthy and pretty, reasonably intelligent and having some small ambitions of her own. He is young, wealthy, handsome possibly, certainly with engaging manners. He has a suite of offices in one of the huge buildings of the town. She is given just enough work to keep her from moping. For ten hours a day, six days in the week, this man and this woman are shut up in a small room that he calls his private office. No other can enter without sending a card ahead of him or her. The office boy has his instructions and takes care of that. The two are as utterly alone as if in the center of a South American pampa. Propinquity, which is responsible for more marriages and other mistakes than anything else in the world, gets in its deadly work. The girl begins to take an unacknowledged interest in this male companion of hers, who is always so kind, so considerate, so anxious to spare her unnecessary trouble—who is so brainy and strong and apparently prosperous—who has the masterful way of the employer tempered by something softer that makes her heart flutter. It is not necessary to say that long before this happens the man has made up his mind to ruin the woman and is approaching his end gradually but surely. In a little while he drops the formal "Miss" when addressing her and calls her by her first name. One day his hand accidentally touches hers and lingers a moment and the girl carries the memory of it for a week. One day he suddenly kisses her. There is a rapidly growing intimacy after this and many kisses and a swelling tide of passion against which she struggles vainly. The end of it is that there comes a day when the

feeble barrier of virginal modesty is swept away, and she wears better clothes than she ever owned in her life and finds it difficult to look her old mother in the face. What is she to do? She cannot stay on in her employment and protect her virtue. She loves the man and believe in his protestations that but for a wife at home he would marry her, and, in any event, will take care of her. The money she earns is bitterly needed at home and she cannot cut herself off from her source of income. This girl may go permanently and openly to the bad and drift into the bagnio and from the bagnio to the street and from the street to the hospital and the graveyard, but it is not likely that she will. In a month or a year her employer-lover grows tired of her and gets her another position. Her second employer is a friend or acquaintance of her first. The two have deliberately "traded type-writers," each of the male dogs having become tired of his mistress and desiring a change. The thing is done every day. The girls may enter a feeble protest, but it amounts to nothing. They must live. So they go from employer to employer. Their wages and perquisites remain about the same and the services they perform are identical. In a little while all the bloom of womanhood is rubbed from them. So far as their morality, or utter lack of it, is concerned they might as well be in a house of ill fame. They have reserved, however, an outward seeming of respectability and may end by marrying some clerk, whose salary is \$75 a month, and who thinks he has found the only virgin in the world. This is hard on the clerk, but it is not bad for the girl, who by this time has had some thirty employers, more or less, and is getting a bit *passee*. I believe that the hardest position into which any young woman can be placed is that of amanuensis, in a big town.

The shop-girl has more arduous work and gets a poorer

wage, but the conditions of her employment are much more of a protection to her. She goes wrong in many instances, but almost always it is her own fault. It is difficult to approach her improperly in the day time, because she stands behind her counter in full view of the public, she is waiting upon some customer almost every moment of her working hours and she is forced to call "Kesh!" frequently or the people who hire her will know that there is something the matter. The girl, however, is brought roughly into contact with the hard conditions of the city. She meets thousands of men and women. She carries generally a sharp tongue in her head. She is constantly on view and acquires many little airs and graces. She grows fond of admiration. She imagines herself to be the most overworked and underpaid person in existence. She may have been modest and retiring when she began her career, but got bravely over it in a month or a year. She is ready for almost anything that promises her a relief from her deadly toil. This girl is sometimes led astray by a male ogre who goes to her counter and buys things he does not want that he may talk to her and make arrangements to meet her after her day has ended. "Making a date," this is vulgarly called. Most often, however, she meets her ruin in some man whom she encounters away from the shop. He scrapes acquaintance with her on the street, or he meets her at one of the summer beer-garden picnics, of which some thousands are held in Chicago in the course of the season. These affairs are among the most deadly things of our modern life. There is no guardianship of young women. The opportunities for retired converse are numerous. It is the thing to drink liquor at them. To the fumes of alcohol are joined the strains of sensuous music and the physical fleshly contact of various "round dances" popular in this city, some of which are just a

trifle worse than the "couchee couchee" of the bawds of Port Said or the "houla-houla" of the primitive Hawaiians. It goes without saying that the shop-girl is badly homed. She is of common parentage. She is born and reared in a coarse atmosphere. From her earliest years she hears talk of the beauties and glories of money. She is taught that it is the one thing needful. Envy, uncharitableness and desire for wealth are things of her daily life. Fine gowns, fine horses, fine carriages make up her dreams. It is no wonder that when a tawdry imitation of the supposed romance and glitter and ease of life are offered her, she snatches at the bait as the bass rises to the summer fly. Almost always she is illiterate and therefore narrow. Her reading is confined entirely to trashy novels, which do not do her pronounced harm although they give her false estimates of the world and the people in it, and the Sunday supplements of the daily papers, which do harm her immensely, just as they harm any young person, high or low, who is permitted to read them. When one thinks of the enormous size of the shop-girl and shop-boy class one understands not only the tremendous circulation of the Sunday supplements, but also how Munro, the New York publisher, was able to pay Laura Jean Libby a salary of \$50,000 a year until he broke wide open.

There is another reason for the paucity of virtue among "type-writists" and shop-girls, a reason apart from their openness to assault by the male sex and the lack of protection afforded them at home: The girl of the city has much more of actual sexual passion than her sister of the country. This is due to the food that is eaten and the social conditions of excitement that surround her. The country girl lives upon plain food and has normal hours of rest and relaxation. She does not encounter from

month's end to month's end one sight or hear one sound tending to direct her attention to matters forbidden. Such sights and sounds are never absent from the city girl. She cannot go into the business part of the city and walk two blocks without being reminded of the possible illicit relation between the sexes. Lewd photographs are in the store windows. Lewd music comes from street bands and phonographs. Lewd women pass her and elbow her and rustle in silks and shine in satins. Lewd men eye her with glances of suggestion and invitation. Scraps of lewd conversation come to her ears. Half of the catch phrases of the street that she unconsciously absorbs and assimilates have a lewd origin or signification. This results in a constant stimulation of the sexual sense and the sense of sexuality. It breeds erotic fancies. The city girl of fourteen longs for the time when she will be a woman and may taste these suggested delights for herself. You sometimes hear one good mother say to another that a city girl of twelve "knows more" than a country girl at twenty. That is the explanation of it. The city girl sees vice, hears vice, breathes vice. She has a secret longing to taste vice. She may marry and carry an undefiled person to her bridal bed and bear brave sons and comely daughters, but there has been a time in her life, between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, say, when she has felt all the stirrings and yearnings of a Messalina in embryo. The man who is wise goes to the country for a wife and to the city for a mistress.

I suppose that there is no remedy for all of this. So long as men and women are men and women, they will love and love will have its heroes and its victims. I should like to try an experiment, however, my own private and particular remedy for the seduction of youthful maidens and the prevalence and prosperity of the social evil. That

remedy is the utter abrogation of the monogamy and the enactment of the Turkish statute, which permits a man four wives supposing that he is able to keep them in comfort. If four were found to be too few, I would make it eight or sixteen—any number, in fact, if they were clothed and fed comfortably and given a proper allowance of pin money. Under our monogamous laws men, as you know, Brother Iconoclast, and I know, are all polygamists anyhow. The merit of the Turkish system is that it is frank. There is no hypocrisy in it. The man is allowed the women whom he can care for. Under this system, I would like to see the size and quality of the harem maintained by Brer John D. Rockefeller, the model Baptist philanthropist and benefactor of mankind.

Chicago, Ill., March 20, 1898.

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LEGISLATIVE INSANITY.

BY JOHN A. MORRIS.

WM. ALLEN WHITE, drooling in the activity of a literary and editorial perversity, recently gained for himself a reputationette, a soap-bubble sort of renown, as effervescent and evanescent fame. During the last national campaign he asked in the uncouth savagery of a wild man of the woods, "What's the matter with Kansas?" And there is matter enough to be asked about; and the same is true of Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri and other states of "this great and ga-lorious Union!"

What *is* the matter with Kansas? Nothing; nor with any of the other states where insane legislation is carried to the highest pinnacle of success by men who, if sent to a museum instead of our state legislatures and to congress,

would make a success of their lives, and perhaps send their names ringing down the corridors of time as first-class freaks with bicycles perambulating over the hard surface of their brains with less of injury to the public at large than is now the case. I sometimes think, in all seriousness, that there are madmen (so-called) in our insane asylums who could pass better laws and show more judgment in the passing of them than many of our legislators of to-day. Take for illustration that highly moral eccentricity, Representative C. R. Walters of Labette, Kan., who, during the last session of the Kansas legislature, introduced the following resolution:

“Whereas, The men of the present generation have become scoffers and doubters; and,

“Whereas, They have strayed from the religion of their fathers; and,

“Whereas, They no longer live in the fear of God; and,

“Whereas, Having no fear of punishment beyond the grave, they continually violate the law given to the world from Mount Sinai; therefore, be it enacted by the legislature of the state of Kansas that

“Thou shalt have no other gods before me. (\$1,000.00 fine for violating such.)

“Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, etc., etc. (For breaking the above a \$1,000 fine is imposed and one year in the penitentiary.)

“Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, etc., etc. (For violating which a \$500 fine is imposed.)

“Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, etc., etc. (For violating this a \$500 fine is imposed.)

“Honor thy father and thy mother, etc., etc. (For

violating this a \$500 fine is imposed in addition to six months in the penitentiary.)

“Thou shalt not kill. (Death by hanging.)

“Thou shalt not commit adultery. (Imprisonment for life.)

“Thou shalt not steal. (Fine or imprisonment at discretion of court.)

“Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor. (Imprisonment at discretion of court.)

“Thou shalt not covet, etc., etc. (Fine or imprisonment at discretion of court.) ”

Ye gods, what richness! What a head Walters has! But there are others besides Walters, who, in the egotistic fury of a fanatic and the perversity of an eccentric imagination, would once again try us with the old Blue Laws of Connecticut, where a man was not allowed to kiss his wife on Sunday without breaking a strict Sunday law. A bill was recently introduced into the legislature of the Blue-grass region, where Kentucky belles, Bourbon whisky and blooded horses reign supreme, providing for the branding of all burglars who had ever been committed to penal institution of the state—a great big letter B being branded on both cheeks of these gentlemen of thieving propensities and “taking” proclivities. It seems to me that the man who manufactured that bill from out the depths of an impenetrable void (called by him brain) should submit both his cheeks to be branded, the one with the letter D and the other with an F which D F correctly read signifies the character of the person wearing the brand. Why? Because since skin grafting is as common an operation in these days as the pulling of an aching molar and no more painful, the released convict could at a reasonable expense have the brand cut out and new

skin grafted in its place. Therefore, in what way would such branding inure to the benefit of justice? Kentucky is also the state, if I am rightfully informed, which sells its vagrants upon the auction block, the proceeds of their labor to go into the coffers of the state. Did any of my readers ever peruse the Revised Statutes of 1889 of the State of Missouri? If not, let us look at one or two sections of these statutes. Section 8,846 of Chapter 169 of these statutes reads as follows:

“Every able-bodied man who shall be found loitering about without any visible means of support, and who does not apply himself to labor or some other honest calling to procure a livelihood, and all able-bodied persons who are found begging or who quit their wives and children without visible means of subsistence, shall be deemed and treated as a vagrant.”

Section 8,849 of the same chapter provides for the sale of such convicted vagrant's time, and reads as follows:

“If, upon examination, it shall appear that such a person is a vagrant, the fact of vagrancy having been established by a jury summoned and sworn to inquire whether the person be a vagrant or not, the justice shall make out a warrant directing the sheriff or constable to keep such a person in his custody until three days' notice can be given by advertisement, set up in the most public places in the country, of the hiring of such vagrant at the court house door of said county for the term of six months to the highest bidder for cash in hand.”

Another section provides that in all places where the word county appears it shall be changed to city if apper-

taining to the city of St. Louis. About six months ago the book committee of the Los Angeles Public Library decided in their dictatorial abandon that certain fictitious and romantic works of well-known writers should no longer spoil the sanctity with which our good bookish purists wish to surround that institution of knowledge and learning. The books tabooed were "The Romance of Two Worlds," "The Soul of Lilith" and other works by Marie Corelli: E. P. Roe's works of fiction, "He Fell in Love With His Wife," "His Sombre Rivals" and others: Mrs. Bridges' "Dearest," "Diana Carew," "Mignon" and "I Have Lived and Loved," will no longer grace our public library shelves; neither will Amanda Douglas' "From Hand to Mouth," "Hope Mills," "In Trust," etc., etc.; nor Gunther's "Mr. Potter of Texas," "Mr. Barnes of New York," "Miss Nobody of Nowhere," and others of his works: all of Rider Haggard's books are tabooed, as are also those of Mrs. Henry Woos, Mary J. Holmes and Mrs. Southworth. San Francisco has been trying for the past few months to remove the high-hat nuisance by means of legal enactment, so that the wearing of the two-story hat in theatrical institutions and lecture halls will become a thing of the past. Read this and see if the United States is not plunging headlong toward tyranny with a horrid crash which must roust the very demons from their infernal snores in the regions of Bacchanalian night, for in Massachusetts a solon wants a law made to have a state board which shall tax blacksmiths; North Dakota proposes to license barbers; an Indiana man wants to see whiskers taxed; Michigan proposes to tax bachelors; while Missouri, the land of hogs and hominy, has tried to push forward a bill to punish by heavy fine any widow or unmarried woman who has refused any honorable offer of marriage. It also wants

to fine railroad hands for talking to women passengers. Minnesota wants a law preventing women sympathizers from sending or giving flowers to criminals; Michigan demands that bills of fare shall be printed in English only, and a measure was recently introduced in the Indiana legislature making it a misdemeanor to wear squeaking boots to church; Oklahoma has tried legislation against bloomers, Kansas against corsets, Alabama against shirt waists and San Francisco against theater hats. Are we, my friend, living in a world of insanity, or is this, the tail-end of the nineteenth century, our boasted "age of reason"?

Los Angeles, Cal., January 14, 1898.

* * *

THE SECOND WIFE.

BY H. F. CRONE.

IF I were a woman I would not marry any man but a widower. There are good and sufficient reasons for the faith that is in me, and I am impelled to set them forth for the benefit of the gentler sex who have been lately more than half convinced that marriage is a failure. It may be a failure for the girl or woman who gives herself into the keeping of a man as inexperienced as herself in the ways of life. The acquisition, the accumulation of experience is a dismal process that is the penalty of the cherished delusion of love. It is a disenchantment, and therefore painful. Its mutuality, so to speak, is its most excruciating feature.

The cemeteries are teeming with the graves of women who have loved, married and died before they attained to anything like the proper ideal of married life. They have

gone down into their graves worn with the labor of house-keeping, their souls contracted by the effect at saving, their affections dulled by the effort to maintain an idyllic relationship unalterably at variance with the harsh necessities of conforming themselves to the dispositions, the whims of their partners. They lived in hope of a time when their troubling would cease and they would have earned their rest. They died almost invariably, and with a touch of the tragic, within sight of the Promised Land.

How many women there have been within our own acquaintance who have passed from radiant bridehood into the tomb only that the fruit of their trials and struggles should be enjoyed by successors who disparage their predecessors. A woman marries a man. They are poor. They determine to have something—to be something. She foregoes the feminine delights of fine clothes and puts behind her the frivolities of her girlhood and becomes the manager of the household. The man lives along very much in the way he lived before marriage, has his friends, his enjoyments, lawful and unlawful, his expenses. He conserves his youth and strength. The woman remakes herself that her character may fit into his, and the remaking is a process in which the friction wears almost exclusively upon her. Whatever effect she has upon him is to his betterment, to make more of a man of him. Her life becomes absorbed in his. As he broadens under her care and her voluntary assumption of his burdens, her life narrows more and more until he fills her horizon on all sides. There is not a trouble he has she cannot share and lighten. All her graver troubles are indivisible. She locks them up in her bosom, and there they eat her life away. She is years in becoming acquainted with him. He develops new phases, to which she must conform. Talk of the inscrutability of woman! Man is the veritable sphinx,

most unintelligible when most unreserved; most deceptive when most natural. Married, he is continually diminishing from the heroic proportions he bore when he posed in the high-lights of the days of love-making. The woman loves, despite the crumbling of her idol, despite the growth of his selfishness. The man—well, he has done with love when the honeymoon is over. He becomes practical. The woman's sentiment does not live in the absence of the sun of affection. She becomes, in effect, a mere part of his physical comfort, like a warm blanket in winter or light clothes in summer. She probably bears him children, and becomes subordinate to them as to him. Her beauty fades, her health declines. She folds her hands upon her breast and closes her eyes in the final sleep.

Only through the great sacrifices the woman has made, has the man become worth anything. He misses her presence, her care, her tenderness. She has flattered him into the belief that he deserves it all, and he finds that he cannot live without it. He looks abroad and wonders how he can exist without the gentle ministrations that seemed so commonplace when she was with him, but which seem now to be a necessity. Then come the too late regrets, the memories of little things he might have done, the little things he might have said. A surge of sadness sweeps over him from time to time, as he thinks of her sacrifices, but the old practicality—an alias for selfishness—comes back upon him, and he longs for the creature comforts that the wife's presence implied.

Now it is that this man is in the condition to make the ideal husband. His very selfishness affords the means to conquer and subdue him. That selfishness holds forth more of promise to the woman that will wed him than all the professions of the young lover.

He realizes, now, all that a woman is to a man in the

marital relation, all that she may be. "Blessings brighten as they take their flight." He understands that what he wants is so dear to him that he must make sacrifices and concessions to obtain it in all its fullness. His devotion once aroused is a steady flame, not the rapidly cooling blaze, of young passion that characterizes the young man. He understands that the woman he takes now is to be a companion, not a slave. He is willing to minister to her pleasure, and not to have her eternally ministering to him. He comes to the new woman or the new girl, not as a conquering hero, but as an humble suitor for her grace. He offers himself to her, and does not take her unto him as a vassal.

It is the widower's atonement. By the extent of his regrets for his neglect of his first wife shall the fullness of his attention to the second be accurately gauged. By the denials of the first shall the gratification be increased. The very abasement of the man before the second wife has in it something expiatory, the pain of which is a pleasure like to the secret castigations of some penitents. He gives over to the new queen of his heart the scepter he withheld from her predecessor. He will share with her joys and pleasures to which he kept his first wife a stranger. He will rejoice in the new beauty and freshness all the more because he let another beauty and freshness fade and pass almost without a thought. He has a secret delight in thinking of the former, and in the scourging of himself in his musings, with self-accusations. He will rise from them and be all the more affectionate to the one in the lost one's place for realizing how derelict he was to her who is gone. His caresses are soft because they are bestowed upon the only tangible substitute for one who exists in his day dreams.

The second wife has what she desires because of the

many desires to which the first never gave utterance. She is installed in the new home built upon the money the first had saved by scratching, and scrimping and saving. She rides in a phaeton because he feels that he owes something to the sex he treated so badly in the first wife. Where the first wife wore a shawl, the second flaunts in a sealskin sacque, and the husband revels in his self-reproaches. The dead woman's memory is a legacy of pleasure to the woman who succeeds her. The first wife, from her grave, infuses in the man a tenderness of which her follower receives the benefit. The man from the breadth of his experience exercises a protectorate over the second, and makes easy her way. He has passed the time of toil and has the taste for amusement. He had not this taste before and thought his first partner also devoid of it. In his new relationship he shares his amusement with his wife. The one was the partner only of his sorrows. The other is the true partner of his joys. All his past conspires to make the new woman's future pleasant. Even her jibes at the one gone before serve to entrench her in his affections, because he feels that they are rebukes to his own lack of estimation of the first wife. Is he happy? Yes; because no happiness is comparable to that arising from one's realization that his punishment, while deserved, is making an atonement for his faults.

Truly, the second wife experiences a taste of what the millennium is expected to bring to all women, when it comes. She is not only the equal of the man in the contract for the perpetuation of the species; she is his superior, and he yields the superiority gracefully, convinced of his error by an experience that taunts him. She achieves it without any sacrifice of her womanliness. She has power without any of the toil of acquiring it. She does not know that, like the entire race, her condition is the result of a fore-

going martyrdom. She does not and need not understand that in her unrestricted enjoyment she is an avenger. She is created to enjoy at the expense of her sister who prepared for her the nearest approach to the perfect man—the widower.

I have, I think, made plain the psychology of this subject. It is somewhat more delicately put, I imagine, than the excellent reasons advanced by Benjamin Franklin why a young man should marry a widow in preference to a maid, if he would know in what true married happiness consists. The widower, like the widow, is more easily pleased, satisfied with less return of affection, uncomplaining, because of a conviction that in a second marriage *lex talionis* comes into play. The woman of to-day who demands “all there is coming to her” can never get it of the man to whom she gives herself in the days of his youth and inexperience. She must have a man who, as the saying is, “has been formed,” and has reached a proper frame of mind through realizing the benefit of a wife by losing one. She must have a man whose haughty, dictatorial spirit has been broken by the dawning on his mind of a justifiable self-contempt. She can be happy only with the man who treats her as he knows, from past failure, how a woman ought to be treated.

The evolution of woman will never be brought about by the ridiculous lectures of old maids, nor of women who have married inexperienced men. It must come through the second wife, or, mayhap, the third or fourth. She alone reduces man to his proper level, and reduces him through a mental course that convinces him of the wrong he and his fathers have wrought upon the gentler sex for centuries.

True, there must be first wives in order that there be second. I admit that, being a fair-minded man. But it

need only be for a time that a percentage of the sex must sacrifice themselves as pilots for more fortunate sisters. In course of time the second wives will have so trained man that heredity will assert itself in a race of masculines who will hold from the first, the ideas now inculcated only through second marriage. Then there need be no more sacrifices. The first wife will be treated as the second wife's experience now shows she ought to be treated, and the world will be a paradise. In the meanwhile girls, who do not yearn for the crown of martyrdom, and uneasy rest in their graves while their successors are reveling in their places, will hold back and gather in the men who have been made ideal husband-material by the sufferings of their sisters.

* * *

AS I WAS SAYING.

BY M. W. CONNOLLY.

It is not incumbent upon thee to complete the work; but thou must not therefore cease from it; for the master who employs thee is faithful in his payment. But know that the true reward is not of this world.—*The Talmud*.

Unless all signs and portents are misleading the early part of the twentieth century will witness, on the Western hemisphere, one of the greatest religious revivals that the world has ever seen. It is visible now to the eye of prophecy; it is palpable to the touch of faith; it is in the air and in the thoughts and feelings of men. What form it will take may not now be told, but certain it is to find expression in the best vehicle for the purpose, whether that be any of the churches now organized or a church to be

organized. The pendulum has almost reached its farthest sweep and the return swing will soon begin. Men will return to religion as to the horns of the altar for protection—as the dove returned to the ark because it could find nowhere else to rest its foot. There will be no St. Dominics to engage in mortal combat the Albigenian heretics. There will be no Luther to defy power and defeat error. There will be no Calvin—saturnine evangel of the nuance—to burn people overshades of difference in meaning. There will be no rivalries or fanaticisms or ferinities. The homooousian lion and the homooousian lamb will lie down together. The heresy-hunter will rest from his labors. The covenanter and the cavalier will be at peace. The Catholic will continue the search for souls through mephitic purlieus and squalid garrets, where poverty and depravity find sanctuary. The Methodist will continue his labor of love in the remote rural districts, where souls are famishing for the waters of life. These will be applauded and assisted by the other churches and communions, or shown the way by the more energetic among them. It rests entirely with themselves as to which shall lead. It is to be a home affair, a Western hemisphere movement, and the icy mountains of Greenland and the coral strands of India will be left alone for a season. The unmitigated impudence of fragmentary bodies of Christians sending out missionaries to convert heathens in distant lands, while the heathen at home is permitted to perish, shall be abated. The revival is not to come from without but from within; not from objective study but from subjective study. It is going to be a spiritual movement, a psychic revolution, rather than an intellectual or reasoning metamorphosis. It will be a reawakening. It will bring us back to the original and beautiful meaning of things. It will be a subjection to the better impulses which everyone possesses

—an exaltation of the spiritual man. It will not come through polemical discussion, nor through argument, nor through fear. Neither rack nor rod will be employed. No Socrates will confound with arguments based on statutes of Polycletus or pictures of Zeuxis. No Paley will cause men to doubt by arguments based on a watch found in the desert and other “evidences of Christianity” that disprove themselves. It will come as a guest and it will not be dragged hither as a galley slave. It will come as an odor from an orange grove, yet powerful and irresistible. It will come to make life complete and equable. Men have progressed materially, morally and intellectually. Before they can become well-rounded and whole they must progress spiritually. The cramped spirit has been reaching out in various directions and finding weak vehicles of expression in theosophy, in salvation armies, in psychical research, in bands and brotherhoods without number. Men have learned the weakness of human strength, the poverty of human riches, the velleity of human will, the fallibility of human reason, and they are becoming too proud to continue dishonest with themselves in the perpetuation of show and seeming. Every fiber in their being is tremulous with hope of a future life, and hopes of a future life can only be based on a faith that looks beyond life’s portals. That discerning spirit which enabled Addison to look beyond the veil when writing “Cato’s Soliloquy” will be sovereign of the ascendent. What is to become of a man after death will concern people less than what is to become of him here. We feel that the march of humanity is a part of some great plan to us unknowable—a tangled skein which the deft fingers of the flesh may not eglomerate, but which a voice that will not be hushed, crying out from our inner consciousness, tells us will be made plain in the newer life. We must frankly admit that so far as the

merely human knowledge extends, unillumined by faith, the poet is truthful who sings:

“I hold that we may live when earth
From under us shall swing; but lo
There is no jot of proof to show
That we shall have a second birth.

“There never was a whisper sped
From out the moonless mists that weep
Forever o’er the clanging deep
That crawleth outward with our dead.”

This is the materialistic view—the rational view,—but in the higher life as well as in the night of grief, “hope sees a star,” and listening faith “can hear the rustle of a wing.” Christianity as at present organized must give way to something better and broader. Each church has been following a narrow groove of sectarianism so long that its creed and customs have become professional. The modern minister no longer affiliates with the people generally, because as one of the cloth said—an extreme case, let us hope—“I cannot visit all my church members because I have no carriage to ride in, and many of them have no parlor in which to receive me.” The modern clergyman is as good as conditions permit him to be. He would be better if people were better. It is not his fault, but the fault of the times—a fault which is soon to be remedied. The modern church is no longer a place of worship for all the people, especially in the cities. It is more of a club-room, a place for the vulgar and ostentatious display of wealth, a vestibule to the holy of holies of society. Poor people have deserted it altogether, or feel humiliated when they enter its portals. Men have deserted it. Women use it as a stepping stone to social recognition. By reason of

his position, by common consent, or because no one else wants the job, the clergyman is a sort of social fugleman. Ambitious women in every city affect him and simulate a wonderful interest in "church work." The more doubtful and insecure a woman's social position is, the more "devoted" she is to her church. And for the excellent reason that activity in church work throws her in constant contact with the clergyman, and, ergo, with the "best people"—her heaven on earth. Therefore doth the modern woman desert husband and children, home and domestic duty and cleave unto her preacher. Therefore is she "devoted" to her church and interested in the "work." And so she remains until the doors of society are thrown open freely to her, when she spurns the bridge on which she crossed, becomes "advanced" or a special leader, and thus her glad eyes behold her name in print as chairman or secretary of the Cucumber Vine Circle. Everyone knows that this is not religion, and people are on the eve of confessing it.

And what a farce it all becomes when we deal with the servant class. Professing the religion of the Carpenter's Son, how few have any conception of the obligations it imposes. The housemaid or servant girl, though pure as an icicle and learned as Aspasia, must not be recognized. The woman who works with her hands, who serves as a menial for pay, is not only extinct, socially, but is a social outcast. We delegate the drab and scarlet to the same place—nay, the bitter, barbarous truth of it is, that virtuous poverty is treated with a soul-corroding contempt and is less respected among the sons of men than is bedizened prostitution. The one we would have go about crying, "Unclean! unclean!" The other we would shield with a lying simulation of ignorance of its true character. This, though found in the churches, is not the religion of

Jesus. No wonder that so many girls, yielding to feminine vanity, purchase adulation and amorous tributes with their soul's salvation. Scorned, neglected, humiliated while their lives are pure, no sooner do they fall into the deepest deeps and adorn themselves with the sin-bought finery than some notoriety Mrs. Grannis seeks to make use of them as advertisements for a "rescue" fake. If they consent to go on exhibition and be "rescued" they are made to feel proud of their escapade by the honors paid them, while their sister, yet pure, is humbled in their sight. This is not the religion of Jesus, and the world knows it and is on the eve of confessing the fact.

These things have made men accusers of the present, and prophets of a new dispensation. And there are other causes. The so-called religious novels have been at once an indication and a cause of the change. "Robert Elsmere," "Ben Hur," and "Titus" were written in response to a demand for spiritual nourishment and as an expression of distrust of present day orthodoxy. They accomplished harm and good. The "Prince of the House of David" and "The Pillar of Fire" made Christ too commonplace, the former, at least, in depicting Mary's love for him and her lingering about him while Martha performed her household duties; and both of them, in that they humanized the Savior unwittingly more than Renan's incomparable "Life" humanized him designedly. But the danger point has been reached and the signal for retreat has been sounded in Henryk Sienkiewicz' "Quo Vadis" and in Walter Pater's "Marius the Epicurean." In these works we have the strong individuality of the Christ obscured and minimized by the magic of words that bring out boldly contemporary events and beings. Pater is a mystic and confounds while he charms. The great Pole spreads his pigments with such consummate skill as to make licentious-

ness adorable. Christ is not introduced. Christianity is made a mere successful rhetorican in an oratorical contest. Its divine origin is not questioned—is maintained, in fact—but by a species of logic confutes itself. In both books the minacious eidolon of doubt is continually hovering anear, and men flee from it, instinctively, as from the clutches of a demon. The success of the books named and of others that could be named, from a financial standpoint, demonstrates the voracity with which religious information is devoured. But these works lead us to the extreme limits of belief beyond which all is darkness and doubt. They admonish us that investigations, without God's illuminating grace, pursued to their logical ultimate, lead us into outer darkness; that the faith which we possess, the faith that is so deeply imbedded in our natures, is, after all, the only thing that makes life tolerable and death an event to be considered with equanimity.

The occupant of the pulpit, yielding as he must to the exigencies of the time, masks the truths which he utters in opaque and sugar-coated capsules until "*Suppressio Veri*" should be inscribed on his door instead of the familiar "*The Lord is in His Holy Temple.*" The occupant of the pew is gorged and surfeited to regurgitation with cabalistic dicta and the husks of dogma and revolts at the invitation to emulate the merycism of St. Paul's dog that shrank not from a second deglutition of the offending substance. Men are asked to slay their God-given intelligence, and, while the reeking blood of it is on their hands, they are commanded to abjectly bow before textual inanities or exegetical frippery furnished by self-constituted interpreters less skilled than themselves, while what is really important and apodeictical is slurred over or ignored. A change is at hand. All men feel it, but are restrained from expressing it by hereditary timorousness

or congenital cowardice. There are no scoffers. There have never been any. The children who scoffed at the prophet and who were by him turned over to the bears, existed only in the imagination and never in the flesh. Men are all religious—when sane. The so-called “enemies of religion” are insurgents who rebel against the tyranny and circumscribed limitations of tense bigotry and unchristian narrowness. Deep down in the heart of every man is a veneration for the Supreme Unknown, and out from his being, on the wings of invisible doves, fly hopes of a future state. As to the precise character of that future state no one knows—the wisest sage no more than the naked Hottentot. One believes in the resurrection of the body and life everlasting. Another sings:

“And I know when out of the finite to the infinite I shall go,
I will shine in the light immortal of the sun upon my
grave,
I will bloom in the red, proud roses that out of my breast
shall grow,
And live in the larger freedom of the wind and wood
and wave.

“I will laugh in the little children; I will love in the lover’s
breast;
I will cry with a vast, keen rapture as I melt in thy
mystic soul;
Will know the supremest action, will feel the divinest rest.
And I who was here an atom shall aggregate the whole.”

Some believe in Nirvana, some in the happy hunting grounds, some in one thing and some another, but no one knows. Neither should he. What we have to do is with the present—with this preparatory state, this temporary abode, this outer vestibule to the glorious palace of per-

petual life. Under the broadening influence of the unrestricted spread of intelligence men are no longer hermit-crabs or minatours. Fraternalization progresses toward the idealistic, toward universal brotherhood. As our bodies and the beauties which we behold in nature are the result of imperceptible vibrations so the beauty of our lives can be expanded in the larger activities. True happiness will be sought in doing good to others, its only habitation. The heart turned to stone by the lapidific processes of selfishness will be solved and softened by the alchemy of love. In the progress toward spiritual perfection men have learned how utterly useless and unprofitable are the things we strive and struggle to secure. Money, the synthesis of all worldly wealth, cannot purchase content or happiness or give a meaning to life. Honor, fame, the applause of our fellows, are hollow mockeries. The poets and sages with their keener perceptions have long seen the futility and fatuousness of the chase after earthly glory. The masses now see. They see that they have been cramped and confined by their prejudices and narrowness. They scorned the Alcoran with its æsthetical treasures; they scorned the Talmud with its opulence of beauty and wisdom, its haggadistic Exegesis; they turned their eyes from the Vedas, from the Zend-Avesta, from the poets and prophets of the people who have striven for the light in all ages; they consulted not the scribes and sages or the hermeneutical writings on life's mysteries, but turned their eyes on one book which they could not understand and out of which they fashioned doctrines unknown to the Savior. But men are no longer stiff-necked and perverse. They look both to the right and to the left. They fear not to peer into the boundless infinitudes. They examine. They search out. They think. They feel. They are leaving their narrow cell which confined them and which excluded

their fellows. They are coming back to early teachings and early meanings. They perceive that good is done by doing and not by saying; by acting, not by thinking. They will be less formal perhaps and will care less for the conventional outward and visible signs of an inward and invisible grace. They will be more fruitful in good acts. They will help the poor, comfort the afflicted, succor the needy, protect the widow and the orphan and follow in spirit and in truth the footsteps of the Master. They will do these things not for ostentatious display or as a task or a penance or a mulct, but as a pleasure, because it is right and profitable and wise. Of consuetudinary exercise there may be a decrease; rubrics and missals will be less conspicuous; the euchology will be in the heart and not in the hand. From the heathen, and the pagan, from the Buddhist and the Confucian and from every part of the earth where human intelligence has been recorded, and where human lives have been spent for good, in the quest of truth and right, will come the teachings of Jesus because his spirit is universal and his vicegerents speak in strange tongues. There will be a meaning to all things and a sameness in all things, a music and a beauty in all things, when the Bhavad Gita—the songs of the master, in every tongue, are as familiar to us as “Nearer, My God, to Thee,” or “De Profundus.” Upon the bosom of that vast religious revival so near to us and so sure to come, men will go forth regenerated and freed from error and selfishness. With a new perspective they can better see and better understand the teachings of the Man of Galilee, whose voice stealing through the senses will be heard to say, again and again as in the olden time: “I am the way and the light.” “It is not incumbent upon thee to complete this work.” No, but we must begin it and cease not from it. We must make the world better and brighter, by brave

works and kindly deeds, leaving to others the task of completing the undertaking. The master who employs is faithful and we may rest secure in the belief that what is done in sincerity and truth and love shall not be done amiss.

* * *

ATHEISTS AND IGNORANCE.

MR. BRANN: May I ask you to enlighten me as to the meaning of a few statements occurring in the article, "The Sword and the Cross," in No. 12 of the *Icon*? I am referring to your complimentary remarks on the atheists, and I believe there are others who would likewise to know why you pitch into them with a club. During a riot, when the police charges the mob, it often happens that they are unable in the excitement of the battle to distinguish friend and foe, and their clubs descend impartially upon the heads of the innocent and the culprits, but in times of peace, when the parties keep apart and do not mingle in such wild confusion, it is difficult to understand why you should mistake the atheists for enemies and hurl your scathing anathemas into their ranks.

Since the definition of atheist cannot imply anything but a person who denies the existence of God, and consequently the rationality of all religions having His worship for an object, I certainly belong to this class which has been so unfortunate as to draw your Olympian wrath upon their humble heads. When I read such awful sentences as: "The atheist is a public enemy"; "atheism means universal anarchy," etc., and search in vain the innermost recesses of my soul for such iniquitous propensities or try to remember such indications of wickedness in any of my numerous friends whom I know to share my views in regard to such matters, then I find myself in a dreadful dilemma.

Assuming that I am one of these "public enemies," destroyers of state, wreckers of society, etc., I wish to offer a few remarks on some of the statements. To maintain that "religion has ever been the heart of the body social, the dynamics of civilization" seems to be rather a bold assertion in the face of the naked facts of history, which show that in the same measure as religion lost its power and prestige, civilization and humanity increased. There are more atheists to-day to the square foot than there were to the square mile two hundred years ago, and yet who would wish for the good old times of witch burning, etc.? "War is but an incident in the history of a nation, while religion is its very life." This sentence ought to be reversed. We know since Darwin that war, the struggle of existence, is the very life of all existing organisms, religion a mere incident. The theory of evolution furnishes the key for the comprehension of the physical and intellectual features of man. It shows that all our boasted divine, moral and social sentiments are nothing but modified natural instincts, common to man and animal alike. Their origin is entirely independent of religion. We find a state of social and moral perfection, superior to that of the most civilized nations, among some savages who have not the slightest idea of a Superior Being or any religion. Neither religion nor atheism is a proof of morality. I have seen four criminals hung, each of whom professed to be a good Christian and expressed his firm belief that the doors of heaven stood ajar to receive him and the winged heavenly hosts were waiting to take him by the hand and lead him to the golden throne. According to your mode of reasoning this ought to be conclusive proof that their religion was the cause of their depravity. If you claim that the impulse for noble deeds, for self-sacrifice, has its source in religious sentiment, then you

deny the possibility of such emotions in the atheist, which would be a flagrant denial of the truth. But may I ask you by what means you can ascertain the moral motives in others and the source whence they spring? And when we see an animal act under the same powerful impulse, giving up its life to save another, do you call that religion too? You further claim that if sentiment was superseded by reason "the word duty would disappear, for why should man die for man in a world whose one sole God was the Dollar?" This is rank nonsense. I know from my own experience, as well as that of others, that the sense of duty has absolutely nothing to do with creed or sentiment, and is just as powerfully developed in animals as in men.

Concerning martyrdom or self-sacrifice, I do not see any reason or necessity for such a principle. If we suffer for our convictions, it is not our love for mankind, but for our gratification. We hate to give in, to be compelled to profess opinions which we do not have,—for to make anybody believe by force is utterly impossible. Just take your own case, you came very near being made a martyr by offending a set of miserable liars and hypocrites—was it love for mankind that prompted you to take up the cudgel against that ilk? I guess not. It was hate of their actions which violated the principles which you consider the sacred basis of society. I do not believe you had any secret ambition to sacrifice your life on the altar of stupidity and fanaticism with a view of being canonized a few hundred years hence, for if you had any show before to be enrolled among the saints, you have forfeited your claim by calling an archbishop an ass. Such a crime requires at least a term of ten years in the lower regions.

There is a certain truth in the statement: "He calls

himself a 'liberal,' while fanatically intolerant of the honest opinion of others," inasmuch as I speak of an atheist as a man who has discarded the idea of God because it is incompatible with the teaching of science, and not about a fellow who, like an ass, is an atheist of necessity, because he has not intellect enough to have any idea about such matters. Taking atheism in this, the true sense, we may well admit the truth of the charge. Science is indeed intolerant. She insists on two times two being four at all times and under all circumstances, notwithstanding the honest opinion of Luther that it could be five when the authorities said so. She maintained obstinately that the earth moved and not the sun, notwithstanding the honest opinions of millions to the contrary. Yes, if the honest opinion had always been respected, there would never have been any progress in this world. The good old woman, bent with age, who carried a bundle of faggots to the stake on which Huss was burnt, was undoubtedly honest. The lunatic who imagines that he is God, Christ, or one of the mighty rulers of earth, is thoroughly honest in his opinion, and it is impossible to shake his belief. Yes, science is intolerant. She respects neither persons nor sentiments, but only facts, and to this intolerance we owe everything that distinguishes us from our barbarous ancestors. Truth does not consist in numbers. A herder of oxen has more intellect than the entire herd, if their number be millions. A man like Darwin, guided by irrefutable facts culled from nature, interprets her teachings and constructs his system, unconcerned about the millions of adverse, honest opinions. We atheists do not ask anybody to respect our opinions. They may assail them as much as they please, they cannot affect them unless they change the basis on which they rest. And if they do this, we shall be grateful for new facts, engender new

ideas and mean another step in the direction of progress. If you can offer any better argument than sentiment to my objections, you will undoubtedly confer a favor upon many readers of the **ICONOCLAST**.

A. HOUSMANN.

Yes, yes; I've heard all that a hundred times before, and answered it so often that the subject is becoming tiresome as an English tourist. The flimsy old stock arguments of atheism, though knocked on the head ten thousand times with the hammer of Thor, would continue to bob up as serenely as the ghost of Banguo. In the race for the jackass pennant it is difficult to tell whether the fanatical Theist or the equally fanatical Atheist will be first to touch the twine. I believe, however, that were I playing this race I'd lay my sesterces on the latter. Somehow they are unable to get the idea out of their heads that I'm a devout believer in the old orthodox Deity who squats on a hard white throne from everlasting to everlasting, wrapped in an aurora borealis and enjoying an eternal charivaree by a joblot of repentant murderers and deodorized Magdalens who wear feathers and can fly, yet neglect to jump their tiresome and foolish job. For all I care they may deny the God of the Jews from now until the day of judgment. I never believed in the existence of such an unsufferable old jay, or that there's a New Jerusalem paved with coin gold and walled with jasper. Such ideas were well enough for a barbarous and ignorant age, but the man who entertains them now ought to be treated for prolapsus of the intellect. But it does not follow that because the universe is not ruled by the vicious animal worshiped through craven fear by the ultra-orthodox, that there's no Superior Power, no Divine Plan. That such a power and plan exist has been generally be-

lieved since the dawn of human history; and while this belief is not based upon evidence absolute, the *onus probandi* rests upon those who blithely take issue with the cumulative wisdom of the world. Atheists have thus far offered neither argument nor evidence that had the slightest tendency to disprove the existence of a Deity—they have simply pointed out that science has demonstrated that the ideas of God entertained by the ignorant are untenable and abused. I concede that: I am perfectly willing to dispense with the miracles as stupid myths; to admit that Christ Jesus was but a mortal; that the Bible is no more inspired than the poems of Byron; that religious fanatics have time and again drenched the face of the world with blood and tears—but all this can have naught to do with the question under consideration. The wisest men of the world once believed in witches. They taught alchemy and astrology. They interpreted dreams and believed the earth as flat as a tariff editorial. But must we give up learning altogether because our pedagogues and professors once taught folly and falsehood? Must we eschew science because in its quest of truth it has made a million mistakes? Must we dispense with philosophy because the gymnosaphist sat for hours contemplating his own navel? Must we deny a Deity and consider ourselves the posterity of ancient protozoa, the great grandsons of anthropoidal apes because we have learned that the world was not created in six days?

All this cackle about science has nothing to do with the case. Science has shelved the Biblical theory of the creation just as Copernicus shelved the Ptolemaic system of astronomy—simply that and nothing more. It has “interrogated nature” with some little success, but has never grasped the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. It traces the evolution of fauna and flora, ob-

its age. It traces the evolution of fauna and flora, observes the motions of the planets and weighs the stars. It sees certain matter in existence and learns how it assumed its present shape, but nothing regarding its origin. It finds forces in operation which it calls "natural laws," but cannot tell how these laws became operative. It cannot tell whence life came or whither it goes. And the Atheist, pondering these things, concludes that the universe is a dead machine—a *mécanique céleste*—which exhibits order without plan and exists without excuse. Science is well enough, but 'tis not the all-in-all. It can but dig out facts; philosophy alone can turn them to their true account, can explain their significance. Science is but one of the servants of philosophy; yet my correspondent accepts it as his patron saint and goes searching for God with picky and crucible, miscosope and alembic. The Bible tells us that God made a perfect man and let him degenerate until he began to breed Baptists; science assures us that he began with the lower forms of life and graded up. And the Bible is foolish tradition, while science is as yet for the most part guesswork. The Bible assures us that there is a God, science fails to demonstrate that there isn't—and there you are! The Atheist, groping around in this mighty universe by the fitful glare of a scientific tallow dip and explaining away the Deity, reminds me of Carlyle's "critic fly," examining a plinth of the Pantheon.

My correspondent makes a tiresome effort to be sarcastic, but a Mexican diet of frijoles and cornshuck cigarettes has only filled his stomach with wind and given a seal-brown taste to his tongue. The Atheist *is* a public enemy, because Atheism means universal anarchy. Reduced to its last analysis, it is the abrogation of all authority; the elimination of the word duty from the dictionary,

the banishment of order from the universe. Withdraw the control of a mind from matter and you repeal all those "natural laws" anent which Atheists prate so much—you have confusion worse confounded. It does not follow that my correspondent desires to despoil his neighbor or subvert government because he disbelieves in the existence of Deity. He is a product, more or less admirable, of society made possible only by a very general belief in man's responsibility to a higher power. In denying God, he denies the efficient cause of his own moral concept, of his own civilization; but to disclaim a cause does not abrogate its effect. Denial of the law of gravitation from now until doomsday will not cause water to run up hill instead of down. "The naked facts of history" do *not* "show that in the same measure as religion lost its power and prestige civilization and humanity increased." My correspondent has evidently studied both science and history by hearsay—or in the *Truth Seeker*. The naked gods they have declined in glory—have grown corrupt, barbarous and cruel. Rome was Atheistical in the time of Nero—it was fashionable to mock the Pagan cult and revile the Christian faith; and Rome was a maelstrom of savagery, a saturnalia of sin. The wives and daughters of its most distinguished citizens danced naked in public with male debauchees. Poisoning had become a fine art, and parents dare not partake of food which their own children had prepared. The populace clamored for carnivals of blood, and the fashionables of the city, both male and female, applauded while helpless human beings were devoured by savage dogs or torn to pieces by wild beasts. Such were the baleful effects of Atheism upon the noblest city of the earth—thus did "civilization and humanity increase as religion lost its power and prestige!" "Naked facts of history" indeed! If you will turn back

your historic page but a hundred years you may get some faint idea of the effect of Atheism in France. That nation was suffering an acute Atheistical paroxysm when it was dragging its fairest women to the guillotine and cutting off their heads to make a hoodlum holiday; when it was butchering helpless prisoners by the hundreds; when it was filling barges with women and children and sinking them while the populace howled with delight along the river banks; when she established tanneries at Mendon for human hides. The very foundations of society were broken up—it was chaos come again during the “Reign of Terror,” when France was insulting, imprisoning and murdering her priests, scoffing at religion and crowning a courtesan as “Goddess of Reason at Notre Dame! Now hit those “naked facts of history” a time or two. Never mind about the “Bartholomew Massacre.” Everybody with as much information as a fried oyster knows that to have been due to political skullduggery instead of to religious intolerance—just as were the so-called religious persecutions in England and the slaughter of Christians in Rome. Religious persecutions per se have been bad enough and bloody enough in all conscience; but nothing in the history of the world can equal the depravity of Rome and the cruelty of France while they lay under the awful blight of Atheism.

“The naked facts of history” show that no people ever yet became civilized before becoming religious, or make intellectual progress after becoming Atheistical. This statment will be denied by some ill-informed people who insist that the leading nations of the earth are even now Atheistical. It is sometimes pointed out that not one-half the people of America, the most progressive country in the world, are church communicants. Quite true; but a man is not necessarily an Atheist because he de-

clines to come into the pitiful sectarian penfold of some perspiring pulpiteers. A nation that is making substantial progress gradually purges itself of the old barbarous ideas of heaven and hell, turns more and more to the philosophy of religion—its concept of the Supreme Power broadens and it looks with tolerant pity upon the mumbo-jumboism of sanctified jabberwacks. Because a man doubts the plenary inspiration of the Bible and efficacy of baptism it does not necessarily follow that he denies the existence of Deity. That this is still a deeply religious nation may be inferred from the poor success of Atheistical publications. We have successful Catholic, Protestant and Jewish papers in abundance; but we have very few periodicals devoted to the propagation of Atheism, and most of these are clinging to the ragged edge of poverty. This argues either that the Atheists are few in number or that they talk and write so much that they have little time to read. There may be something in the latter hypothesis, for I have noticed that precious few of those who take pen in hand to enlighten me spell correctly or use good English. A majority of them write on both sides of the paper despite the frequent protests of editors and printers that such manuscript is insufferable. Doubtless there are some very intelligent and cultured Atheists; but a vast majority of those with whom I have come in contact were either half-educated cranks or prurient Smart Alecs. They constitute a startling illustration of the axiom that “a little learning is a dangerous thing.” They are familiar with all the obscene and cruel passages in the Bible, and that is all they know about the book. They can recite the history of the Spanish Inquisition and the religious wars, the witch-burnings and tongue-boring, but have no conceptions of the countless millions whom religion has reformed, ennobled, com-

forted in life and cheered at the gates of death. They can recount how this or the other stupid priest or preacher has hurled his impotent anathema at the Jasons of Science; but know not that through all the ages the church has been the nursing mother of education. They talk learnedly about what science has demonstrated; when in nine cases out of ten they couldn't distinguish between protoplasm and plum pudding, or swear that micrococci do not wear feathers on their feet. Their "educashun," as some of my Atheistical correspondents call it, has been too often acquired at the corner grocery where idle men do congregate to talk politics and religion, chew plug tobacco and swap snake stories while their wives split the kindlings or rush a rusty hoe in the potato patch. I do not cite the poverty of Atheistical papers as proof that the doctrine of negation is untrue—one man may be in the right and the rest of the world in the wrong; I cite it only as proof positive that the reading and thinking people of this nation are for the most part respecters of religion. Of course Bob Ingersoll's popularity as a writer and speaker will be urged as an offset to my argument; but Ingersoll's popularity is in nowise due to his agnosticism, but to his phenomenal eloquence. His most successful lectures and speeches are not on religious subjects. He can draw a larger audience to hear him discuss Shakespeare or Lincoln than to make a mock of Moses.

There is no excuse for "reversing" my assertion that "war is but an incident of a nation, while religion is its very life." The statement is true as it stands. I was not speaking of "the struggle for existence," but of war, according to the accepted definition of that word. War is usually waged for the preservation of those blessings which have become possible only under the fostering care of religious faith. It is to defend their altars and their

fanés as well as their firesides that men take up arms. The religious wars, while cruel and calamitous, constitute an object lesson. If we "reverse" my sentences, then churches were built, like arsenals, as aids to war, instead of war being waged to protect the churches. When the average Atheist gets his logical mill to grinding he usually produces a very curious grist.

Evolution cuts absolutely no ice in this controversy—has nothing to do with the case. It is idle to prattle of "natural instinct" unless you can tell us how they come to be natural. Doubtless a man's social instinct and moral concept are independent of religious rites and ceremonies; but it does not follow that like "Topsy" they "jis' growed"—were evolved from dead matter by forces that put themselves in operation without the slightest assistance and conducted themselves properly and effectively without intelligence, like Vulcan's automatons. Of course it is as easy to conceive of matter without a Creator as to conceive of a Creative Power without an origin. It is perfectly legitimate to ask, "If God made the universe, who made God?" To that I cannot only answer that I do not know—that the finite mind cannot grasp infinity, that the query is entirely too large for my intellect; but while the birth of a God is even a greater miracle than uncreated matter, when we see that matter governed by immutable laws we may reasonably infer a law-giver. When we see throughout the universe evidence of a mighty plan we assume that it is not accidental and purposeless. Nature with God is one miracle; nature without God is a multitude of miracles; hence the man who believes in the existence of Deity is not nearly so credulous as the supercilious smart gentleman who denies him and looks down upon his "superstitious" brethren with patronizing pity.

If my correspondent will advise me of the whereabouts

of those "savages" who "are socially and morally superior to the most civilized nations," I will have a bronze medal struck in his honor, as one who has added materially to the world's sociological wisdom. I had hitherto supposed that when people reached a high social and moral plane they ceased to be savages.

If—as I believe—all life is a gift from God, then all the better impulses emanate from him also, whether felt by man, or bird, or beast. Of course every Atheist will ask where the bad ones come from. I scarce think that a behorned and behoofed devil is responsible therefor. It is evidently not in accordance with the Divine Plan to make a perfect man for a starter, else God would have begun at the other end of the string—he would not have inaugurated the slow process of evolution, that shibboleth of the Atheist. Had God begun with perfection in animate and inanimate things, and change had been the order of the universe then as now, it could only have been change for the worse. I presume that until the cycle of evolution is complete snakes will bite and cats will scratch, Baptists will mob people who tell them unpalatable truths and Atheists deny the existence of Deity—will protest, quite unnecessarily, I think, that they were not brought into existence by aught endowed with a thinking apparatus.

My correspondent brands as "rank nonsense" the assertion that "were sentiment superseded by reason the word duty would disappear." If it is nonsense why does he waste time upon it? Has he nothing better to do than answer fools according to their folly? Duty is the child of sentiment—can have no other origin. When a dog gives its life for its master, when a soldier dies for his country, when a mother starves herself that her child may live, they confute the materialistic thesis of self-in-

terest—they sacrifice themselves for others' sake, are governed solely by sentiment. Materialism declares that "self-preservation is the first law of nature"; yet both men and animals refute that proposition by placing love above life. Love is a thing we cannot account for on any earthly hypothesis. We may say that the love of a man for a maid has its basis in brute passion, in the desire to reproduce. But is not this very desire a part of the Divine Plan? We may say that the love of a mother for her child is necessity for its preservation; but if there be no sentient plan why should it be preserved? Love is the most powerful of human sentiments. It is a Divine passion and was not born of the sun and ooze, but emanated from the bosom of a Great Being who transcends our comprehension.

As far as science has yet been able to discover, nothing exists uselessly—each has an apportioned place in "the scheme of things," the universal plan. So far as we know there is not a desire implanted in any division of the animal kingdom for the satisfaction of which there's no provision. If there be no God there can be no immortality, and if there be no immortality then has nature failed to make provision for the gratification of the greatest desire of the animal creation—a "natural law" is demonstrated to be no law at all, but only an accident. The fish and the birds and the beasts are directly or indirectly useful to man—they serve a purpose, give evidence of a plan; now of what use is man? Whom must he serve? Is his sole mission to "propagate and rot"?—to grope his way from the cradle to the grave? Is he "the sum and crown of things," the lord of creation, the ultima thule of intelligence? If so, nature has made another mistake, for he longs to yield obedience to a higher power, to serve a greater than himself, to be guided in

his ignorance and shielded in his weakness by a superior wisdom, a supernal strength. He seeks a celestial master—one for whom he can suffer and die, if need be, one to whom he can yield a dog-like devotion. Did nature endow him with a deathless love merely to slam the door of the sepulcher in his face and shut him forever from those most dear? Science admits that it does not know; philosophy says that it did not, while Ingersoll admits that in the hour of death “hope hears the rustle of a wing.”

Of course the materialists scout the evidence of “revelation.” That may be well enough so long as they confine themselves to a denial of such rubbish as the conversation of Moses with the burning bush, the conference of angels with old Abraham, the sunstroke of Saul of Tarsus, and the *mania a potu* of John of Patmos. That such “revelations” contradict each other and are often lunatic and ridiculous affords absolutely no evidence that there has never been any communications between man and his Maker. Because the Lord did not “speak unto Moses, saying,” nor unto Noah saying, nor unto any other of those polygamous old “stiffs” saying certain foolish or brutal things, it by no means follows that there is no “still small voice” from on high, making celestial music in the human heart. Millions of intelligent and trustworthy people have testified to having felt the Divine Power and Presence. All that the Atheists can oppose to this is the impression that they have not felt it. Millions have borne testimony to God’s existence with their latest breath—with the celestial radiance upon their faces have told their weeping friends that they saw beyond the Isis veil and all was well. To this the Atheists can only urge that other millions have not been so blest. They ask why it is if some can feel the Heavenly Power, can pierce

the veil with dying eyes, all are not so favored. I answer frankly that I do not know—that not being a clergyman, God has persistently refused to admit me to his confidence. It is worthy of remark, however, that some natures are much more earthly than others; and it were scarce to be expected that a tub of bones and tallow should be so susceptible to heavenly telepathy as a nature highly spirituelle. We can imagine the inspiration of a Milton, but to conceive of Cleveland in like condition would bankrupt the imagination. If God reveals himself it is reasonable to suppose that he does so to those who approach him nearest in mind and spirit rather than to those who are merely animated matter. A Milton may soar beyond the Aonian Mount, but a Cleveland would imitate Icarus and hit the shrinking ocean like a bull elephant. I have ever held to the theory that the man who must be convinced by cold logic of God's existence is a spiritual wreck scarce worth the salvage; that religion, like poetry and song, art and eloquence, must be born with a man and cannot be driven into him later with a maul—that it depends, not so much upon fallible human reason as upon a subtler sense which puts the finite in touch with infinitude, is a constant testimony, a perennial revelation.

* * *

AS I WAS SAYING.

BY M. W. CONNOLLY.

AND I said, "Oh years, that meet in tears
Have ye aught that is worth the knowing?
Science enough and exploring,
Wanderers coming and going
Matter enough for deploring,
But aught that is worth the knowing?"

—TENNYSON.

Civilization that has wooed man from savagery, has reached a point when its benefits and blessings are becoming less and less conspicuous and concomitant drawbacks and evils are fast overshadowing them. We have reached the point where a reaction is about to set in as the growth of industrial schools amply demonstrates, and the conversion of colleges into social organizations is conclusive proof. We have been going the pace that kills, in this matter of civilization. We are over-civilized. We have become too artificial, too inhuman, too fictitious. "The march of the human mind is slow," says Burke, but this human mind of ours has been marching for many thousand years, and of late, with modern methods, its pace has been so accelerated as to leave all else behind. For human comfort's sake and for the sake of human happiness we have progressed too far in some things, and in others we have learned too much of what is not so. Were it not for the fact that so much education goes out of the world every year with those who die, and that so much unmitigated and helpless ignorance comes into the world every year with those who are born, we would long ago have educated humanity out of existence. If the knowledge obtained from the books or schools was valuable or useful or true, it would be less intolerable, but much of it is foolish and much of it is false. Among all of God's creatures there is none more pathetic and helpless than a highly educated man. Without money he is no more fit for this world than a fish is for mountain climbing. Conscious of his own attainments and of the relative shortcomings of his fellows, he is too proud to serve and too poor to live to himself. His very existence is supererogatory. Reared in the affluence and idleness of our modern colleges he considers contact with the seamy side of life a torture and all forms of labor degrading. He will not perform manual labor, ex-

cepting that he is sent to the penitentiary, because he imagines that he "just can't stand it," and because he must pamper his habits of laziness which he mistakes for dignity. Before the "educated gentleman" may stoop to the performance of manual labor, he must leave the community in which he is known. If he robbed a street car, forged checks, or secured money by any sort of swindling, his reputation would suffer less than it would were he to dig a ditch, carry in coal or sweep out an office. He must expatriate himself and deny himself before men. He is out of harmony with the world about him. He has been elaborately unfitted for life. He has been made a past grand master in the art, of not knowing how to do anything. He must make a living at something "respectable," and when he fails in this, as he often does, he must sink among the proletariat who struggle with the rude realities and who must engage in physical conflict with the nescient crassitudes. Such a man is to be pitied. He has a right to raise his voice in protest for society against disqualifying him, by education, for the duties of ordinary life, and for qualifying him for a sphere of life in which he may not enter. Our colleges are turning out thousands of highly educated young men every year whose diplomas will be a hindrance to them in the struggle of life. We have "over-cropped ourselves" with scholars. They are a drug on the market. There is a ghastly sort of comfort in the reflection that the Germans are worse off than we are in this respect. Some of their best scholars literally starve to death. Whether or not an educated man is more highly sensitized than others, or that he is merely foolishly proud and insufferably indolent, the fact remains that not one out of a hundred will perform manual labor. They believe that labor is a curse inflicted upon Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. The Bible says nothing of the kind and

practical experience proves that labor is a pleasure and a blessing when it stops short of drudgery.

There are other over-educated people who escape the penalties of poverty only to find themselves so sublimated and airy as to float above the heads of their fellows and beyond the reach of the practical and useful things of life. These transcendentalists affect fads of all sorts. They are theosophists, spiritualists, monists, evangelists of ethical culture, prophets of the esoteric, hierophants of the unapprehensible, expounders of mysticism, expositors of the obscure and fuliginous, ominous and dark-plumed birds indulging in a sort of intellectual noctivigation, imagining the while that they are dissipating the darkness from the caverns of research with the incandescent glare of their lamps of knowledge. Reading after these superlatively spectacular epileptoids gives one a pain in the lumbar regions and excites the cerebellum to mutiny. Their learned idiosyncrasies are protean, their idiocies are innumerable. The disparity between the ease with which they convince themselves and the difficulty which they find in convincing anyone else, gives one a tolerably fair idea of infinity. They can give a lucid explanation of anything in the world excepting the one question: "How do you know?" They can tell you when and where your last excarnation occurred, and when and where your several reincarnations occurred, but that either ever occurred they have no proof and no more information than a Digger Indian. Their knowledge is scholarly affirmation maintained by scholarly sophistry. One of these philosophers, a genio hailing from that bone-yard of literary ventures, Denver, has issued a "magazine" containing one article by himself, which fills the entire number. In it he very learnedly attempts to prove his confident assertion that we enjoy a bodily immortality; that we have a oneness with God; that as Christ's body was

immortal, so is man's and that the sepulchers are all empty. A man who will make these assertions when tombs, sarcophagi and catacombs give him the lie, is over-civilized and over-educated. Strange as is the assertion, stranger still the argument used to prove it. Let me quote: "Man is the universe; it is of him and he is of it. Man is the universe and the universe is man; as much in outerness as in innerness; on the visible no less than on the invisible side. Man's physical body is the microcosm of the visible universe (of all he sees consciously or unconsciously), as his soul is the microcosm of that universe, in that it is itself the invisible universe, of which the visible universe is but the microcosm." This is not a bit of Mark Twain's humor, but an excerpt from a serious work. The entire article is marked by great scholarship and an opulence of information is lavished on it. Everything is proven with an amplitude of testimony and a wealth of quotation excepting the chief postulate. Spurred on by the exuberance of a rich fancy, and with his eye in fine frenzy rolling, he defiantly hurls full in the teeth of the doubting Thomases this reason for the faith that is in him:

"The resurrection of Jesus, the Christ or spirited baptized and anointed man, in the body of flesh and blood, and his continued personal existence in that living body of flesh and blood among men on earth—this is the basic fact upon which rests the truth of bodily immortality."

One would conclude that the truth of bodily immortality had rather a small basis to stand upon, but that is because no one has put him next. To the Denverite it is clear as mud that the "basic fact" is as broad as from Dan to Beer-sheeba. He explains how he knows he knows thus:

"This fact has been made known to the author on the outer and on the inner planes. Because Christ lives in the

body, he does not live less but more in the spirit generated in and radiating from that personality to all men—through all the world and through all worlds. . . . Here we have the result of the repetition, through so many ages, of the manifestation of death in the body—the great error, the great negation, the great lie.”

Some years ago Prof. James Rhodes cultivated the Platonic theory of Perception until he became, or thought he became, prescient and claimed to have been endowed with the powers of prophecy. He wrote “The Coming Cataclysm,” wherein a tidal wave was to have swept over California and submerged the coast country around to Florida and up as far as Memphis. Like our Denver dreamer, he was over-civilized and over-educated, and followed around the orbit of his mental wanderings until he reached the plane of the ignorant enthusiasts, black and white, who prophesy the end of the world from time to time. These people are victims of society. Had they been taught to crop trees, dig ditches, bend at the oar and perform manual labor, they would have been better balanced, happier and more useful citizens. The mental excesses in which they have indulged have left their brains hot and exsiccated until they imagine the grotesque figures which their pervervid fancies conjure up, are real.

But these are comparatively harmless. No one need read their disquisitions unless he so desire. Over-civilization among the scientists is much more of a disadvantage to the world. Of late years great discoveries have been made, it is true. The X-ray enables people to see the bones in their hands and arms, reminding them of Sidney Smith’s desire to “take off his flesh and sit in his bones,” to avoid the extreme heat. Another scientist has invented a machine which can locate the human soul. But there are losses for which these things, great as they are, cannot

compensate. The old simple pleasure of eating and drinking has been taken away by scientists and sanitarians, who tell us that the once wholesome herbs of the garden, the luscious fruits of the orchard, the rich juices and firm flesh of animals, game and fish, are all swarming with bacteria and filled with micro-organisms; that contrary to the teachings of prohibition, water is one of the most dangerous of all fluids to drink; that sparkling and crystal as it is fresh from the laboratory of Nature, it must be boiled, filtered and aerated to free it from the deadly bacilli and render it fit for consumption. The prosaic work of fruit-canning, butter and bread-making has been invaded by the scientists and the dairyman is now advised to first destroy the unhealthy germs by Pasteurization and then to inoculate the cream with the particular germs desired. According to Dr. Schweinitz the use of germs has been patented and we soon may find branded upon particularly fine butter and cheese a notice of the fact, as a certificate of good character for the product. Watteau painted dairy maids in silk and satins, laces and exquisite lingerie. The modern dairy-maid will have to be painted with magnifying glass in hand, herding microbes, as a return to the unnatural natural, and she will be a man. These things are not calculated to increase one's relish for butter. But then, it explains why the bread-and-butter midday lunch on hot days at school tasted so peculiarly. As to over-civilization in the domain of medicine the testimony of Dr. Samuel A. Fisk, quoted in a late number of the *Medical Record*, is interesting. He claimed that more patients had been killed with antipyrine than had died from the grippe, and that he sometimes wondered whether or not the same thing could not be said for creosote and tuberculosis. If the doctors keep on discovering there will be no living. From a sentimental standpoint, the botanist who tears a

flower to pieces and shows you the various parts, the stamens, the pistils, the corolla, is a destroyer of the beautiful. What he says may be true, but we are better without such knowledge. We know now that the sky is not what the quartrian-building tent-maker of Naishapur calls an "inverted bowl," and that the stars are not the eyes of the angels keeping watch, but life has not been the same to anyone since he learned that the "floor of heaven" is mere mist and vapor. We lose much from the scientific discoveries of some and from the asceticism of others. There is too much "loafin' 'round the throne" when men could be in better business. A little manual labor, a few gallons of honest sweat would cure all this. The ancient Jews ordered things better than we do. Students of the Talmud and of the Mosaic and Mishnic periods, so luminously explained by the essays of Emanuel Deutch,—who has furnished us a "gemara," a scholion and critical expansion of the text—may find such admonitions as "It is well to add a trade to your studies; you will then be free from sin." "The tradesman at his work need not rise before the greatest doctor." "Greater is he who derives his livelihood from work than he who fears God." The Jews exalted labor "as on the one hand it prevented an abject workship of learning, as on the other it kept all ascetic eccentricities from the body of the people." In modern times only the Knights of Labor declare that "labor is noble and holy," and every mother's son of them gives labor the go by as soon as he accumulates enough to live on without work. With us, Inertia is the ruling deity and is worshiped with such intense devotion that the philistine finds in the Pyrrhic dance of the political torch-light processionists, the phallic worship of the Seeleys, or even the enthusiastic idiocy of the man who walks around a billiard table all night, not unwelcome diversions. Golf, bicycle riding,

baseball, prize fighting and all athletic games, are protects against the inertia of over-civilization, and attempts to exsuscitate the narcotized physical powers. The advent of the new woman is a rebellion against the feminism of lackadaisical man. The athletic woman is a protest against the etherealized insipidity of the tasteless and odorless hothouse girls of the modern social conservatory. In the making of men, in the furnishing of human comforts and happiness, it is as perilous to stray from nature as it is to stray from Greek models in the field of art. This we have done. But Nature, while she can be wholly extinguished, cannot be permanently repressed. She will rebel and break her shackles. Sometimes she asserts herself sensationally, as when an heiress elopes with her father's coachman. Sometimes she asserts herself philosophically, as when a Diogenes takes to his tub, or a Tolstoi, putting aside the tawdry and tinsel of over-civilization, puts on a peasant's garb and works with his hands. Sometimes she asserts herself simply, as when Father Kreipp teaches his fellow man the barbarity of boots and the foolishness of fashionable clothing, and leads them to health, with unsandaled feet, through the sparkling dews and the rippling streams. And sometimes, alas! she asserts herself tragically by breaking through the veneer of generations of social eclecticism and ultraprudery and plunging her victim into the darkling waves of wild eroticism or adrift on the waste waters of desolation.

THE LADY AND THE TIGER.

BY ETHELYN LESLIE HUSTON.

IN the *Literary Digest* for May 29th appears an article quoted from *The Examiner*, upon which the *Digest* comments: "As a confession of personal beliefs regarding the duty of giving from one of the largest givers in the world, it is of great interest."

In the article Mr. Rockefeller remarks to the young men's Bible class of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church: "I believe it is a religious duty to get all the money you can fairly and honestly, to keep all you can, and to give away all you can."

A year ago, while editorial writer on an eastern trade journal, a letter from the manager of the Standard Oil Company to an agent, came into my possession and is still, I believe, in the "archives" of the paper. The letter I published and it read as follows: "We note what you have to say in reference to ——— & Co. We must have their trade, therefore sell them at the best price you can, but be sure and sell them. We would advise that if you have to make a low price on Water White, that you *make oil to suit the price by mixing*. Our Prime White is very fine and a portion of it can be mixed with the Water White. You should also make your price for Perfection at least one cent more than for W. W. When you have a trade made with H——, you must make the same price with R—— and any other jobbers there you sell. It may be well to make such prices confidentially to the various parties, as it will do no harm to have them believe that they are getting a little the inside track."

Mr. Rockefeller's share of the usual quarterly dividends of the Standard Oil Company for '96 was \$11,600,000, or

\$31,868 for every day of the year, including Sunday, which means \$3,128 for every hour in the day. Wana-maker once said: "No man ever made \$150,000,000, or even \$50,000,000. He may have captured it in a sort of a way, but he never made it."

Comparing the foregoing items of interest, there seems to be an aching void in the general symphony. The pæan of self-congratulatory praise that Rockefeller sang to those guileless young biblical youths sort o' sags in the middle in the face of the lingering echoes of that most portentous epistle. While the oil magnate poured forth a stream of liquid eloquence only equaled by his famous Water White, to the gilded youths of the Fifth Avenue gate to Elysian Fields, his equally earnest "hirelings" were pouring forth a stream of instructions to the four points of the compass to starve out all competitors, to undersell them, squeeze them dry—to, in brief, "crush them to a pulp and damn the expense."

Consistency is a scintillating gem that somehow fails to scintil among the magnate's diamonds. While he gives with a princely hand, he grasps with a royal arm that rivals Victoria and all her progeny.

In the face of his enormous octopus, small dealers fade away as the sna' in the thaw, Jean.

Mr. Rockefeller and his company annihilate the "live and let live" principle, they pauperize enterprise, then seek the world's approval by feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. Honest philanthropy usually consists in placing the tool in the hand of labor. The Standard Oil Company forces the tool from the toiler's hand. The Golden Rule does as you would be done by. The golden vampire sucks the lifeblood of honest pride out of labor and gives it the bitter bread of charity instead. Is that philanthropy? Mr. Rockefeller's company fills Mr.

Rockefeller's coffers and of course Mr. Rockefeller's broad mantle of charity so shrouds his sympathetic optics that he fails to see that the source of his revenue is one of lying, deceit, hypocrisy, theft, adulteration, misrepresentation and everlasting damnation to come, an' the scriptures lie not.

Let that innocent and charitable gentleman "get all he can"—honestly or otherwise—and flatter himself that his princely palaces, like the sacred manger, have given birth to a second Jesus. But do not let reputable magazines like the *Literary Digest* add their powerful diapason to the chorus of sycophants cringing at the feet of one of the most pitiless, most dishonorable and most monstrous monopolies that ever cast odium and insult in the faces of America's most honored gods—pride and independence.
Boise City, July 10th.

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COLCHIAN DAYS.

BY TRISTRAM DUDLEY.

THE immemorial Nile, river of ancient years,
Herald to distant seas from the heart of a lonesome land,
Cataract-torn and tossed, sprinkled with blood and tears,
Is forever seeking rest from its journey of sun and sand.

Vain is the quest, all vain; for the sea gives up its dead;
Plucked from their ocean grave by the sun's compelling
rays,
The waters return to feed the stream's far fountain-head:—
Changed yet ever the same, must it flow and flow always?

The nations that on the banks worshiped and warred of
yore

Passed out, and their nameless dust is blown where their
temples stood ;

But the waves of the deathless race still break on Oblivion's
shore,

And the living follow still the phantoms the dead pur-
sued.

And is this the sum of things? Is the toilsome march of
mind

But an endless, vain pursuit of the shadow of hoped-for
peace?

Must the Argonauts sent out by man's restless spirit find

But vapory capes and bays and never the golden fleece?

In the twilight of ancient creeds must the children of man
still grope,

While a sphinx of doubt reclines by the altars of every
faith?—

On the dust of the countless dead the living till build and
hope,

And the riddle remain unread that is traced on the door
of death?

We know not, but this we know: That these are Colchian
days ;

The widening seas of thought with adventurous sails are
white,

Whatever new lands may loom on the mariners' eager
gaze—

What beacons may be disclosed to the watch of the
middle-night.

ATHEISM AND ORTHODOXY.

THIS is rapidly becoming a government of the church, for the church and by the church. The Deist, the Atheist and the Agnostic have no political rights which the religionists feel bound to respect. Though Robert G. Ingersoll possessed the wisdom of Solomon, the patriotism of Washington and the justice of Aristides, he could not be elected governor of any state in the American Union—the pulpit and religious press would strike his trail, remorseless as death, persistent as taxes. Not only is the unbeliever boycotted politically, but the taboo not unfrequently extends to business. An acknowledgment of the orthodox God has become a *sine qua non* for success in every walk of life; hence we see men like Taber and Hitchcock professing Christianity during their lifetime, even posing as church officials of exemplary piety, and promulgating their real sentiments after death has deprived vindictive bigotry of power to help or harm. Yet this is supposed to be a land where every individual enjoys the broadest religious liberty! Only those enjoy it who care to pay the price—and that price is persistent calumny and political ostracism. “No union of church and state” is the nation’s shibboleth; yet the union exists both *de facto* and *de jure*, and is growing stronger every day. Not only does the political boycott extend to unbelievers, but includes Catholics, Jews, and all others who dissent from the loose-jointed Protestant dogma which has this nation under its heel. It were as impossible to elect a Catholic or a Jew to the presidency as to elevate an avowed Atheist to that high office. And yet this is really a nation of “Liberals,” if not of Agnostics. Of our 70,000,000 people less than 25,000,000 are church communicants, and at least 70

per cent. of these are women and children. A great majority of American voters regard the church with indifference if not with aversion, yet the religious tail continues to wag the political dog. This is because the dissenters from religious dogma, as a rule, are not aggressive, while its devotees are engaged in a perpetual crusade. The church people are active while the dissenters are passive. The latter, unorganized, and ignorant of their numerical strength, follow in the wake of the religious bandwagon to avoid the inevitable boycott. The result is that the church dominates the nation and compels even those who despise it to contribute to its support. Millions are donated annually as a matter of expediency—a sop to the ever-hungry Cerberus—by men like Taber, who regard it as a millstone slung about the neck of the giant of civilization. Its vast properties are exempted from taxation, thereby placing a heavier burden upon those who consider it the nursing mother of ignorance and superstition. Atheists and Agnostics, Jews and Catholics are taxed to provide fat salaries for army and navy, legislative and prison chaplains of the Protestant persuasion, while every State has a law making it a crime to do on Sunday what is considered praiseworthy on Monday. Those whose religion requires them to respect the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath are compelled by law to observe another. Such is the condition to-day of a nation that was christened by a Deist, whose greatest president was an Agnostic, whose wisest philosopher was an Atheist, and to establish which men of all faiths fought and suffered and died side by side! Such is the condition of a nation so secular in its incipency that Almighty God is not mentioned in its constitution! From the brain of Thomas Paine, Columbia sprang, full-panoplied, like Minerva from the brow of Olympian Jove. When the colonists stood

hesitating, uncertain whether to endure the present ills or fly to others they knew not of, he threw the gage of battle full and fair in Britain's haughty face. It is universally conceded that his "Crisis" precipitated the conflict. When defeat followed defeat; when the new-born nation was bankrupt and her soldiers starving at Valley Forge, it was Paine's burning words that revived their faltering faith. His pamphlets were read to the ragged Continentals drawn up in battle array, and again and again they set their breasts against the bayonet until even the British lion recoiled and the star of empire rose in the western world. Yet were Paine alive to-day he couldn't be elected dog-catcher of this blessed county of McLennan. Were Benjamin Franklin publishing a newspaper in Waco the Baptists would boycott it. Were Thomas Jefferson a resident of this city the pruriently pious would accuse him of reading the *ICONOCLAST*. I am neither Atheist, Catholic nor Jew, but I protest against the present status of affairs as a rank injustice. Every man should be privileged to exercise his brains without being placed under a ban, to speak forth his honest thought without paying a penalty, for only where there is freedom of expression is progress possible. Those who regard revealed religion as a rank superstition should not be taxed, directly or indirectly, for its support. Frankly, I regard Atheism as rank folly, the God of the Jews a savage and the claims of the Pope as preposterous; but I have no more quarrel with a man for differing with me in religion than for fancying a blonde type of beauty while I prefer the brunette. I would take God out of politics—would ask only of the candidate for office, Is he a patriot with a reasonable stock of honesty and intellect? I would base all secular laws on human necessity. I would accord to all the fullest religious liberty. Not only would this be

justice to the dissenter, but it would redound to the benefit of the church. It would win for it the respect of those who now regard it with distrust, and render them more inclined to receive its doctrines. It is not the Ingersolls but the religious intolerants who make Atheists. It is attempted coercion that breeds rebellion. Whenever I see a sanctified yap who is short on brains and long on gall standing up in the Texas legislature and unwinding a two-minute perfunctory prayer for a \$5 bill which I must help to pay I feel less kindly to his creed and all his class. When I am denied a bath, a shave or a glass of beer on Sunday because my enjoyment thereof would give a joblot of whining pietists a pain, I conclude that if God interests himself in such bigots he's in precious small business. When I hear it urged against a candidate for office that he's a Catholic or Atheist, I instinctively reach for a stuffed club. And I presume that such things provoke in like manner all men whose minds are not affected with the mildew of prevalent orthodoxy. It provokes an anti-church prejudice. "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not" are scorpion whips that goad the sons of men to mutiny. The church has never gained aught by persecution. It may compel lip-service, but cannot drive love and respect into the hearts of men with a maul. A just and humane policy on the part of the church; more charity and less dogmatism; a recognition of the right of every sentient creature to its own opinion; a confession of the fact that the wisest theologian is but groping toward the light and may misinterpret God's message; the absolute elimination of religion from secular affairs; less thunderous pulpiteering and more example of the true Christian kind, would eliminate Atheism from this land, for the spirit of Christ when made manifest in men appeals to all humanity with irresistible power. But just so long as the church

appeals to the law to enforce its edicts; so long as it makes it a crime to do that which works no injustice to others; so long as it compels an unwilling support; so long as it boycotts those who dissent from its ever-shifting dogma, it will breed hypocrites and multiply humbugs. The day inevitably comes when men weary of a presumptuous and cruel master and rise in revolt. And the stronger the repression the fiercer the explosion. It was not altogether the fault of the French people that they once humiliated the priesthood to the very dust and crowned a courtesan Goddess of Reason in Notre Dame. When all the pent-up antagonism to American Protestantism explodes, we may find the church declared a nuisance, and not only taxed, but compelled to pay a special license like the saloon and other supposed pests of the body social. If it be true that "Pride goeth before a fall," then is American Protestantism preparing to hit the ground and hit it almighty hard. I have no objection to Protestantism nor to any other religious ism, but I do object to the engrafting of sectarian dogmas upon the laws of this land. Protestant presumption is dividing the people of this country into two great classes, one of which it is driving toward Atheism, the other toward Catholicism. It would be difficult to convince the average camp-meeting spouter and baptismal 'sputer that this is true; but it is a fact nevertheless, and quite familiar to all careful students of cause and effect. Meantime there is a third class, small but gradually expanding, composed of those who study the philosophy of religion, and who are gradually rising above the meshes of sectarianism and the mistakes of dogmatism into that pure light where all religions are found to be fundamentally the same, all equally true, each being God's message as he has delivered it to men of varying minds. These regard both the Atheist and the Dogmatist with

toleration and—pity. These read God's word in the Koran as well as in the Bible, and find in Gautama a Son of God as well as in the Man of Galilee. These require no celestial laws graved on tables of stone, no revelation by prophet or seer: for the Universe is their Sacred Book, and as they scan its mystic pages they forget the foolish visions and idle dreams of little men. These require no petty "miracles" to confirm their faith, for in all that is they find a natural supernaturalism, an everlasting testimony. These can worship equally well in Protestant church or Catholic cathedral, in Mohammedan mosque or Buddhist temple—wheresoever God is adored, by whatsoever name, they reverently bend the knee. High above the clash of creeds and the war of cults, these men look down with painful surprise at an Ingersoll charging full tilt at mythical miracles, and Talmage exploiting his "scriptural evidence" gleaned from the mummified cats of ancient Egypt and the hoary rubbish of Palestine; then they turn their faces once again to God's perpetual revelation and forget those who seek Him in the printed page and drink in with greedy ears the sing-song dissonance of the pulpiteer.

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